INVISIBLE

SCARLET O'NEIL



ALL *Pictures* COMICS

★ ALL PICTURES COMICS ★

INVISIBLE SCARLET O'NEIL

From the Famous
Newspaper Strip by
RUSSELL STAMM

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SEE 'EM MOVE!



Just flip the pages of this book rapidly and watch the pictures in the upper corners MOVE—one set when you flip from front to back, and another set when you flip from back to front.

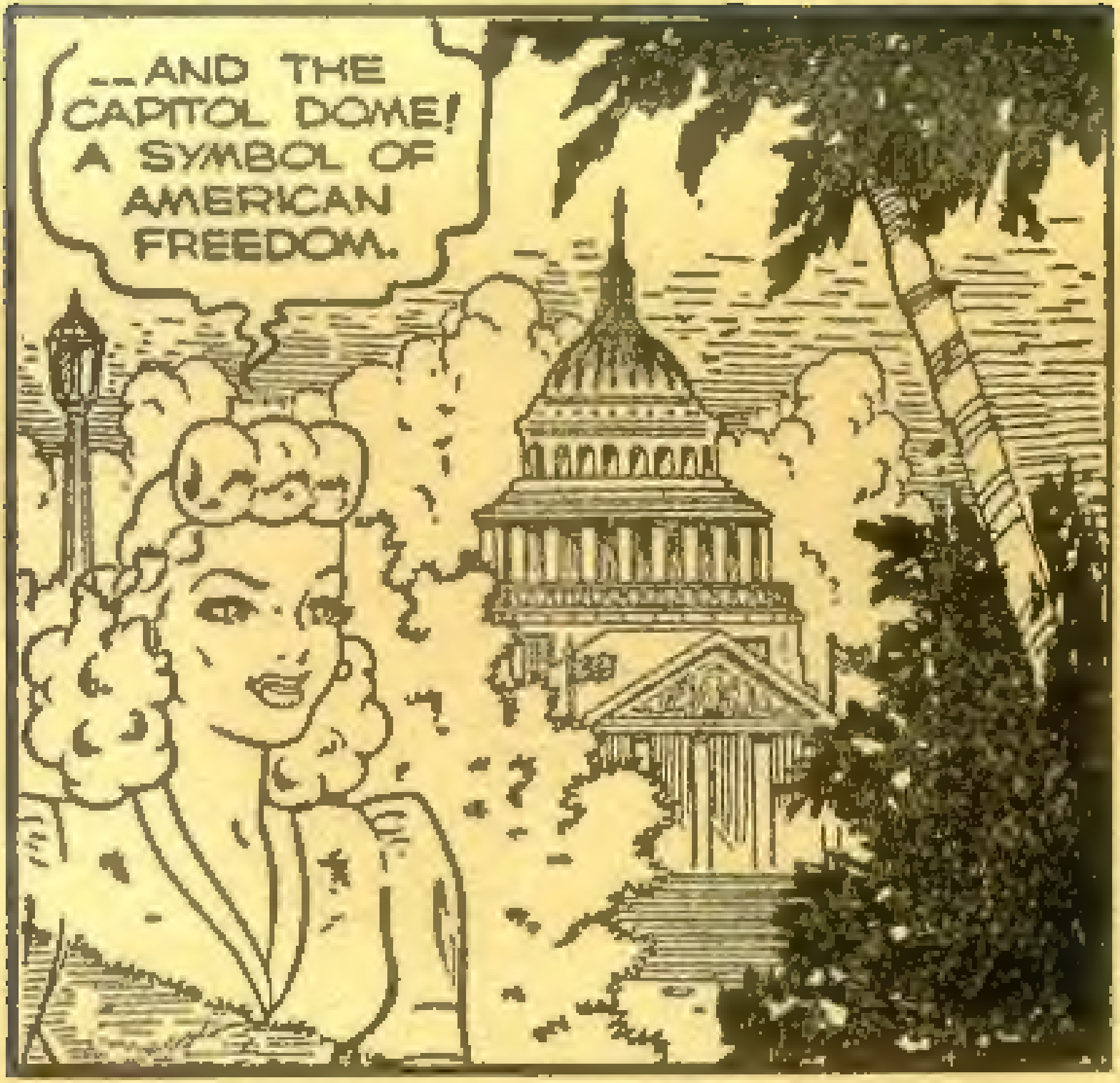
INVISIBLE SCARLET O'NEIL, THE GIRL WHO POSSESSES THE POWER TO TRANSFORM HERSELF INTO AN INVISIBLE BEING BY MERELY PRESSING A STRANGE NERVE IN HER LEFT WRIST, IS IN WASHINGTON, D.C.

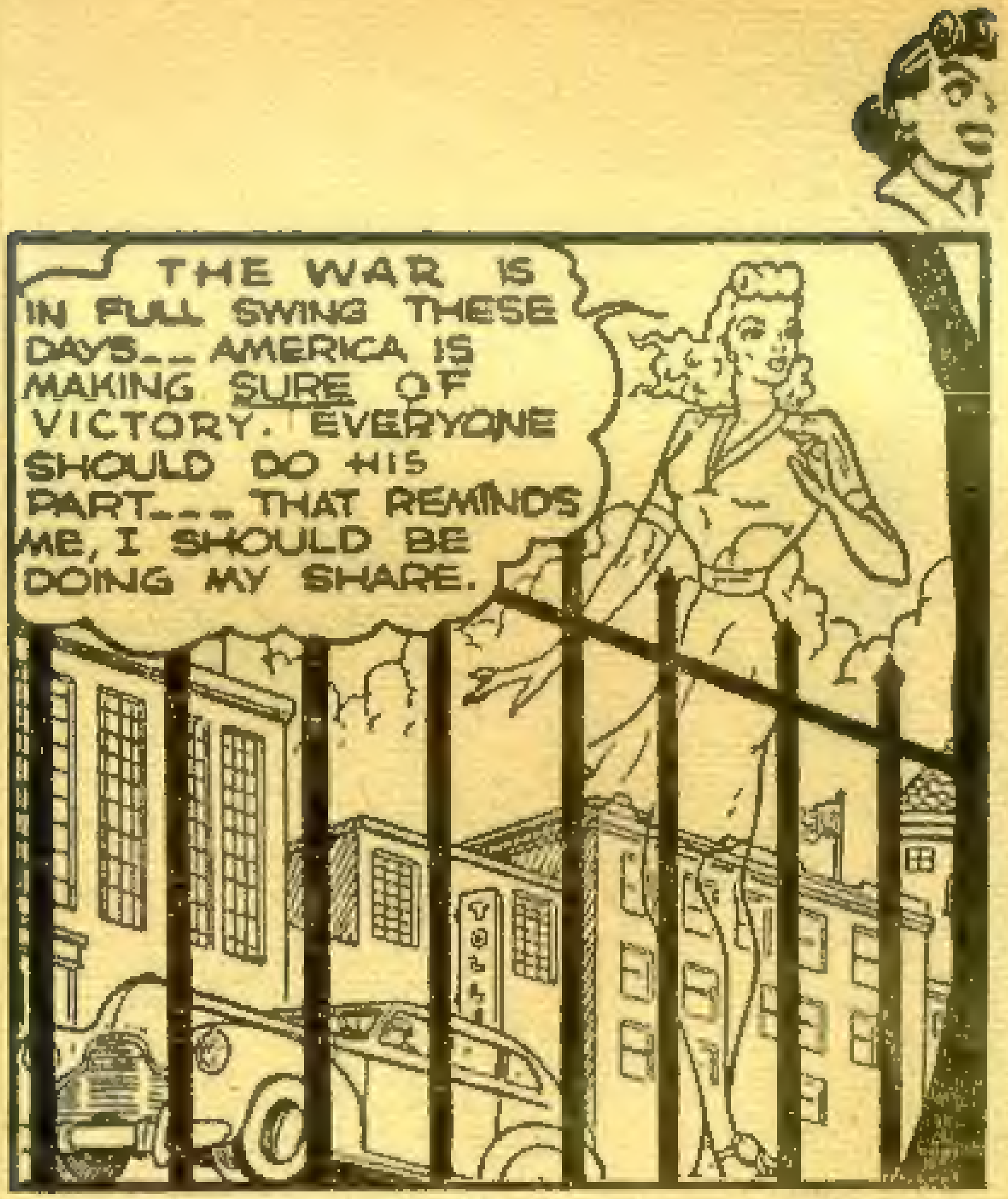



THIS BRIDGE CROSSES THE FAMOUS POTOMAC RIVER.
5-6-41


THERE'S THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT! WHAT A BEAUTIFUL SIGHT!

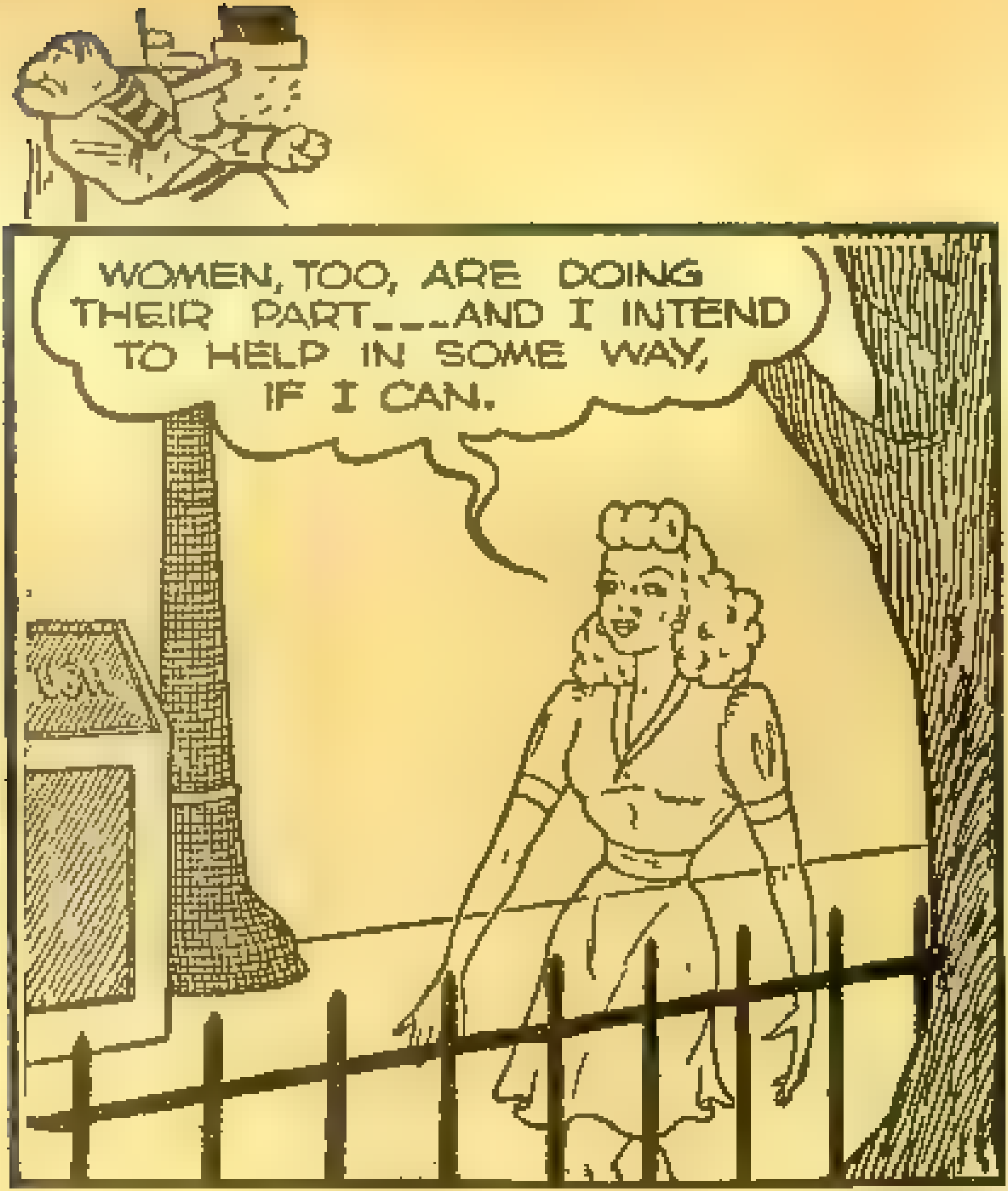



--AND THE CAPITOL DOME! A SYMBOL OF AMERICAN FREEDOM.


THE WAR IS IN FULL SWING THESE DAYS... AMERICA IS MAKING SURE OF VICTORY. EVERYONE SHOULD DO HIS PART... THAT REMINDS ME, I SHOULD BE DOING MY SHARE.


BEING IN WASHINGTON, D.C. HAS MADE ME REALIZE HOW IMPORTANT IT IS FOR EVERYONE TO PROTECT THE FREEDOM WE SO RICHLY ENJOY.

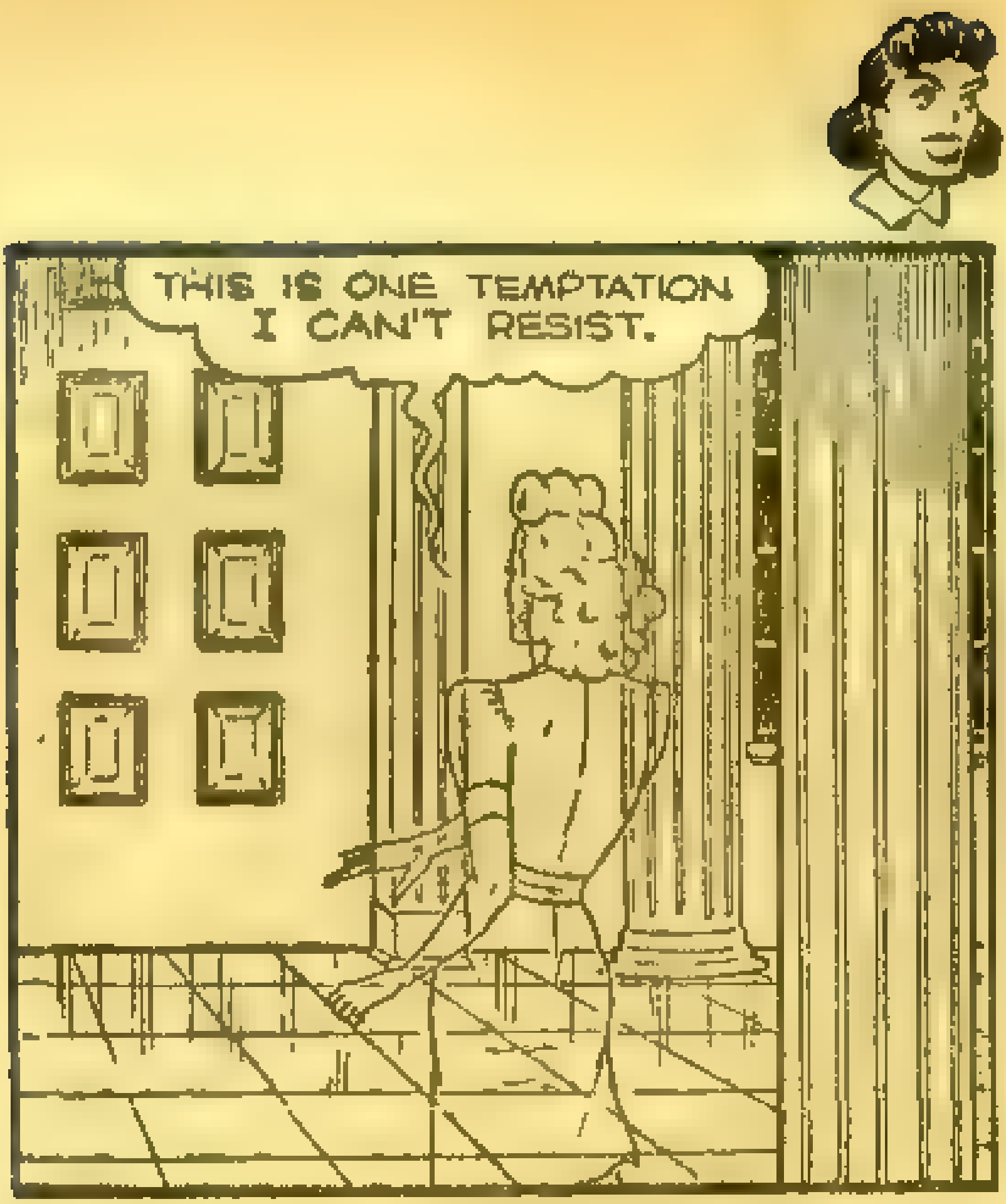

OUR BOYS ARE FIGHTING ALL OVER THE WORLD. UNCLE SAM HAS BUILT A MIGHTY ARMY.
JOIN UNCLE SAM'S ARMY NOW
SEE YOUR NEAREST RECRUITING STATION


WOMEN, TOO, ARE DOING THEIR PART--AND I INTEND TO HELP IN SOME WAY, IF I CAN.


HERE'S THE WHITE HOUSE! HM! I WONDER--
RUSSELL TAMMYO



INVISIBLE SCARLET. AWED BY THE DIGNITY OF THE HISTORICAL BUILDING WHICH HOUSES THE NATION'S FIRST FAMILY, REALIZES A LIFETIME AMBITION: SHE IS ABOUT TO ENTER THE WHITE HOUSE.


THIS IS ONE TEMPTATION I CAN'T RESIST.


THIS MUST BE HIS OFFICE!


G--GOSH! THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.


I SHALL NEVER FORGET THIS MOMENT AS LONG AS I LIVE.


THIS IS INDEED A GREAT HONOR-- TO BE able TO WATCH THE PRESIDENT AT WORK.

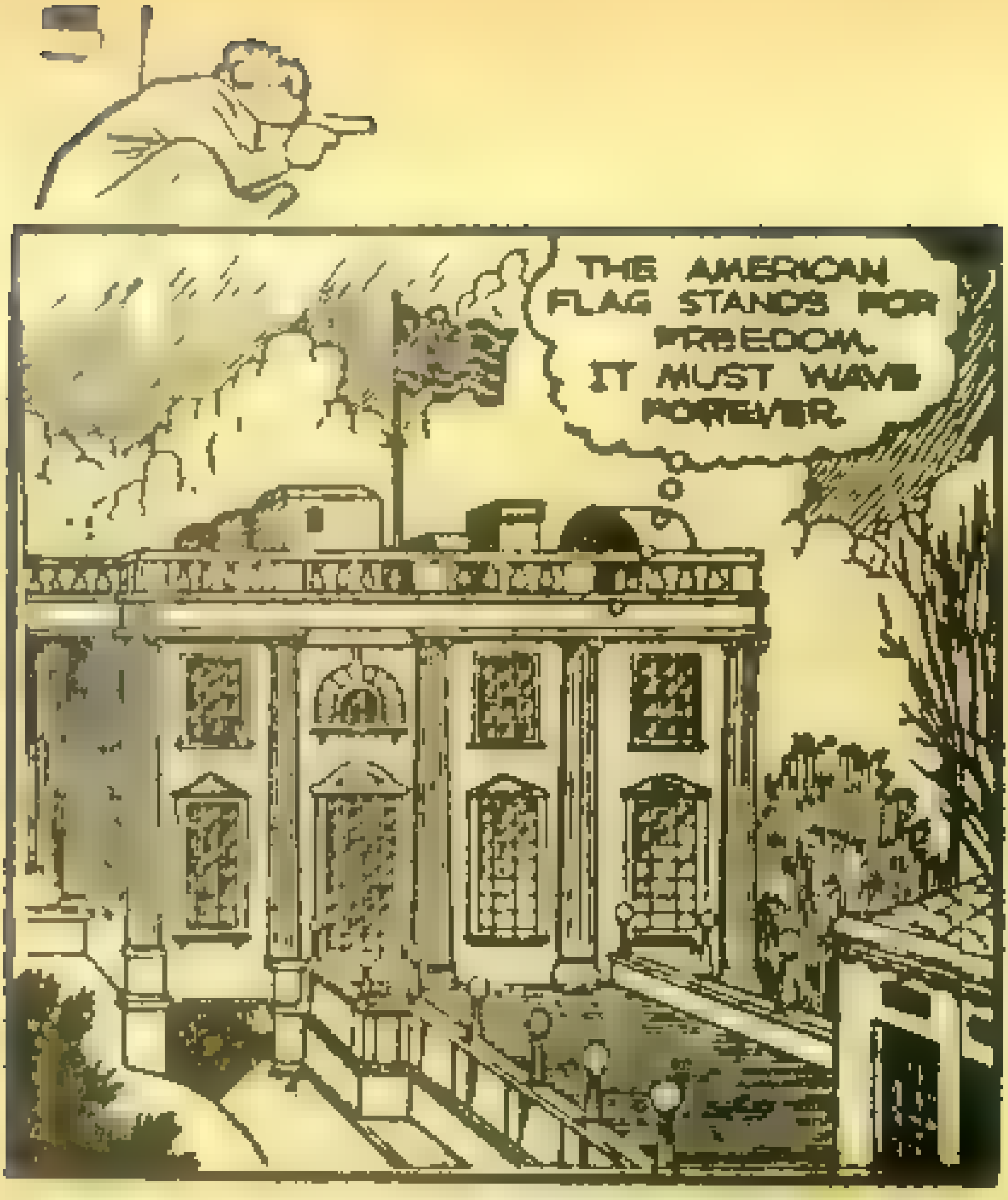



I MUST BE VERY CAREFUL
NOT TO DISTURB HIM.
UPON HIS SHOULDERS RESTS
THE GRAVEST RESPONSIBILITIES.


THIS OFFICE HAS BEEN OCCUPIED BY SOME OF OUR GREATEST MEN.


--AND WHO KNOWS. PERHAPS YOU OR YOUR SON OR GRANDSON MAY SOMEDAY OCCUPY THIS OFFICE, TOO.
--FOR THIS--- IS AMERICA---


BEING IN THE PRESIDENTS OFFICE HAS INSPIRED EVERY OUNCE OF PATRIOTIC BLOOD I HAVE IN ME.


THE AMERICAN FLAG STANDS FOR FREEDOM. IT MUST WAVE FOREVER.


PROPAGANDA AND
DELIBERATE SABOTAGE
MUST BE STOPPED_


_AND I'M GOING TO HELP SEE THAT IT IS OR I'M NOT INVISIBLE SCARLET O'NEIL.



INSPIRED BY HER VISIT TO THE WHITE HOUSE, INVISIBLE SCARLET IS DETERMINED TO DO HER BIT TO HELP THE WAR EFFORT AND AID IN THE DEFEAT OF AMERICA'S TREACHEROUS ENEMIES.


EXTRA!
THIRD EXPLOSION IN PERRYSVILLE PLANT!
EXTRA!
!!
?
TERRIBLE, ISN'T IT? SOMETHING SHOULD BE DONE ABOUT THIS.

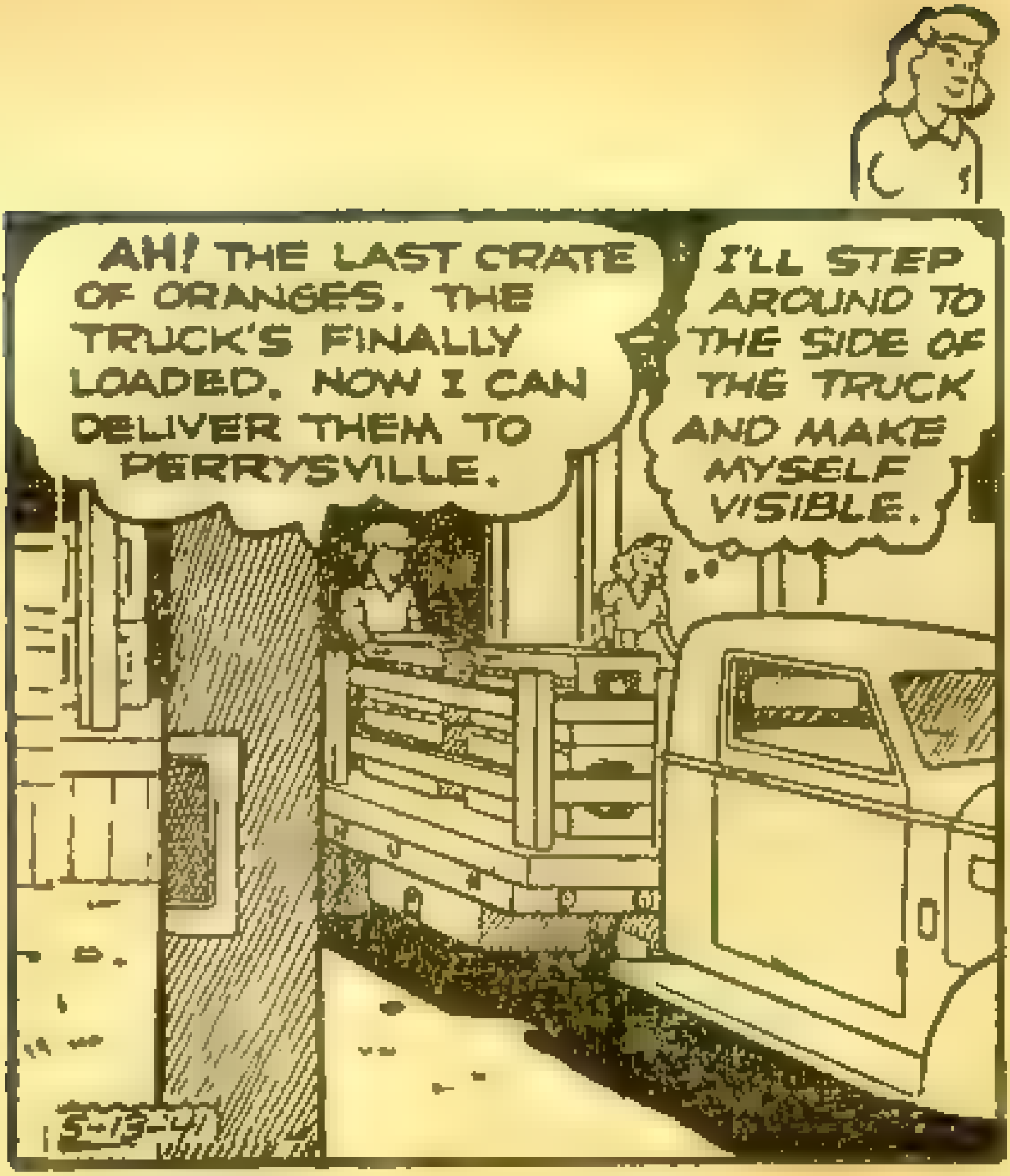

OFFICIALS FEAR SABOTAGE.. THERE'S A JOB ALL CUT OUT FOR ME.
EXPLOSION --- IN PERRYSVILLE PLANT
CRYSTAL FOR ELSOPHE


PERRYS-
VILLE HERE I
COME! ON..
COME ON, PUNK! GET
A HUSTLE ON YOU. THOSE
ORANGES ARE DUE IN
PERRYSVILLE TONIGHT.


GOLLY! THESE LAST FEW BOXES SEEM TO BE GETTING LIGHTER.
IF THIS CHAP'S HEADING FOR PERRYSVILLE I'M GOING TO TAG ALONG.



INVISIBLE SCARLET, ANXIOUS TO GET TO PERRYSVILLE FOR A PERSONAL INVESTIGATION OF THE EXPLOSIONS, HAS NO IDEA THAT THE VERY ORANGES SHE IS HELPING TO CARRY ARE A VITAL FACTOR IN THE MYSTERIOUS BLASTS.


AH! THE LAST CRATE OF ORANGES. THE TRUCK'S FINALLY LOADED. NOW I CAN DELIVER THEM TO PERRYSVILLE.
I'LL STEP AROUND TO THE SIDE OF THE TRUCK AND MAKE MYSELF VISIBLE.
5-13-71



BY PRESSING THE STRANGE NERVE IN HER LEFT WRIST AGAIN, INVISIBLE SCARLET IS ABLE TO TRANSFORM HERSELF INTO A VISIBLE PERSON AGAIN. AFTER BECOMING VISIBLE, SHE RETURNS TO THE TRUCK DRIVER.

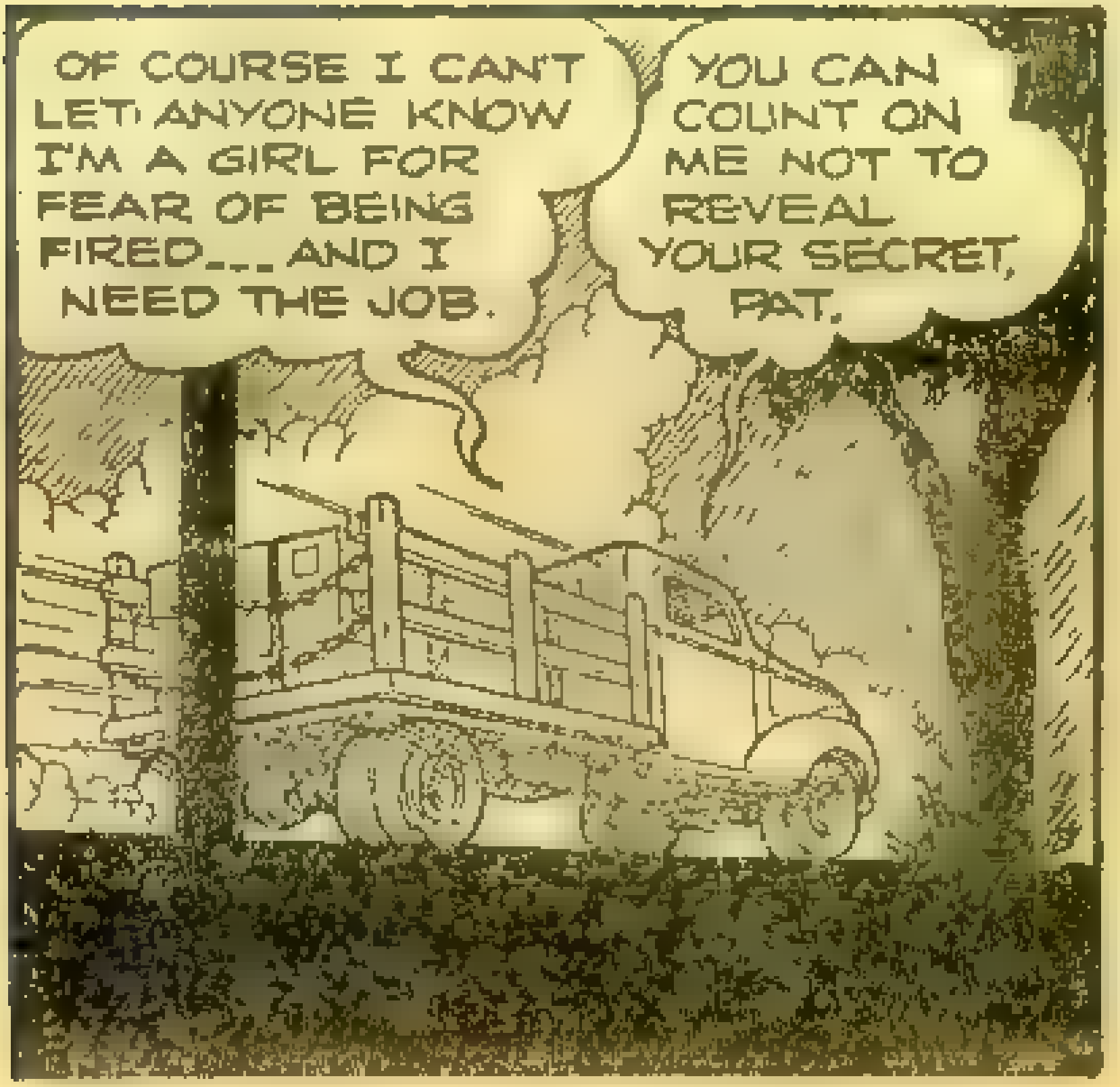

I HEAR YOU'RE GOING TO PERRYSVILLE. WOULD YOU MIND GIVING ME A LIFT?
IT'S A GIRL SO I GUESS IT'LL BE ALL RIGHT.
NOT AT ALL. HOP IN!

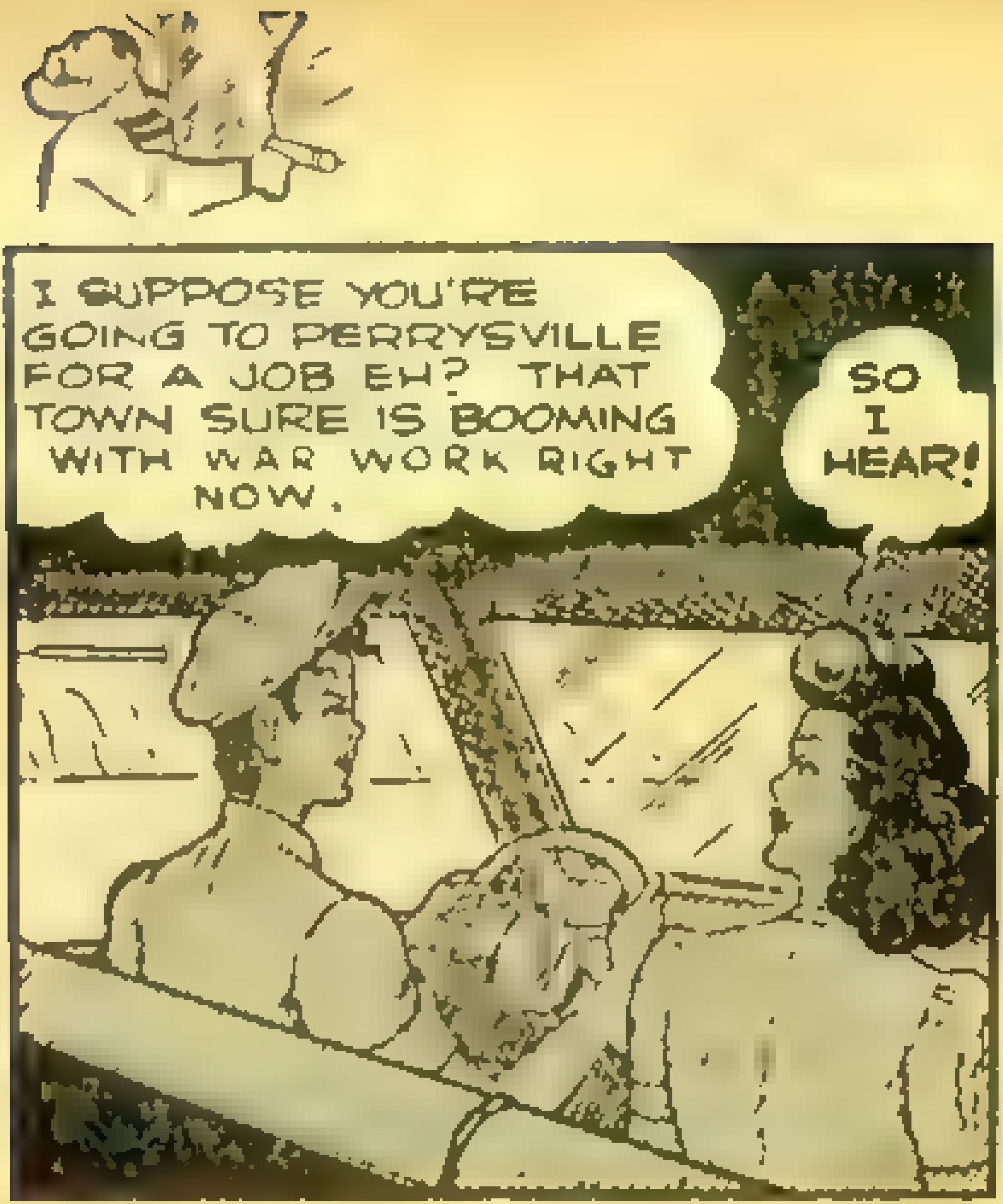


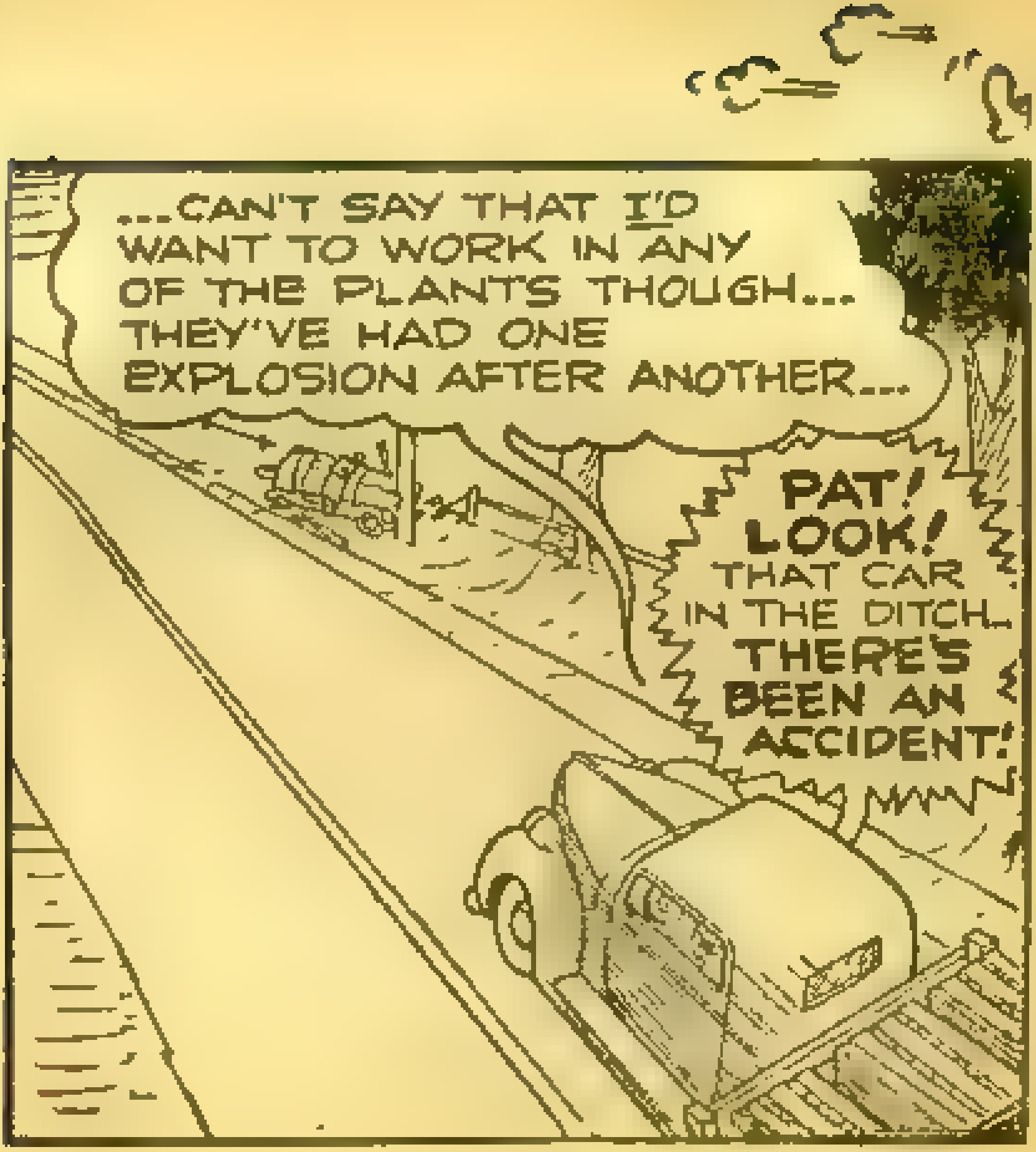

LATER: TRAVELING ALONG THE HIGHWAY...
IT'S A GOOD THING YOU'RE A GIRL OR I WOULDN'T HAVE GIVEN YOU THIS LIFT.
WHY?


BECAUSE....
I'M A GIRL, TOO!
.... SEE?
?

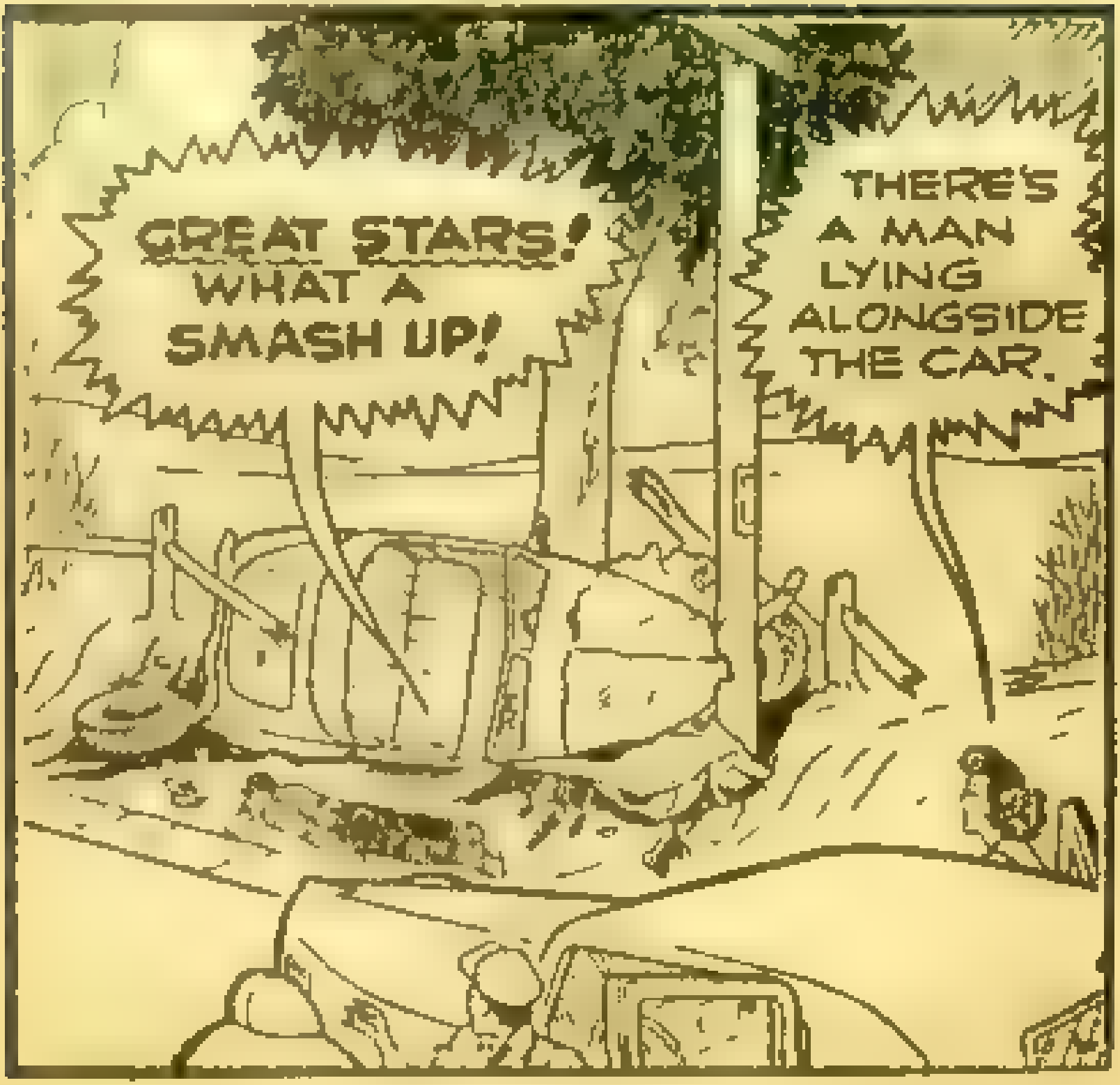

"A GIRL TRUCK DRIVER... OF ALL THINGS-
SURE! MY BROTHER HAD THIS JOB BEFORE HE WAS DRAFTED AND I'M DRIVING THE TRUCK UNTIL HE RETURNS. MY NAME'S PAT.


OF COURSE I CAN'T LET ANYONE KNOW I'M A GIRL FOR FEAR OF BEING FIRED... AND I NEED THE JOB.
YOU CAN COUNT ON ME NOT TO REVEAL YOUR SECRET, PAT.

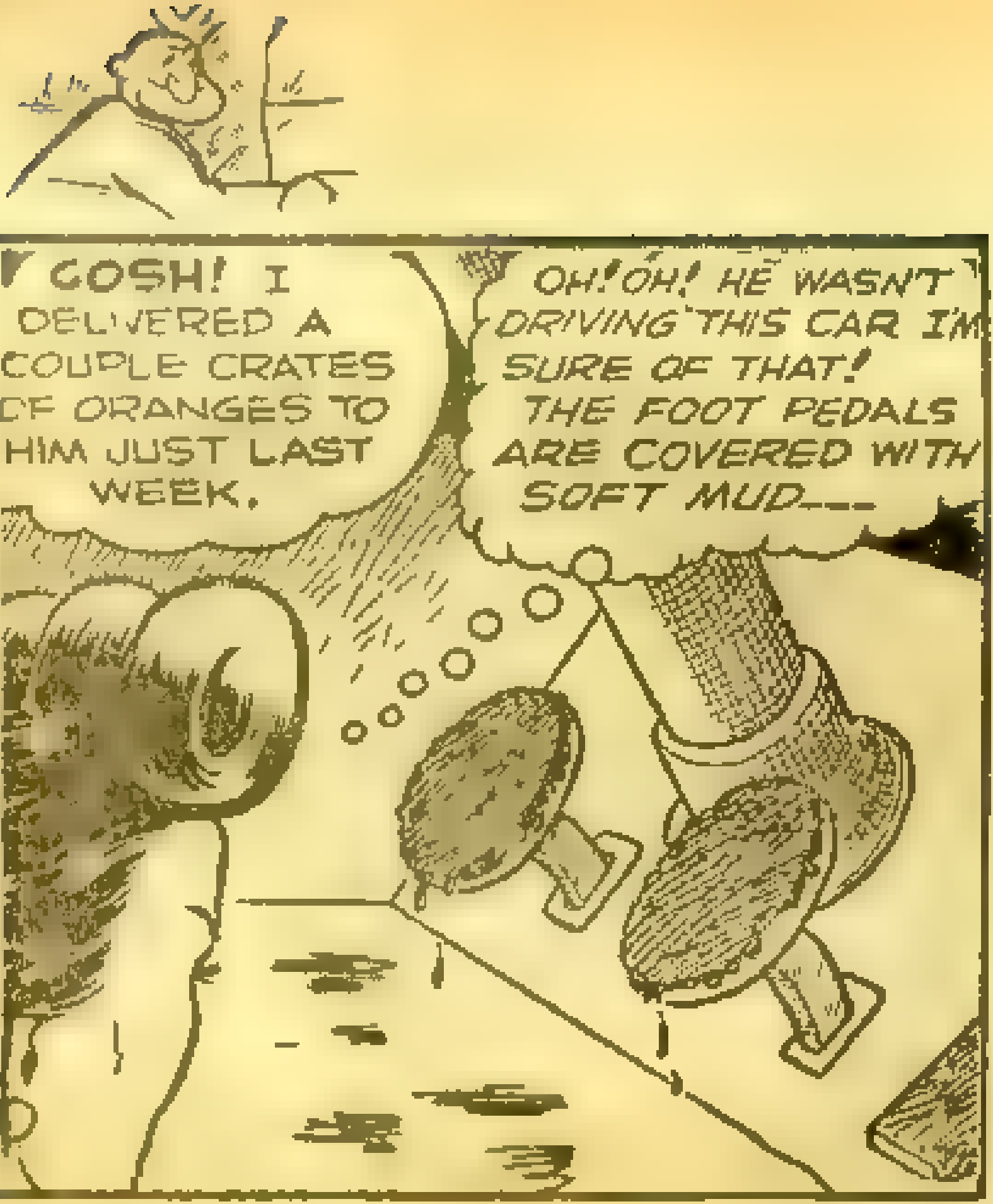

I SUPPOSE YOU'RE GOING TO PERRYSVILLE FOR A JOB EH? THAT TOWN SURE IS BOOMING WITH WAR WORK RIGHT NOW.
SO I HEAR!


...CAN'T SAY THAT I'D WANT TO WORK IN ANY OF THE PLANTS THOUGH... THEY'VE HAD ONE EXPLOSION AFTER ANOTHER...
PAT! LOOK! THAT CAR IN THE DITCH... THERE'S BEEN AN ACCIDENT!

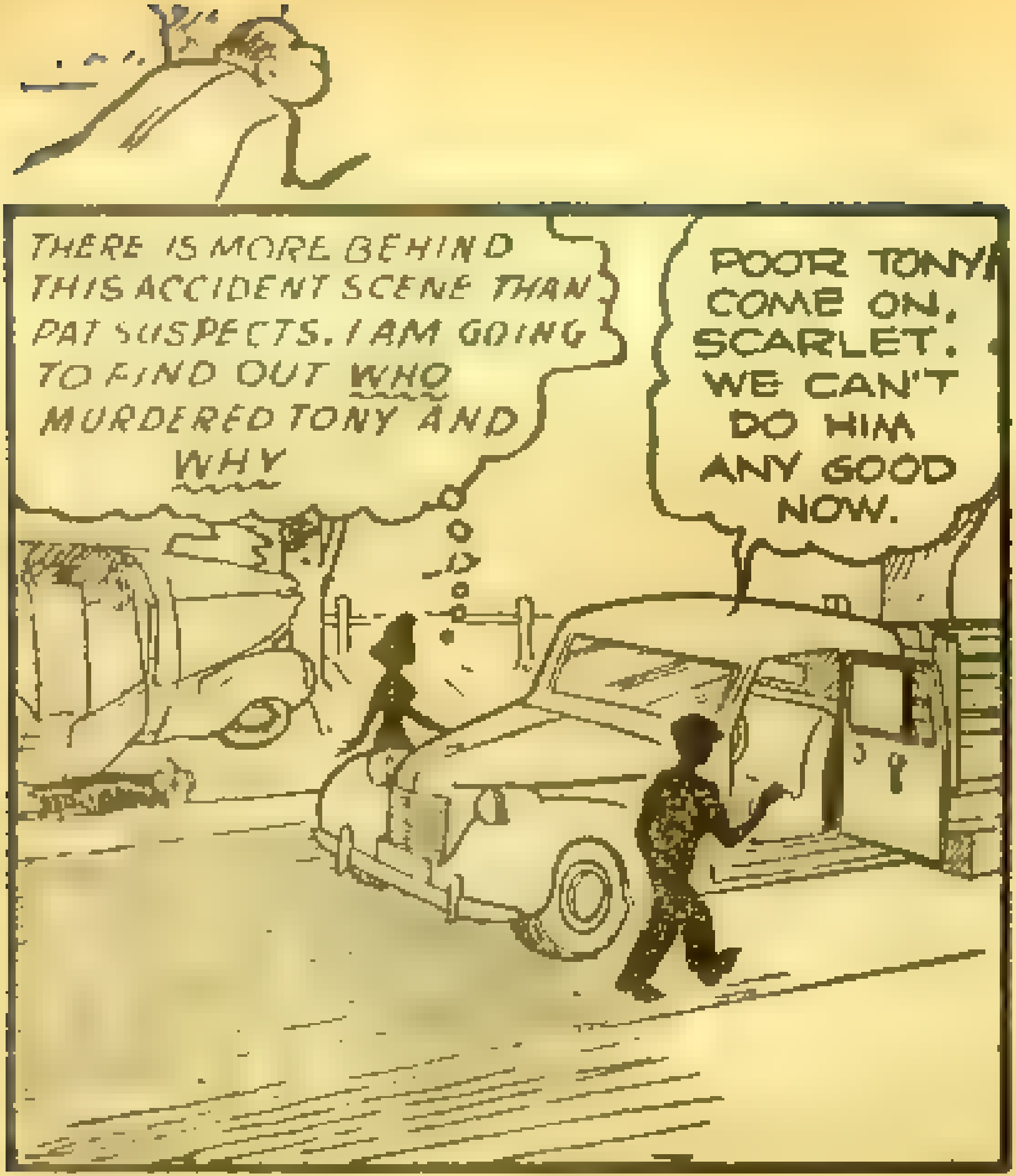



GREAT STARS! WHAT A SMASH UP!
THERE'S A MAN LYING ALONGSIDE THE CAR.

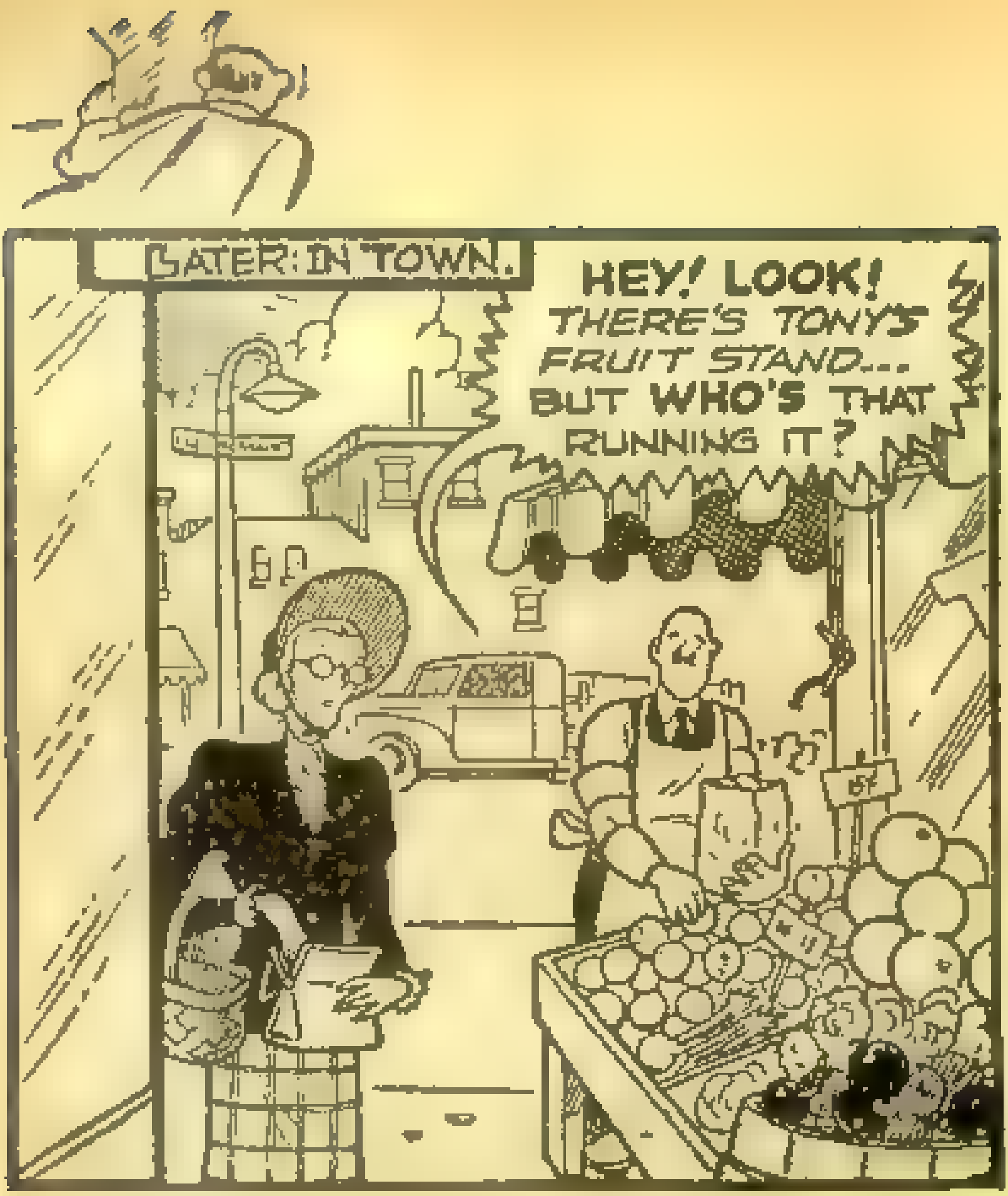

IT'S TONY! HE RUNS A FRUIT STAND IN PERRYSVILLE.
YOU MEAN HE RAN A FRUIT STAND, PAT! HE'S DEAD..


GOSH! I DELIVERED A COUPLE CRATES OF ORANGES TO HIM JUST LAST WEEK.
OH! OH! HE WASN'T DRIVING THIS CAR I'M SURE OF THAT! THE FOOT PEDALS ARE COVERED WITH SOFT MUD---


... AND THE SOLES OF HIS SHOES ARE AS CLEAN AS A WHISTLE. HE WAS MURDERED OR I MISS MY GUESS.


THERE IS MORE BEHIND THIS ACCIDENT SCENE THAN PAT SUSPECTS. I AM GOING TO FIND OUT WHO MURDERED TONY AND WHY
POOR TONY! COME ON, SCARLET. WE CAN'T DO HIM ANY GOOD NOW.


WE'LL REPORT THE ACCIDENT IN PERRYSVILLE. THEY'LL SEND AN AMBULANCE. WE'RE NOT FAR FROM THERE NOW.


LATER: IN TOWN.
HEY! LOOK! THERE'S TONY'S FRUIT STAND... BUT WHO'S THAT RUNNING IT?


HEY, MISTER! HOW COME YOU'RE OPERATING TONY'S FRUIT STAND?
HE SOLD OUT TO ME ABOUT A WEEK AGO.
HM! I WONDER?


SURE, BUDDY, TONY DEC DED HE D BEEN IN THE FRUIT BUSINESS LONG ENOUGH... ..I'LL TAKE ABOUT SIX CRATES OF THOSE ORANGES
SIX? TONY NEVER BOUGHT MORE THAN TWO CRATES AT A TIME.


OH.. ER.. I KNOW.. BUT.. HA! HA! I'M GOING TO BUILD UP THIS BUSINESS. YES SIR!
WELL, THANKS FOR THE LIFT, PAT. I'LL BE SEEING YOU AROUND SOMETIME
OKAY, SCARLET. GOOD LUCK!




I DON'T LIKE THAT BIRD'S LOOKS. I'D BETTER WIRE MY BANK FOR MONEY. I THINK I'LL BE HERE FOR SOME TIME.
RUSSELL STANN



LATE THAT NIGHT THE SILHOUETTE OF A MAN WAS SEEN PUSHING A CART TO THE REAR OF A BASEMENT FLAT STRANGELY ENOUGH, THE CART CONTAINED SIX CRATES OF ORANGES. MEANWHILE SCARLET DECIDES TO STAY.


HERE ARE THE ORANGES, LISCH.
GOOD! BRING THEM IN. WE HAVE MUCH TO ACCOMPLISH BEFORE MORNING.


I'VE RENTED THIS ROOM. I MAY BE IN PERRYSVILLE FOR SOME TIME.



I HAVE A HUNCH THAT MAN OPERATING TONY'S FRUIT STORE HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH TONY'S DEATH. I'LL CHECK UP ON HIM IN THE MORNING.



THE MAN WHO HAS AROUSED SCARLET'S SUSPICIONS CARRIES THE SIX CRATES OF ORANGES INTO A BASEMENT FLAT. THERE ON THE TABLE ARE CANS OF THE POWERFUL EXPLOSIVE, NITROGLYCERIN.

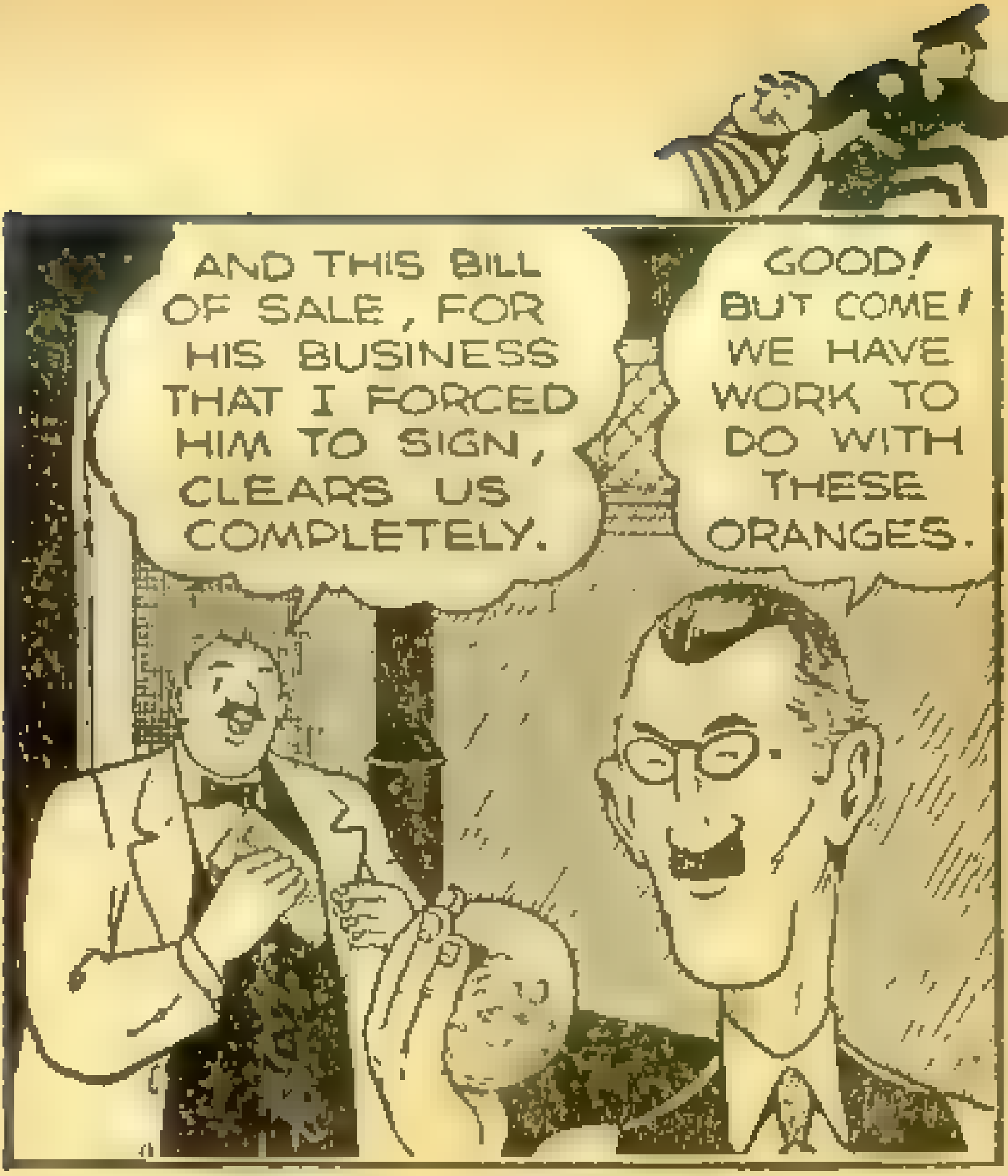

HERE'S THE LAST BOX, LISCH
SET IT DOWN THERE, GASLER


AND PUT OUT THAT CIGARETTE! DO YOU WANT TO BLOW US ALL TO KINGDOM COME.
OKAY! OKAY!
NITRO GLYCERIN


HOW IS BUSINESS AT THE FRUIT STORE, GASPER?
FINE. I HAVE GAINED COMPLETE CONFIDENCE OF ALL THE OFFICIALS AND EMPLOYERS IN THE PLANTS.


THEY ALLOW ME TO COME IN AND SELL APPLES AND ORANGES TO THE EMPLOYEES EVERY MORNING JUST LIKE TONY DID.
TONY, AH YES! IT IS TOO BAD WE HAD TO GET RID OF HIM.


.BUT WHEN HE WOULD NOT SELL OUT TO US WE HAD TO USE DRASTIC MEASURES.
THAT FAKE ACCIDENT WE FIXED UP WORKED PERFECTLY. THE POLICE THINK HE WAS KILLED WHILE DRIVING HIS CAR


AND THIS BILL OF SALE, FOR HIS BUSINESS THAT I FORCED HIM TO SIGN, CLEARS US COMPLETELY.
GOOD! BUT COME! WE HAVE WORK TO DO WITH THESE ORANGES.



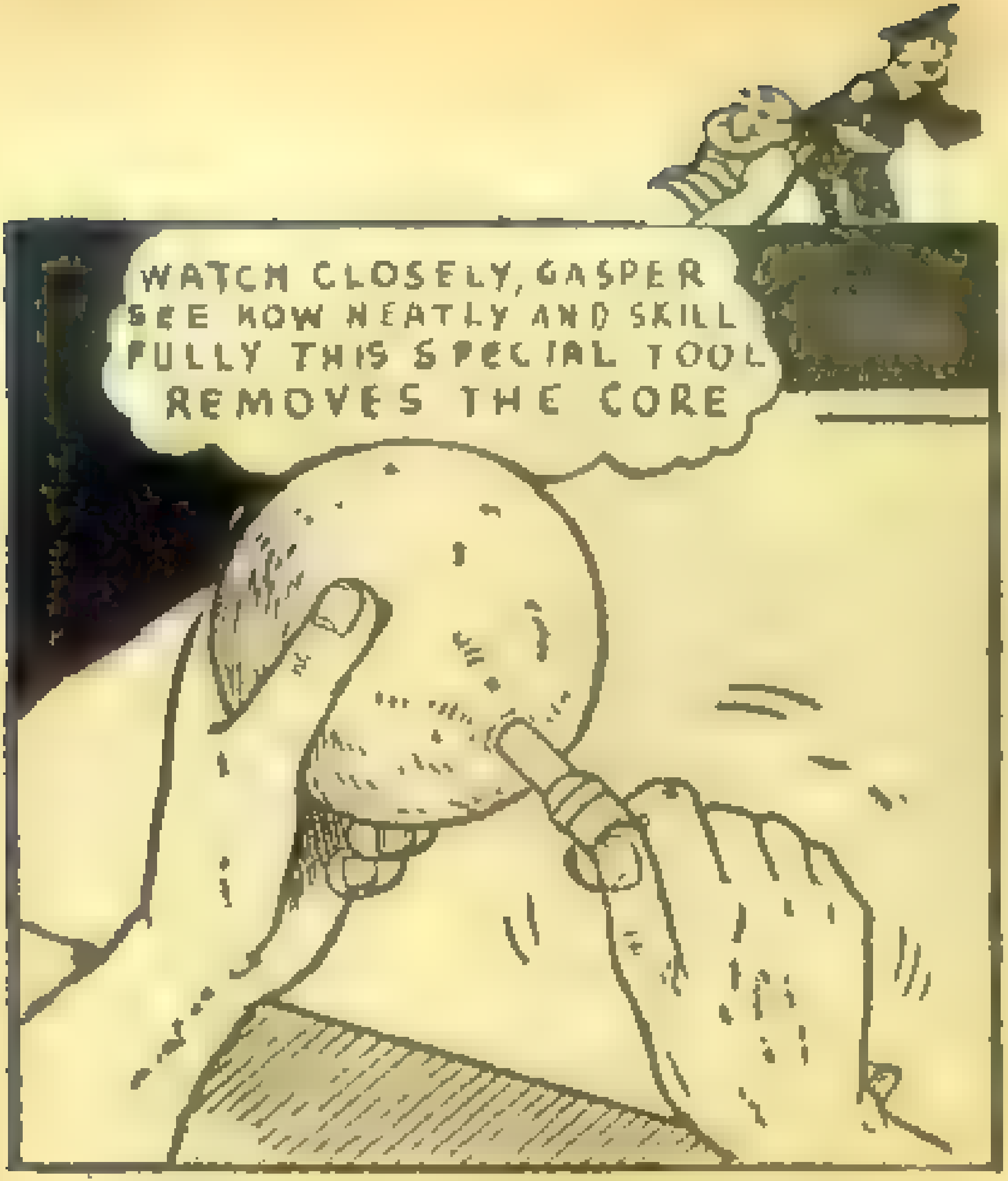
CONFIDENT THAT THEIR PLOT TO GET RID OF TONY IS A BIG SUCCESS, LISCH AND GASPER TAKE THE NEXT STEP IN THEIR TRAITOROUS SCHEME TO UNDERMINE THE COUNTRY'S WAR EFFORT.


START TAKING THOSE ORANGES OUT OF THESE CRATES, GASPER.
I'LL PUT THEM ON THIS TABLE.


WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH THESE ORANGES LISCH?
WATCH! FIRST WE'LL TAKE SOME OF THIS NITROGLYCERIN AND MIX IT WITH SAND.

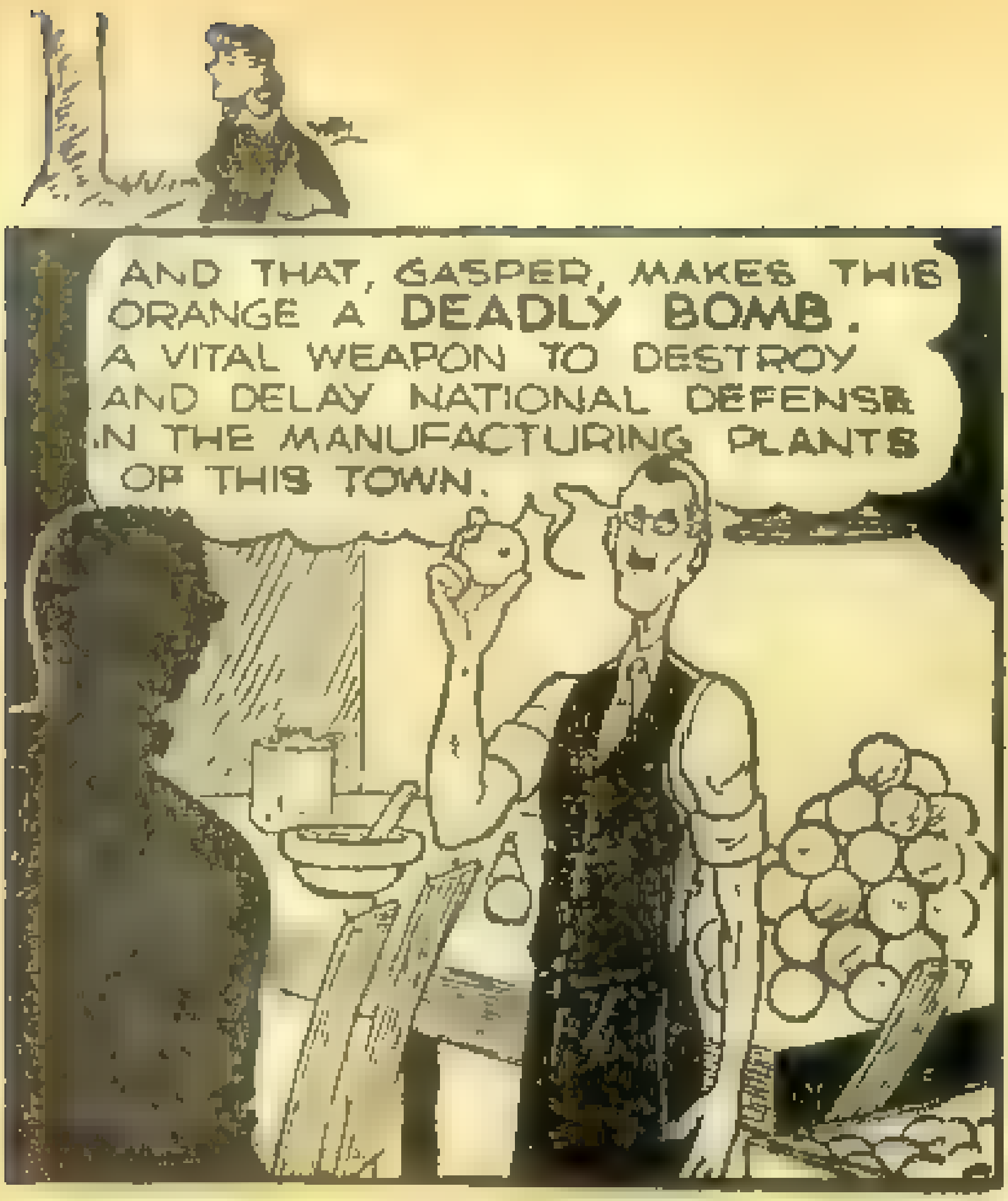

SEE! IT FORMS INTO A PUTTY-LIKE SUBSTANCE, ENABLING US TO HANDLE IT EASIER!
YES, YES!


NOW WITH THIS SPECIAL LITTLE TOOL I HAVE DESIGNED WE'RE GOING TO PLUCK THE CORE OUT OF EACH ORANGE.


WATCH CLOSELY, GASPER
SEE HOW NEATLY AND SKILL
FULLY THIS SPECIAL TOOL
REMOVES THE CORE


HM! A PERFECT HOLE THROUGH THE CENTER!
YES, AND NOW WE FILL THAT HOLE WITH THIS NITROGLYCERIN AND SAND SUBSTANCE.


THEN WE TAKE THE CORE AND PASTE JUST THE ENDS OF IT BACK INTO THE ORANGE LIKE THIS.
WONDERFUL, LISCH.
GLUE


AND THAT, GASPER, MAKES THIS ORANGE A DEADLY BOMB. A VITAL WEAPON TO DESTROY AND DELAY NATIONAL DEFENSE IN THE MANUFACTURING PLANTS OF THIS TOWN.



THE NEXT MORNING SCARLET DECIDES TO MAKE HERSELF INVISIBLE AND PAY A SPECIAL CALL ON GASPER, THE FRUIT PEDDLER, WHO HAS STIRRED HER SUSPICIONS. SHE DISCOVERS THAT HE IS NOT ALONE.

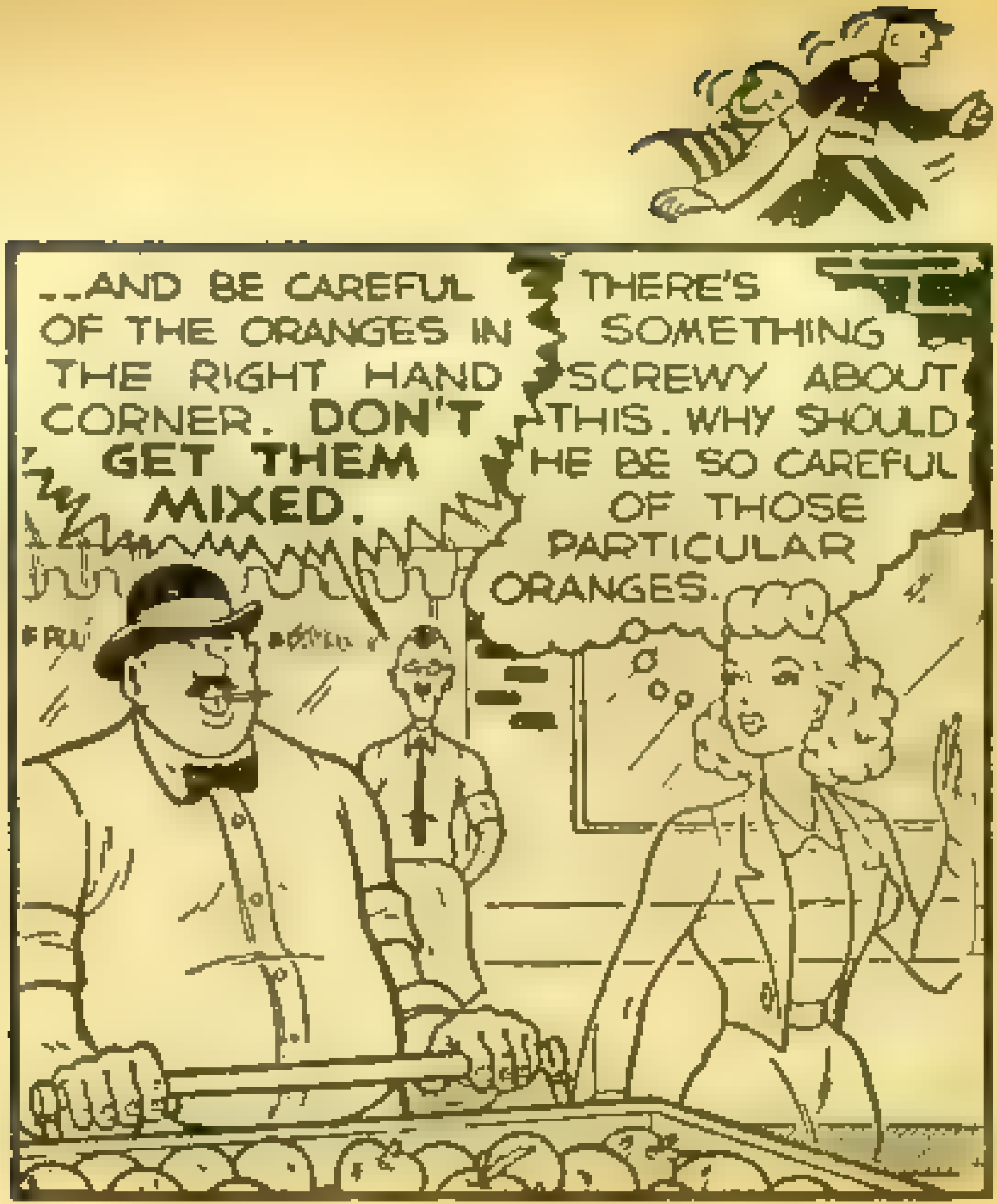

THERE HE IS IN THE STORE HE SEEMS TO HAVE A PARTNER WITH HIM TODAY.


OKAY, GASPER, YOU BETTER GET THE PUSH CART LOADED AND GET OVER TO THE PLANTS. YOU SHOULD DO A BIG BUSINESS TODAY.
RIGHT!


HM! NOTHING STRANGE ABOUT THAT! THE FOLKS THAT WORK IN THE PLANTS DO BUY ORANGES AND APPLES FROM FRUIT PEDDLERS -- OH! OH!
GASPER! YOU FOOL! HANDLE THOSE ORANGES WITH CARE!


WHEW!
YEAH! I ALMOST FORGOT! OKAY!
NOW THAT IS STRANGE. WHY SHOULD HE HAVE TO HANDLE THOSE ORANGES AS THOUGH THEY WERE MADE OF GLASS.


OKAY, GASPER! YOUR PUSH CART IS LOADED. NOW MAKE THE ROUNDS AT THE PLANTS.
TAKE CARE OF THE STORE WHILE I'M GONE.
MARKET


--AND BE CAREFUL OF THE ORANGES IN THE RIGHT HAND CORNER. DON'T GET THEM MIXED.
THERE'S SOMETHING SCREWY ABOUT THIS. WHY SHOULD HE BE SO CAREFUL OF THOSE PARTICULAR ORANGES.


LATER:
HI, GASPER!
HELLO! MAY I FILL MY BASKET AND GO INTO THE PLANT?


SURE, GO RIGHT AHEAD.

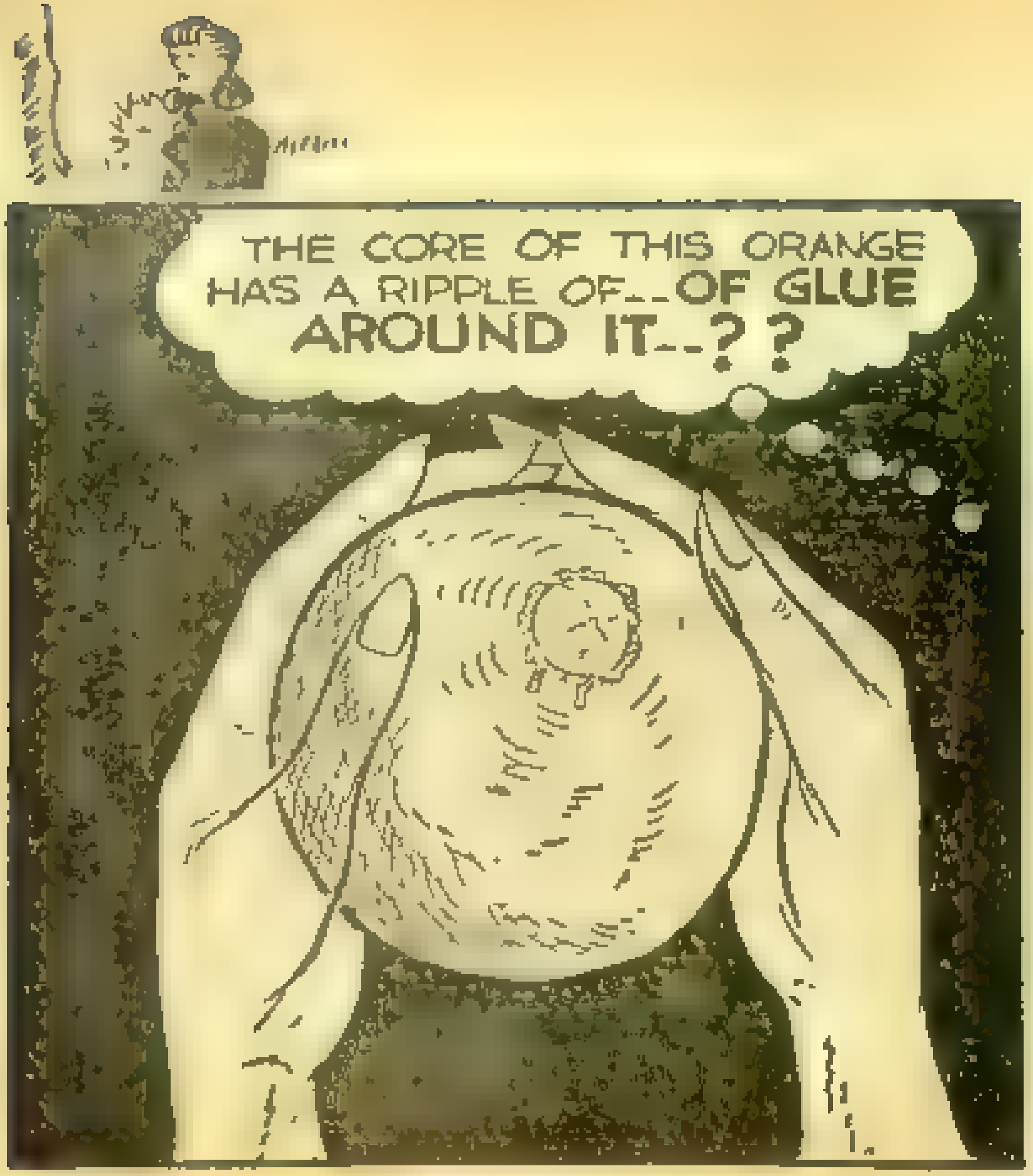


GASPER DOES NOT PICK UP THE ORANGES AT RANDOM. HIS HAND CAREFULLY REACHES FOR THE ORANGES HE AND LISCH HAD CAREFULLY FILLED WITH NITROGLYCERIN MIX-TURE THE PREVIOUS NIGHT.


GO RIGHT IN, GASPER!
THANK YOU! (IF HE KNEW WHAT I INTEND TO DO HE WOULDN'T LET ME IN THE PLANT. THAT'S CERTAIN.)


HE'S GOING INTO THE PLANT. NOW'S MY CHANCE TO INSPECT THESE ORANGES.


HM! THEY LOOK ALL RIGHT___HEY! WAIT A MINUTE! WHAT'S THIS?

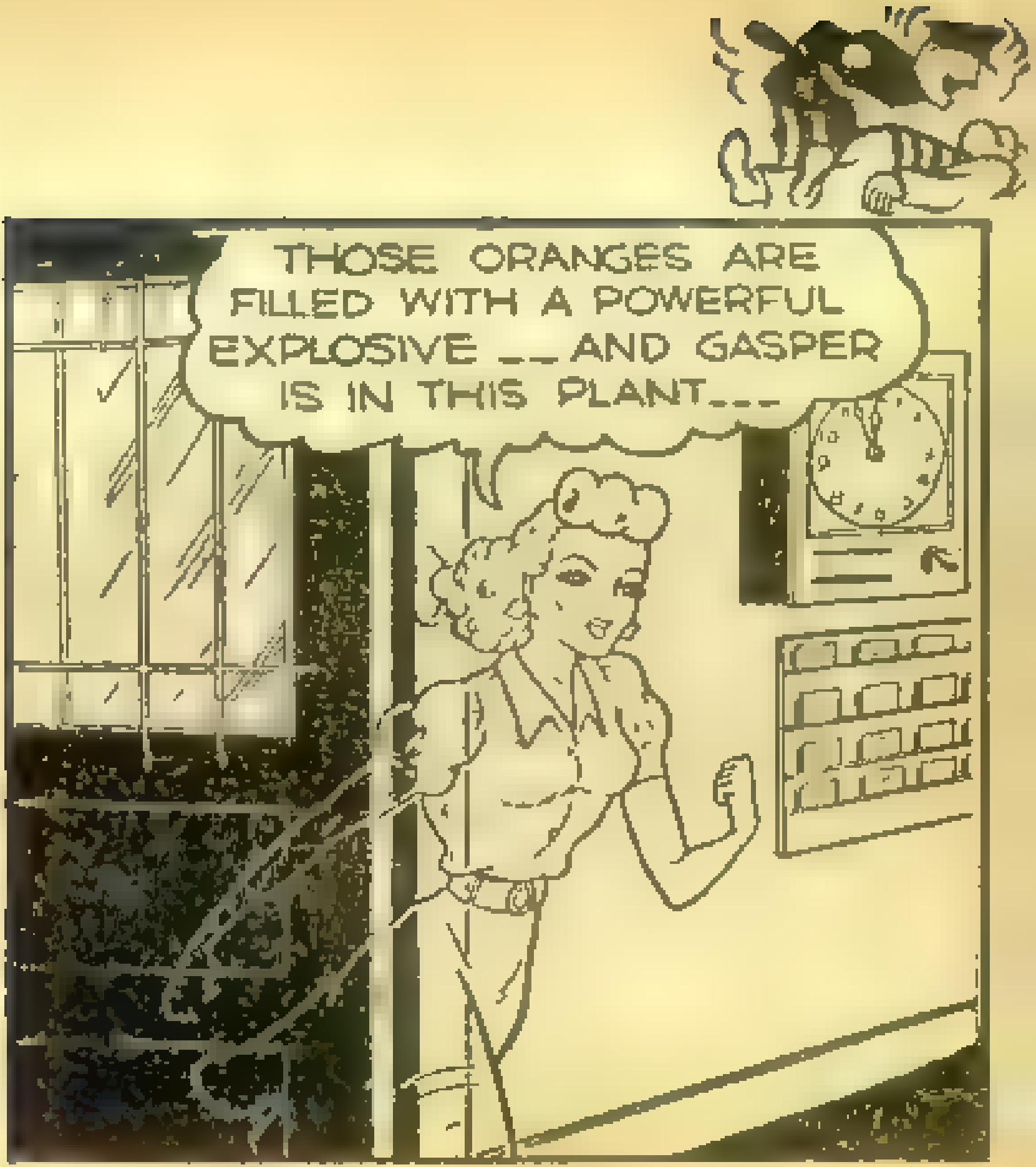

THE CORE OF THIS ORANGE HAS A RIPPLE OF--OF GLUE AROUND IT--??


THE CORE OF THIS ORANGE HAS BEEN REMOVED AND GLUED BACK AGAIN. HM! THAT EMPTY LOT ACROSS THE STREET__I WONDER??
5

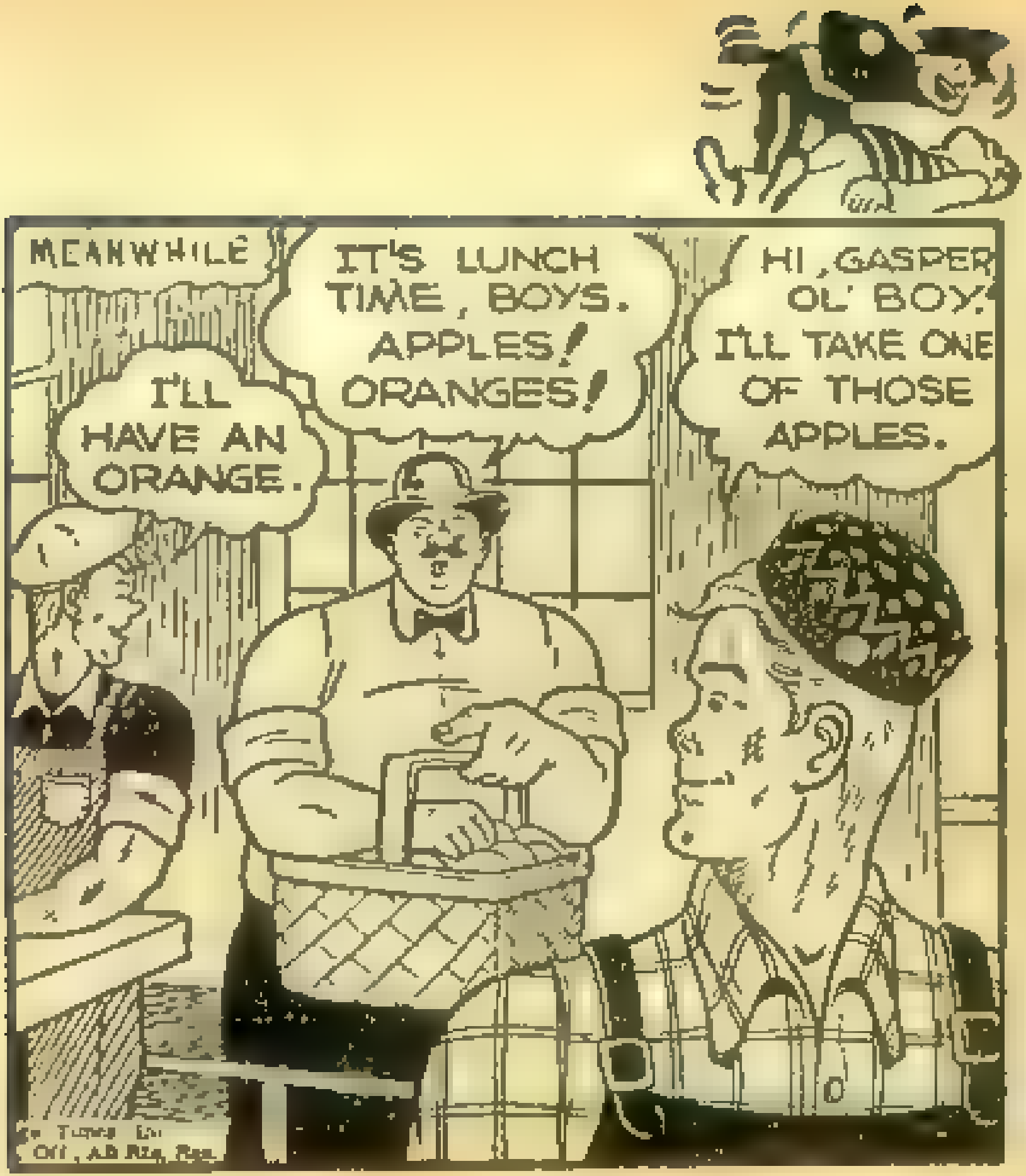



BOO!


GREAT STARS IN HEAVEN! THEY'RE BOMBS!
—AND GASPER'S IN THE PLANT NOW.
?

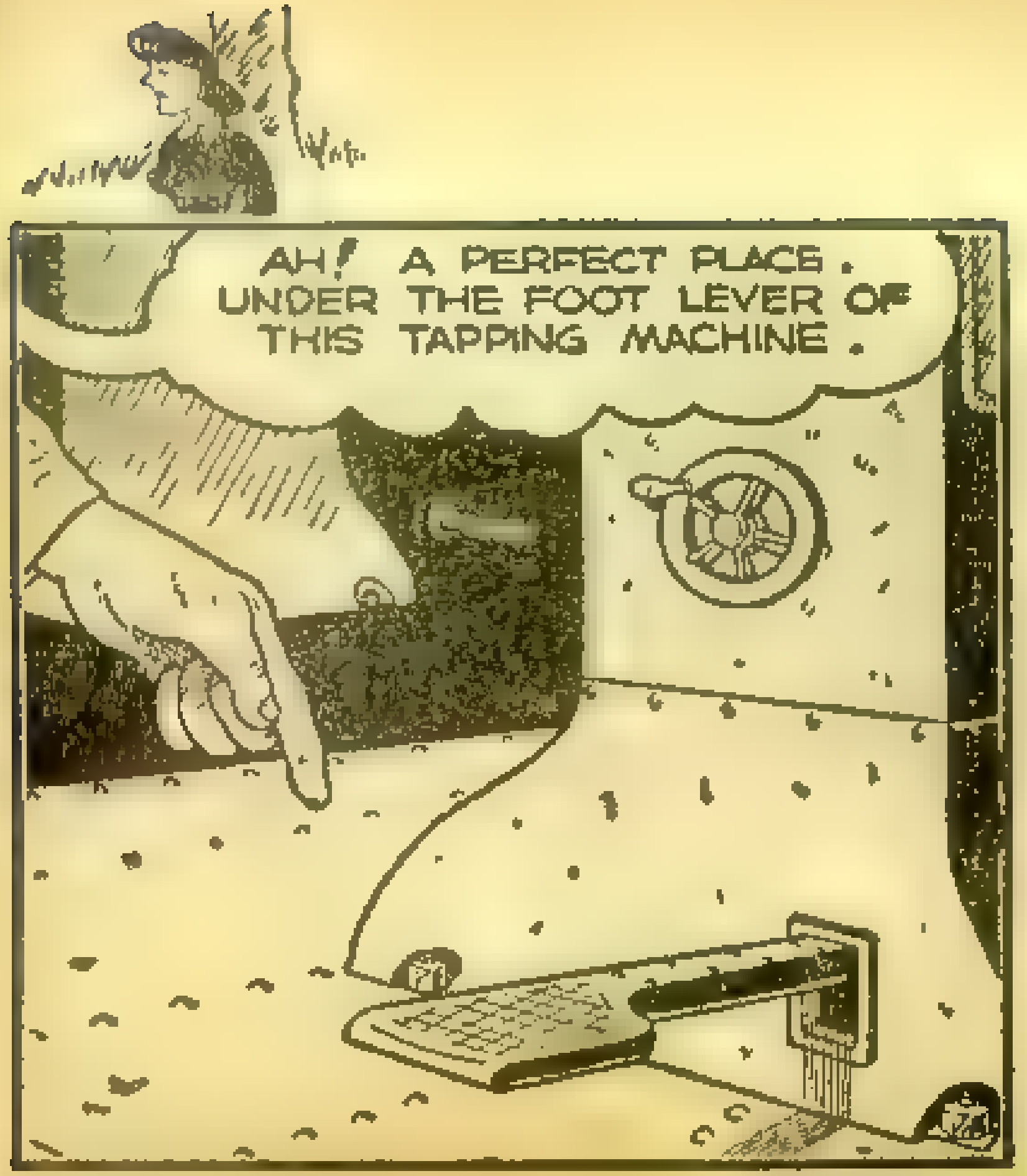

THOSE ORANGES ARE FILLED WITH A POWERFUL EXPLOSIVE __ AND GASPER IS IN THIS PLANT___

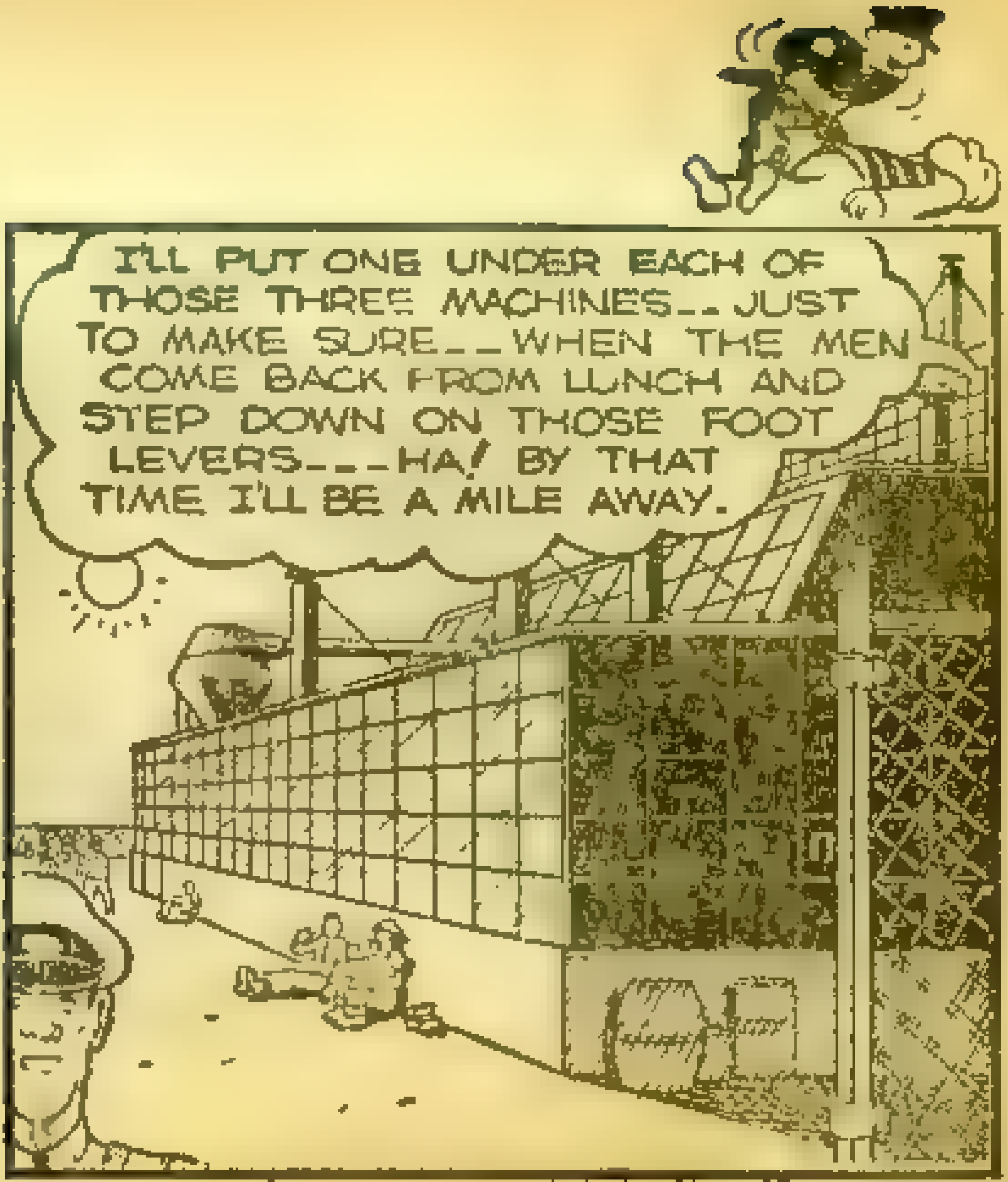

GREAT STARS! I'VE BEEN ON TWO FLOORS ALREADY__AND STILL I CAN'T FIND HIM___

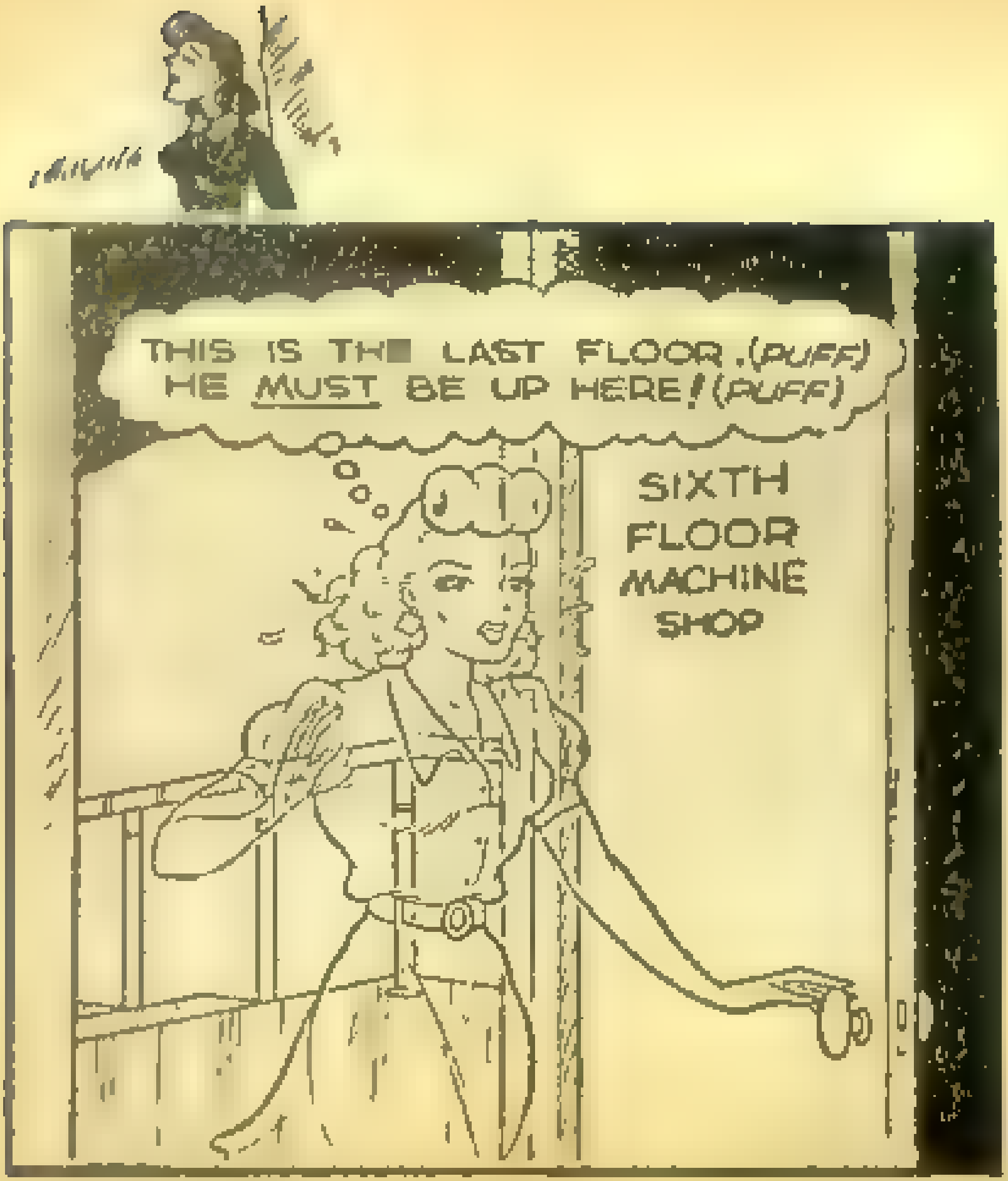

MEANWHILE
IT'S LUNCH TIME, BOYS. APPLES! ORANGES!
HI, GASPER OL' BOY! I'LL TAKE ONE OF THOSE APPLES.
I'LL HAVE AN ORANGE.


THEY'VE GONE OUT IN THE YARD TO EAT THEIR LUNCH... I SOLD THEM THE GOOD ORANGES, BUT NOT THESE THREE. THEY'RE LOADED WITH NITROGLYCERIN. NOW I'VE GOT TO FIND A SPOT TO PLANT THEM HA! HA!


NOW I MUST FIND A SUITABLE SPOT TO PLANT THESE ORANGES. THEY MUSTN'T BE SEEN.


AH! A PERFECT PLACE. UNDER THE FOOT LEVER OF THIS TAPPING MACHINE.

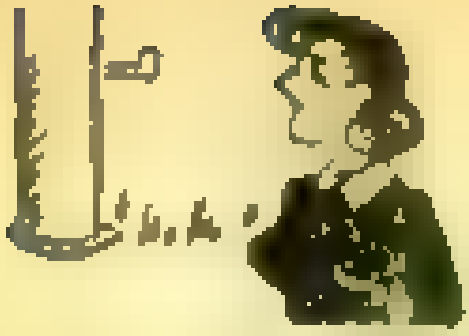

I'LL PUT ONE UNDER EACH OF THOSE THREE MACHINES--JUST TO MAKE SURE--WHEN THE MEN COME BACK FROM LUNCH AND STEP DOWN ON THOSE FOOT LEVERS---HA! BY THAT TIME I'LL BE A MILE AWAY.


THIS IS THE LAST FLOOR. (PUFF)
HE MUST BE UP HERE! (PUFF)
SIXTH FLOOR MACHINE SHOP


I'VE PLACED THE LAST ORANGE BOMB UNDER THIS FOOT LEVER... WHEN THE WORKER STEPS DOWN ON IT THIS PLANT WILL BE BLOWN TO BITS. BY THAT TIME I'LL BE A MILE AWAY.
THERE HE IS!


(OH! OH! HIS BASKET'S EMPTY.) JUST A MINUTE, GASPER!
HUH? WHO SAID THAT? LET GO OF MY BASKET.


WHAT DID YOU DO WITH- ULP!
I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE.



SCARLET TRIES TO GRAB THE BASKET. AS HER FINGERS CLUTCH THE RIM, GASPER LETS IT GO. SCARLET FALLS BACKWARD, DIRECTLY ABOVE THE FOOT LEVER OF THE MACHINE





INVISIBLE SCARLET'S BELT FORTUNATELY CATCHES ON A HANDLE, PREVENTING HER FROM FALLING ON THE FOOT LEVER UNDER WHICH IS ONE OF THE ORANGES CONTAINING T.N.T.


OW-W-



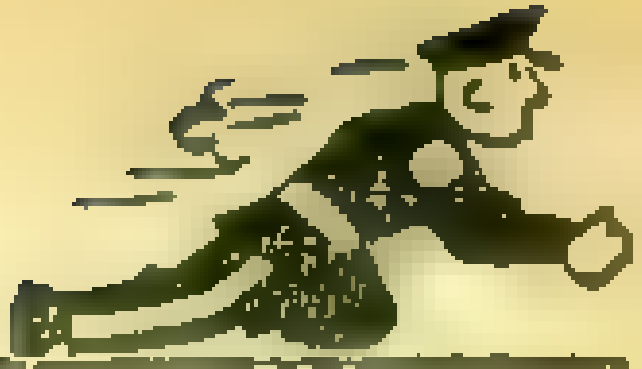

GASPER GOT AWAY. HE LEFT THOSE ORANGES CONTAINING NITROGLYCERIN SOMEWHERE IN THIS PLANT___AND I'VE GOT TO FIND THEM BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE.



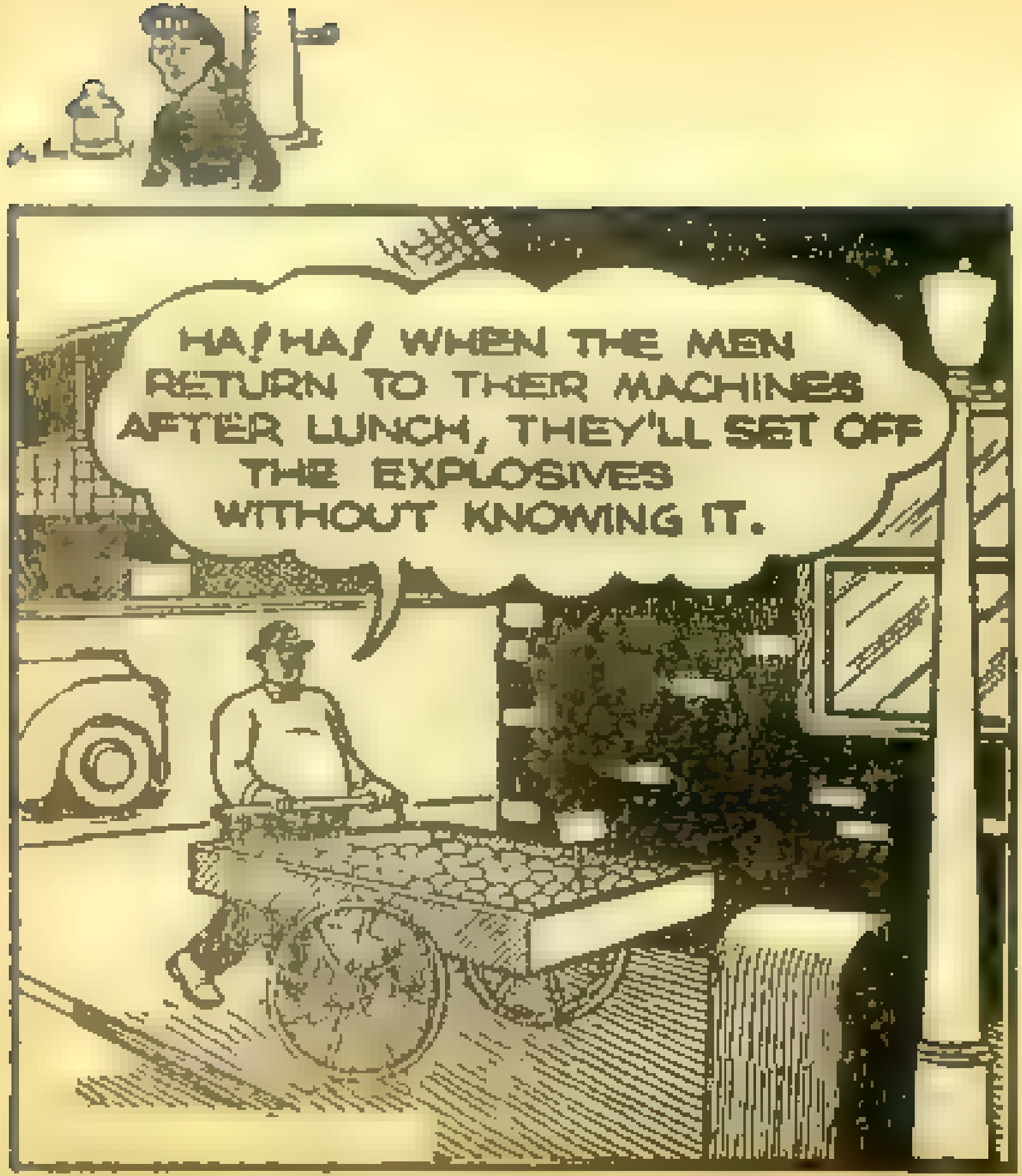
INVISIBLE SCARLET O'NEIL REALIZES HOW GREATLY THE WAR EFFORT WILL BE HAMPERED BY ANOTHER EXPLOSION, AS SHE DETERMINEDLY STAYS ON THE TRAIL OF THE TWO SABOTEURS, GASPER AND LISCH.


GASPER GOT AWAY FROM ME BEFORE I COULD FIND OUT WHERE HE PLANTED THOSE ORANGES. THEY'RE FILLED WITH A POWERFUL EXPLOSIVE.


I'VE GOT TO FIND THEM OR THIS PLANT WILL BE BLOWN UP. WHERE COULD THEY BE ?
DEPOSIT TRASH HERE -
KEEP THE SHOP CLEAN



GASPER, KNOWING THE PLANT WILL BLOW UP WHEN THE MEN RETURN FROM LUNCH TO START THEIR MACHINES, HURRIES AWAY FROM THE VICINITY TO SAVE HIS OWN NECK.


HA! HA! WHEN THE MEN RETURN TO THEIR MACHINES AFTER LUNCH, THEY'LL SET OFF THE EXPLOSIVES WITHOUT KNOWING IT.


--BY THAT TIME I'LL BE A MILE AWAY-- AND WHO WOULD SUSPECT A HUMBLE FRUIT PEDDLER?


I'VE LOOKED ALL OVER FOR THOSE ORANGES BUT I CAN'T FIND THEM.. OH! WHO'S THIS COMING?




AH DUNNO WHY DEY MAKES ME SWEEP DE FLO'S DURING LUNCH TIME__


DEY ONLY GETS MESSED UP AGIN.. BUT DEY GOTTA HAB 'EM ASHININ' ALL DE TIME, AH GUESS.. IT PREVENTS CASUALTIES.


WAL, WHUT D'YA THINK O' THAT--- A NICE BIG ORANGE---


WHUT Y'KNOW? AH DONE SWEPT DIS ORANGE OUT FROM UNDA' DAT MACHINE.
SO THAT'S WHERE GASPER PLANTED THOSE ORANGES.


SURE ENOUGH! HERE ARE THE OTHERS. HM! HE FIGURED THE MEN WOULD COME BACK FROM LUNCH, STEP ON THESE FOOT LEVERS, AND SET OFF THE EXPLOSIVES.

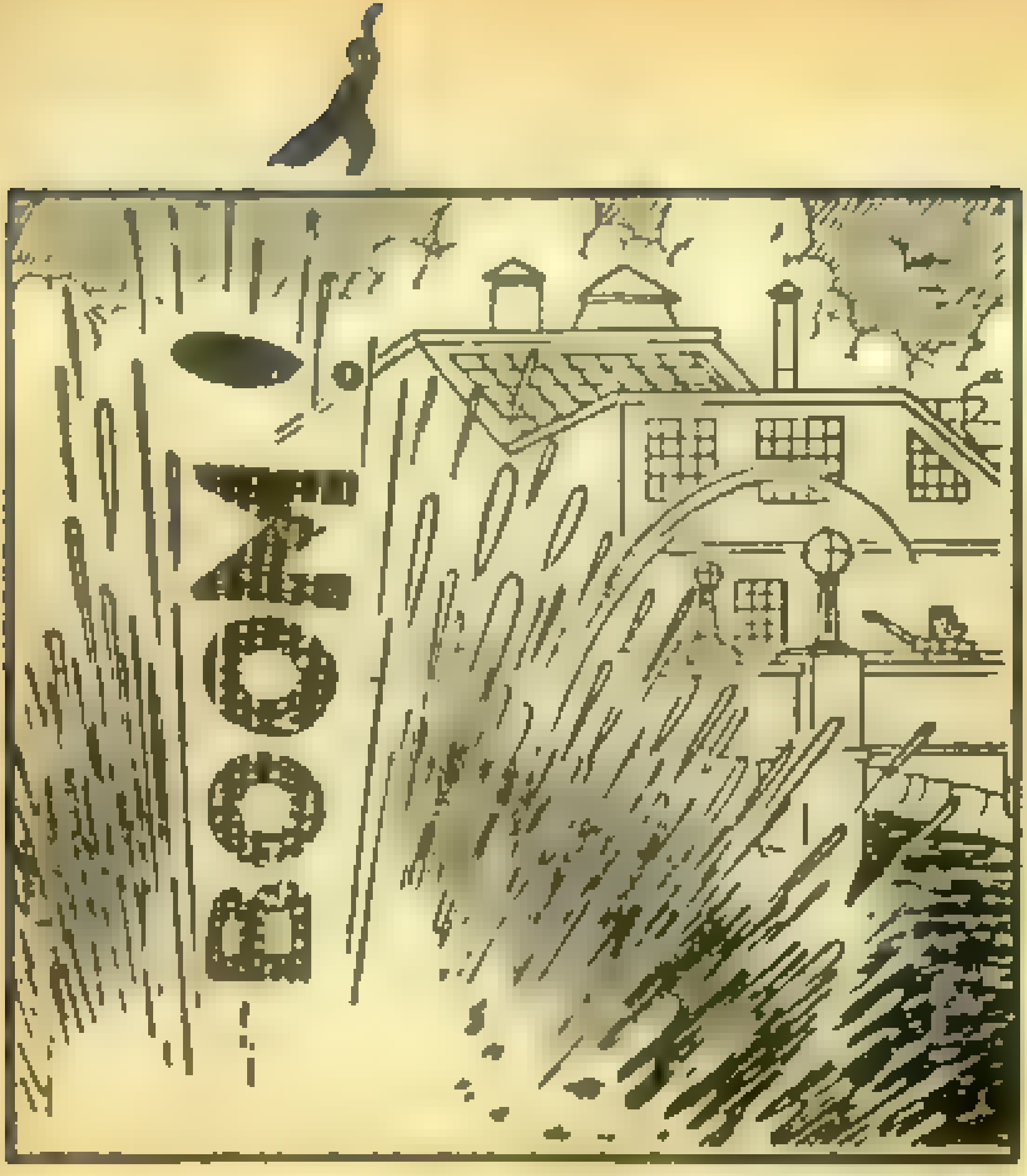

___BELIEVE AH'LL PEEL DIS H'YAR ORANGE AN' DEVOUR IT..AH..
ULP!
I'VE GOT TO GET THESE OUT OF THE PLANT AS FAST AS I CAN.



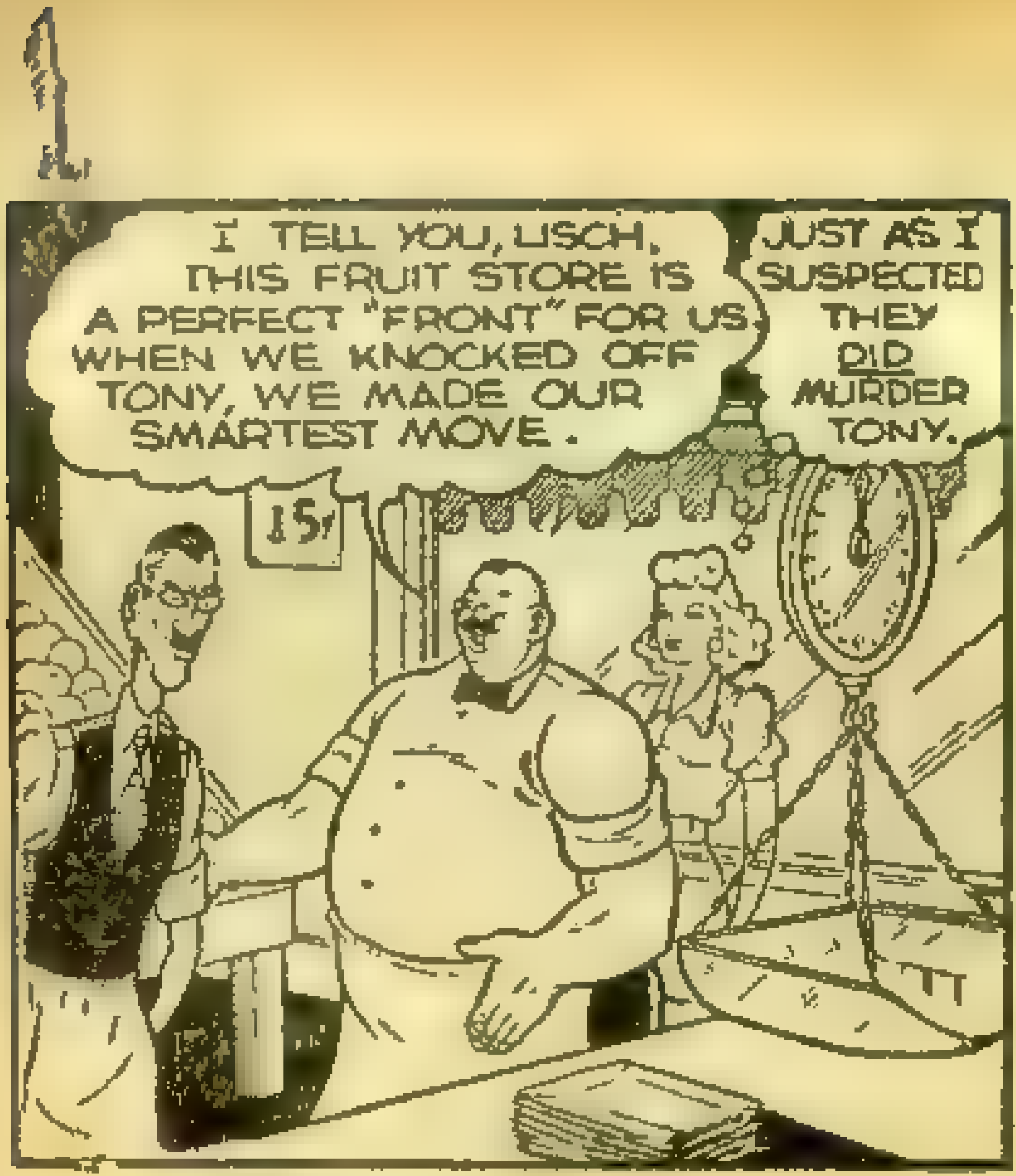
KNOWING THE JANITOR WOULD NOT ONLY KILL HIMSELF BUT WRECK THE PLANT IF HE BIT INTO THE ORANGE, INVISIBLE SCARLET STARTLES HIM BY WHISKING THE FRUIT FROM HIS HAND.


GLORY BE!
FLYIN' ORANGES!
G-GULP!


THE BEST PLACE TO DESTROY THESE ORANGE BOMBS IS IN THIS RIVER.
BOOM!




NOW I'LL GO BACK TO GASPER'S FRUIT STORE. HE AND HIS PAL HAVE A VERY UNPLEASANT SURPRISE COMING TO THEM.


I TELL YOU, LISCH, THIS FRUIT STORE IS A PERFECT "FRONT" FOR US. WHEN WE KNOCKED OFF TONY, WE MADE OUR SMARTEST MOVE.
JUST AS I SUSPECTED THEY DID MURDER TONY.
15


YES SIR, LISCH, NO ONE WOULD SUSPECT THAT YOU AND I WERE BEHIND ALL THESE EXPLOSIONS IN THE MANUFACTURING PLANTS. WE'RE JUST A COUPLE OF GUYS WHO RUN A FRUIT STORE.
HA! HA!

INVISIBLE SCARLET, BELIEV-
ING THE TIME IS RIPE FOR
A SHOWDOWN WITH THE
SABOTEURS, PRESSES THE
STRANGE NERVE IN HER
LEFT WRIST AND BECOMES
VISIBLE. SHE CONFRONTS
LISCH.


OH! I'M SORRY! I DIDN'T HEAR YOU COME IN! WHAT WILL IT BE?
I THINK I'LL HAVE SOME ORANGES
RUSSELL STAMMO

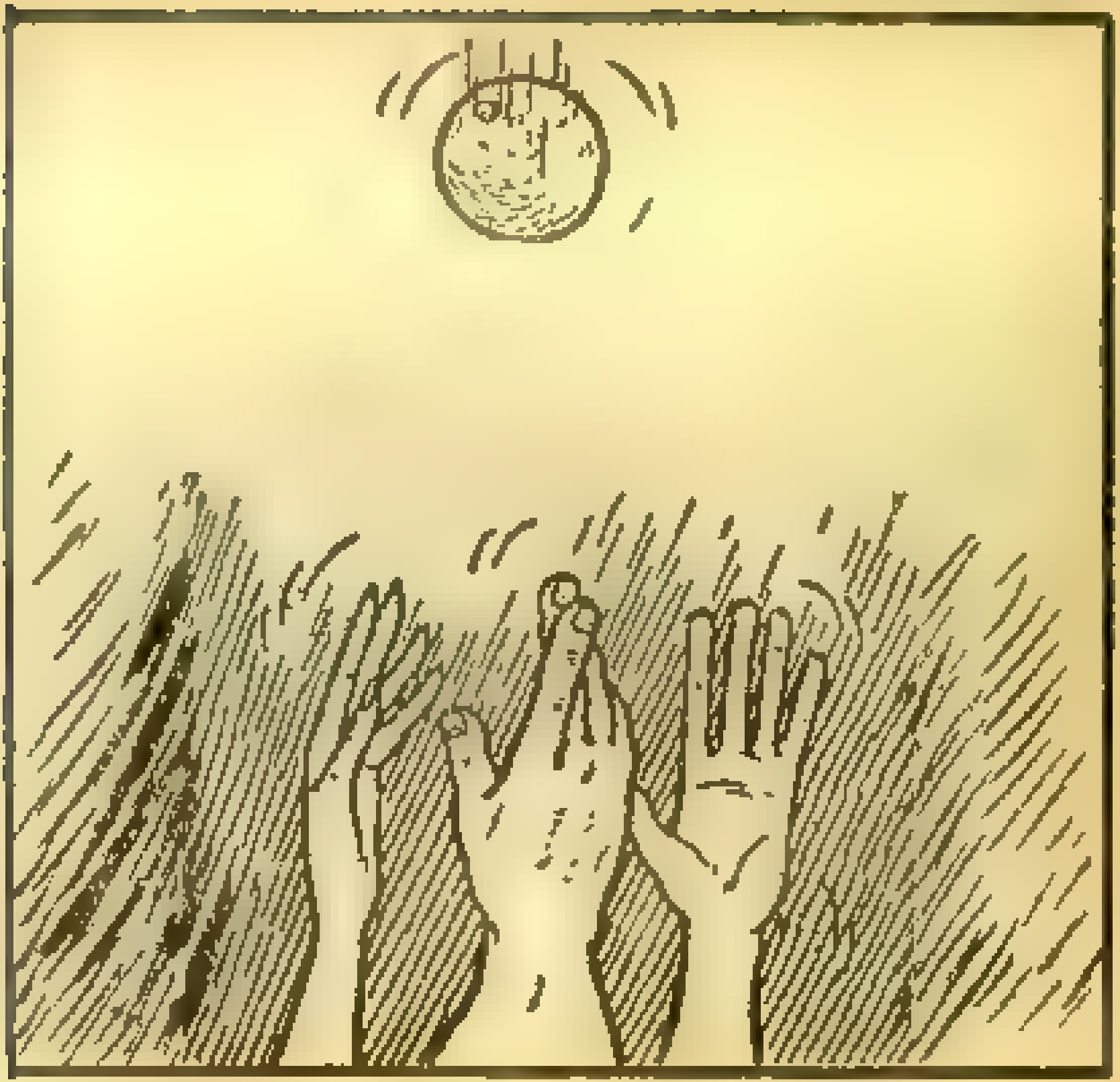

YES, MA'M. RIGHT HERE! A DOZEN?
I BELIEVE THE ORANGES IN THIS BOX LOOK BETTER I'LL TAKE SOME OF THESE.


OH, ER--
NO, MA'M! THEY'RE NOT VERY GOOD. YOU SEE--
DON'T TELL ME, I KNOW! THESE ORANGES ARE FILLED WITH DYNAMITE.
--AND IF YOU DON'T DO AS I SAY I'LL PROVE IT TO YOU, EVEN IF IT COSTS ME MY OWN LIFE.


YOU HEARD ME, BOYS. I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU THIS ORANGE IS LOADED WITH DYNAMITE. NOW ONE FALSE MOVE AND I'LL BLOW YOU BOTH TO KINGDOM COME, EVEN IF IT COSTS ME MY OWN LIFE.
PLEASE!

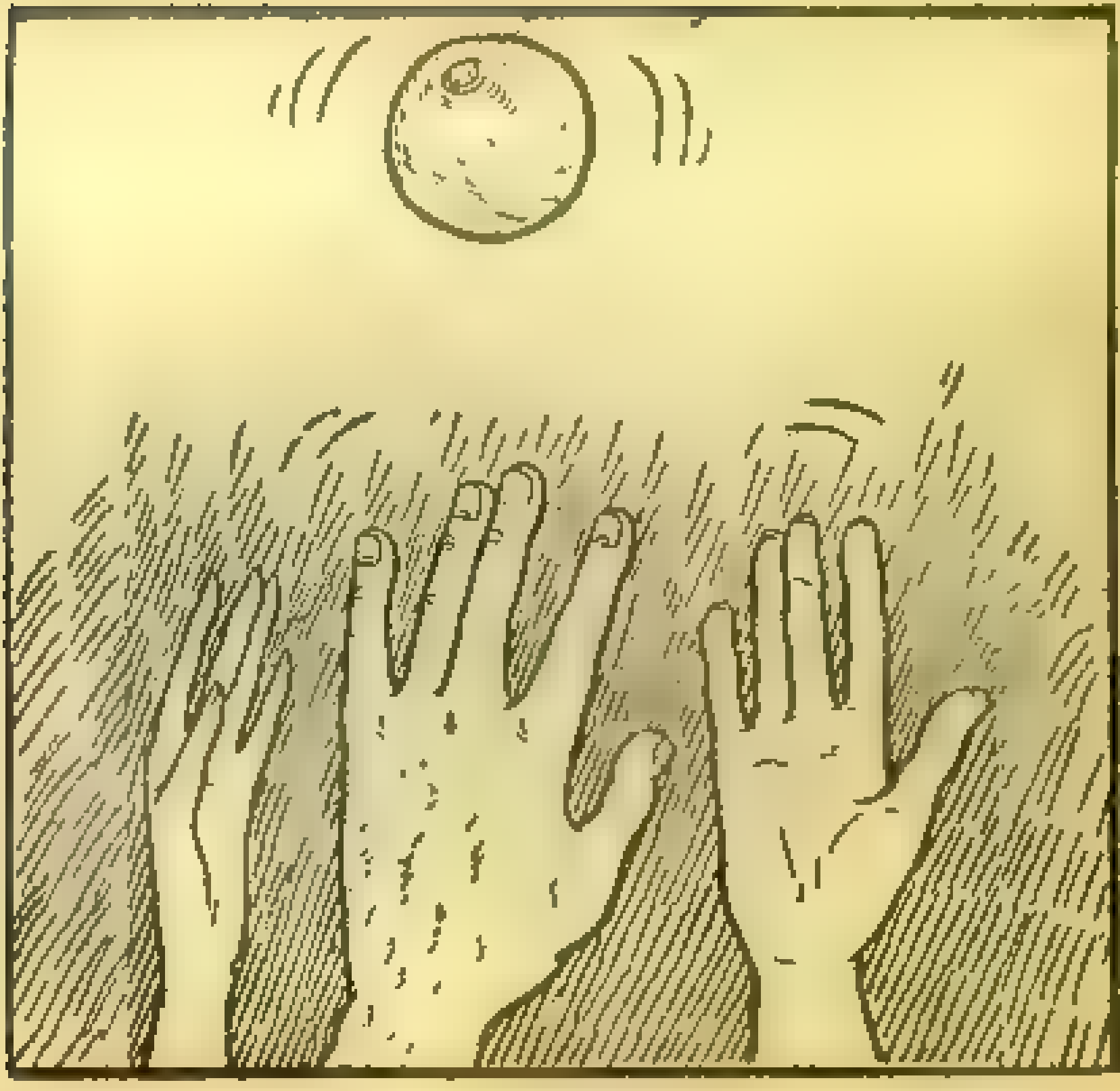

I KNOW YOU MURDERED TONY AND CAUSED THE EXPLOSIONS IN THIS TOWN--
IT'S A CHANCE. IT MIGHT GO OFF, BUT I'VE GOT TO DO IT.
...


--AND I'M GOING TO TURN YOU OVER TO THE POLICE-- OOPS!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, GIRLIE!





AFTER LISCH KNOCKED THE ORANGE CONTAINING NITROGLYCERIN FROM SCARLET'S HAND, IT SAILS UP IN THE AIR AND ALL THREE TRY TO CATCH IT BEFORE IT FALLS TO THE FLOOR.



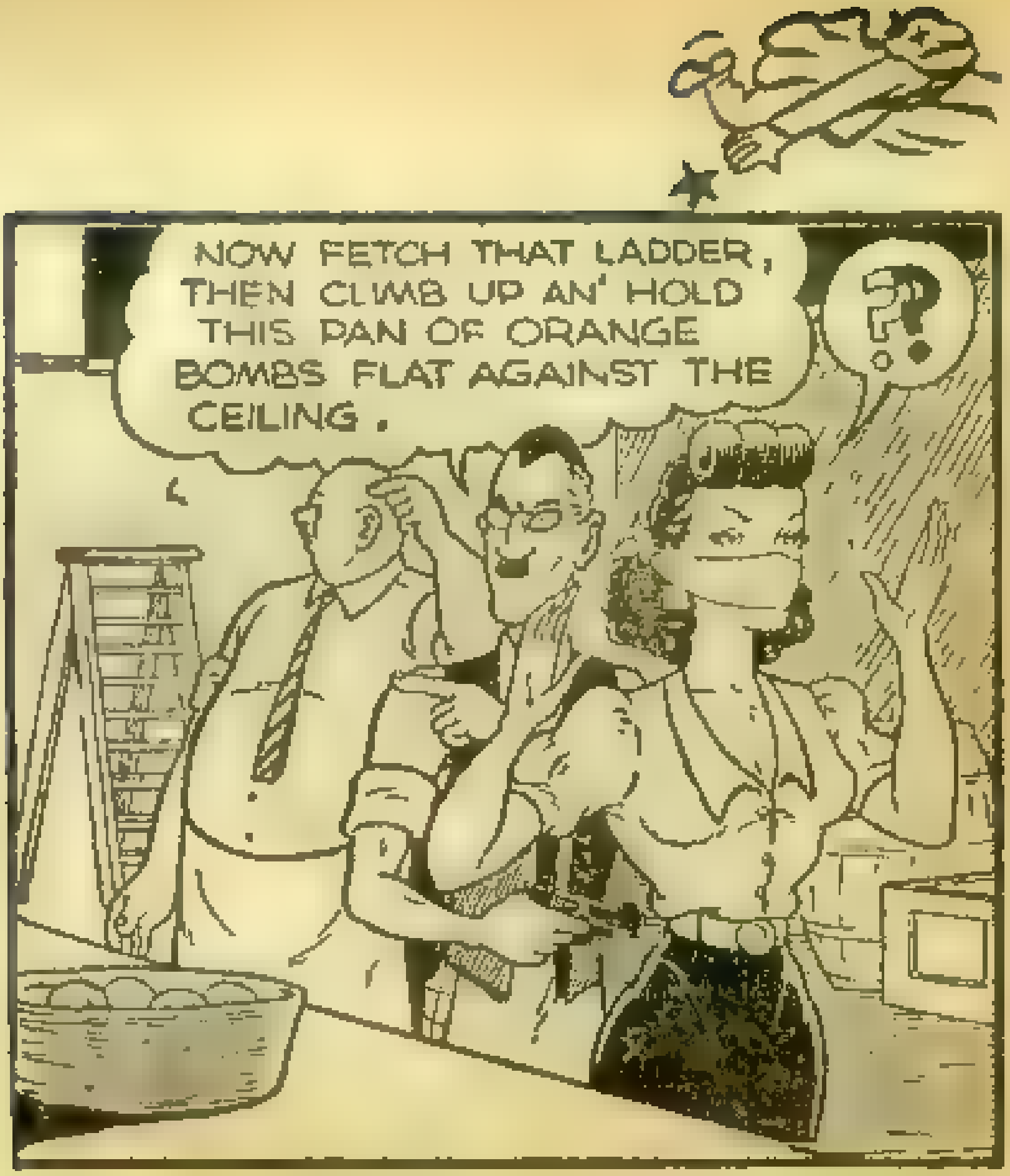

I'VE GOT IT!
GOOD!


--AND I'VE GOT THIS MEDDLESOME YOUNG MISS. SHE SEEMS TO KNOW ALL ABOUT US, GASPER. QUICK, LOCK THE FRONT DOOR.


THERE'S ONLY ONE THING WE CAN DO__ SHE MUST BE PUT OUT OF THE WAY__
I'VE AN IDEA___
WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH HER, LISCH ?


BRING THAT LARGE DISH PAN INTO THE BACK ROOM, GASPER. PUT SIX OR SEVEN ORANGES IN IT-- THE ORANGES WE CONVERTED INTO BOMBS.
OKAY, LISCH.

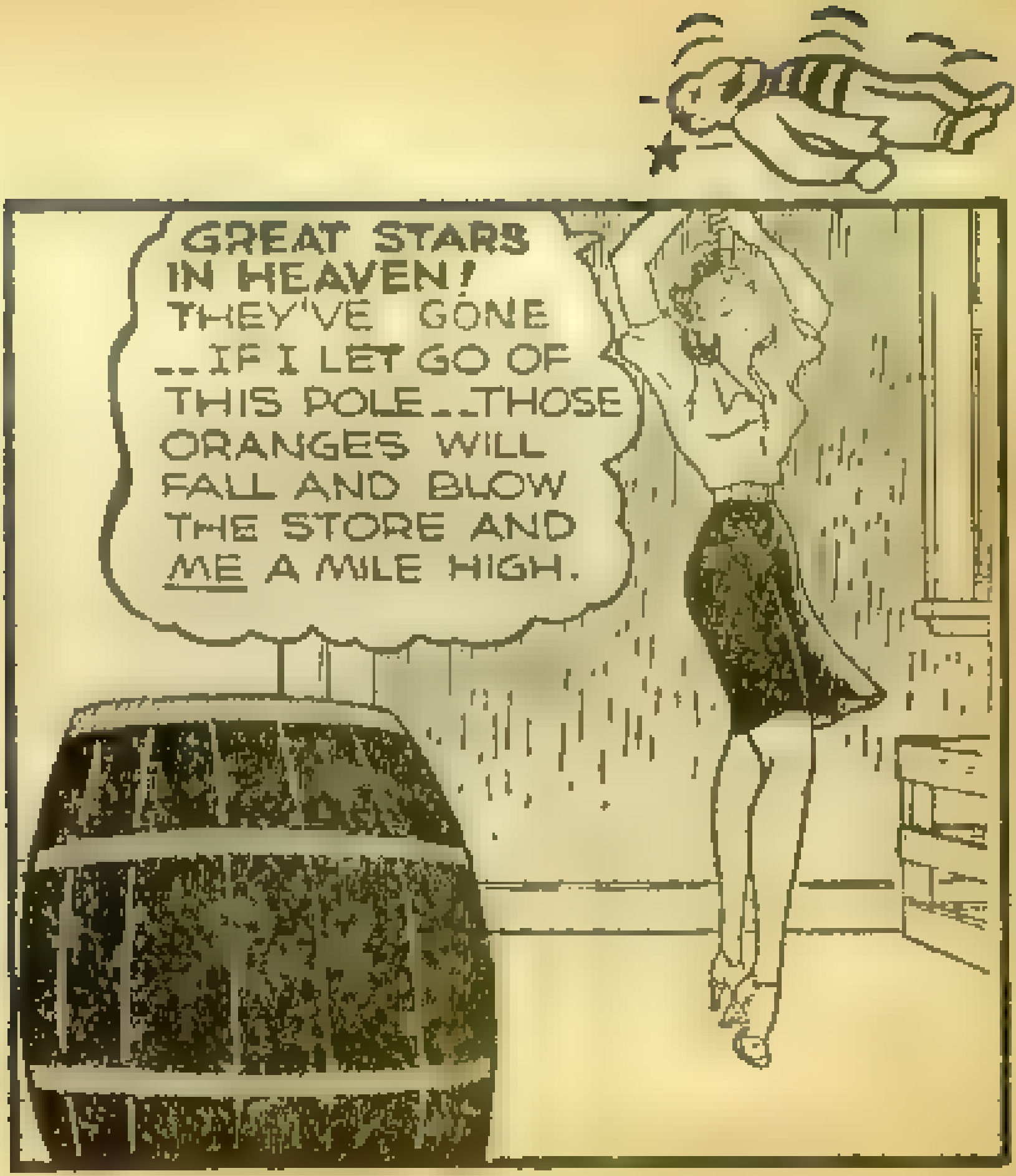

NOW WHAT ?
IF ONLY I COULD GET A CHANCE TO MAKE MYSELF INVISIBLE--
SET THEM DOWN CAREFULLY AND GAG THIS GIRL.


NOW FETCH THAT LADDER, THEN CLIMB UP AN' HOLD THIS PAN OF ORANGE BOMBS FLAT AGAINST THE CEILING.
??


GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT ARE THESE TWO FELLOWS UP TO??


ALL RIGHT, SISTER! GRAB THIS WINDOW POLE AN' HOLD IT AGAINST THE BOTTOM OF THAT PAN--


--NOW IF YOU VALUE YOUR LIFE, YOU'LL NOT LET GO.
STEP ON IT, GASPER!


GREAT STARS IN HEAVEN! THEY'VE GONE --IF I LET GO OF THIS POLE--THOSE ORANGES WILL FALL AND BLOW THE STORE AND ME A MILE HIGH.



LEAVING SCARLET IN DEADLY PERIL, THE TWO TRAITOROUS SABOTEURS, LISCH AND GASPER, RUSH THROUGH THE BACK DOOR OF THE FRUIT STORE AND MAKE A GET AWAY IN THEIR WAITING CAR.


COME ON, LISCH! LET'S GET AWAY FROM HERE.
HA! HA! HA! HA!

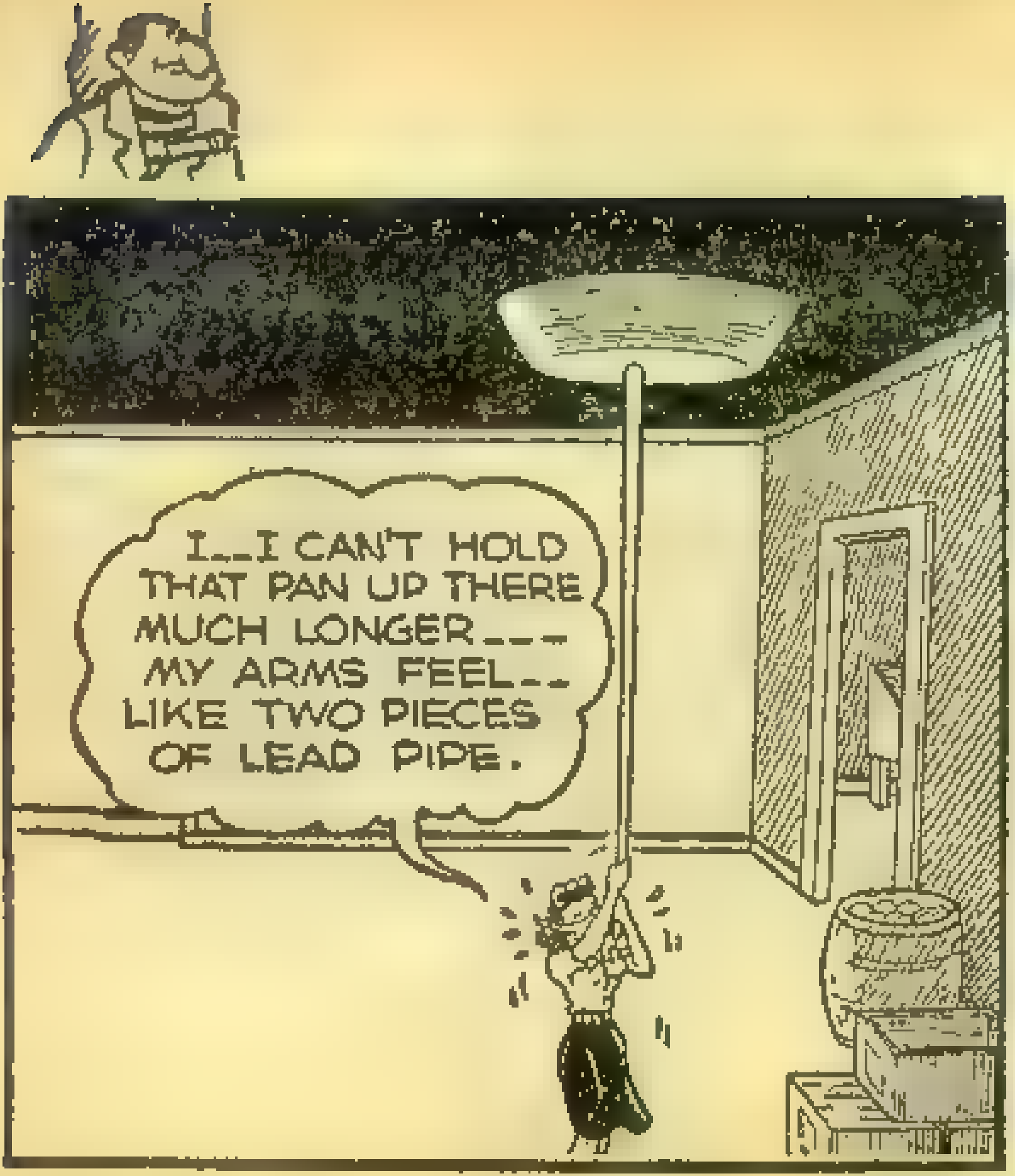

L'ISCH, THAT IDEA OF YOURS WAS PERFECT!
HER ARMS WILL BECOME VERY TIRED IN ABOUT FIFTEEN MINUTES AND THEN--
BOOM!
HA! HA!


THAT PAN IS FILLED WITH THE ORANGES CONTAINING NITROGLYCERIN__



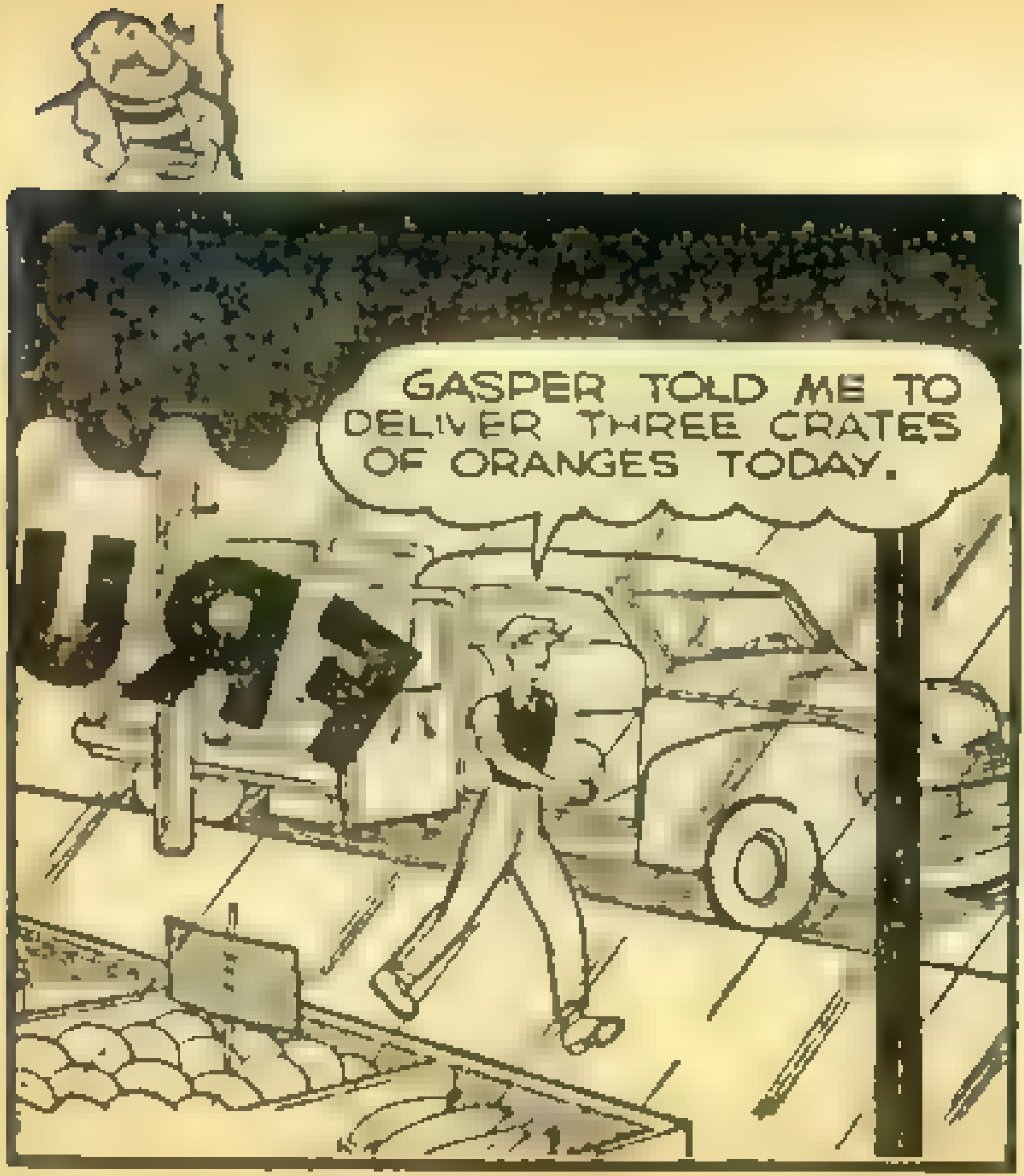

__IF I LET GO OF THIS WINDOW POLE, FOR EVEN A SECOND, I'LL BE A GONER.


MY ARMS... ARE GETTING TIRED... I'-I CAN'T HOLD THAT PAN UP THERE MUCH LONGER.


I--I CAN'T HOLD THAT PAN UP THERE MUCH LONGER--- MY ARMS FEEL-- LIKE TWO PIECES OF LEAD PIPE.



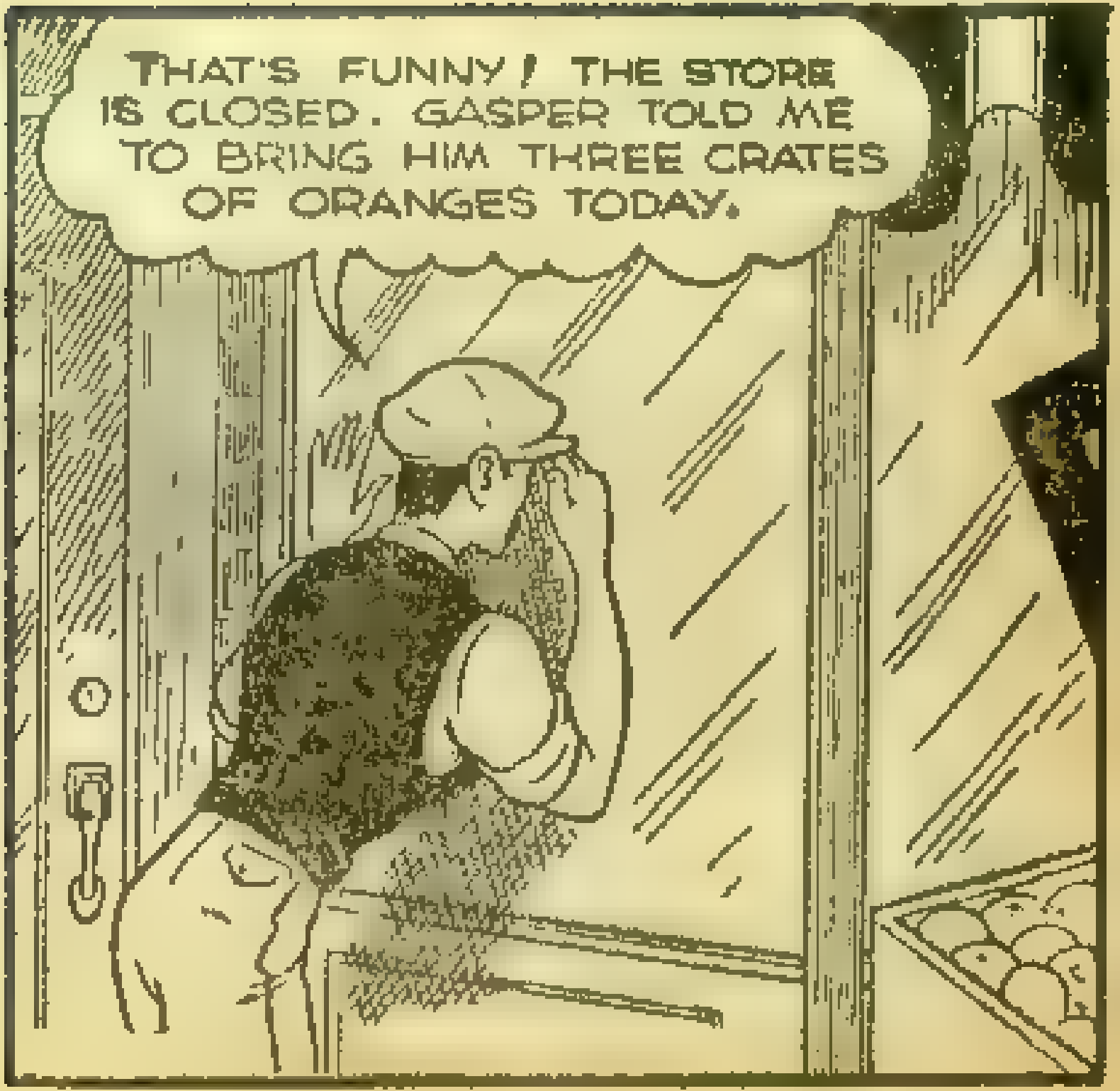
AS SCARLET IN THE BACK ROOM OF THE FRUIT STORE FEELS SHE CAN NOT HOLD THE DANGEROUS ORANGES MUCH LONGER, A TRUCK COMES TO A STOP IN FRONT OF THE STORE.


GASPER TOLD ME TO DELIVER THREE CRATES OF ORANGES TODAY.

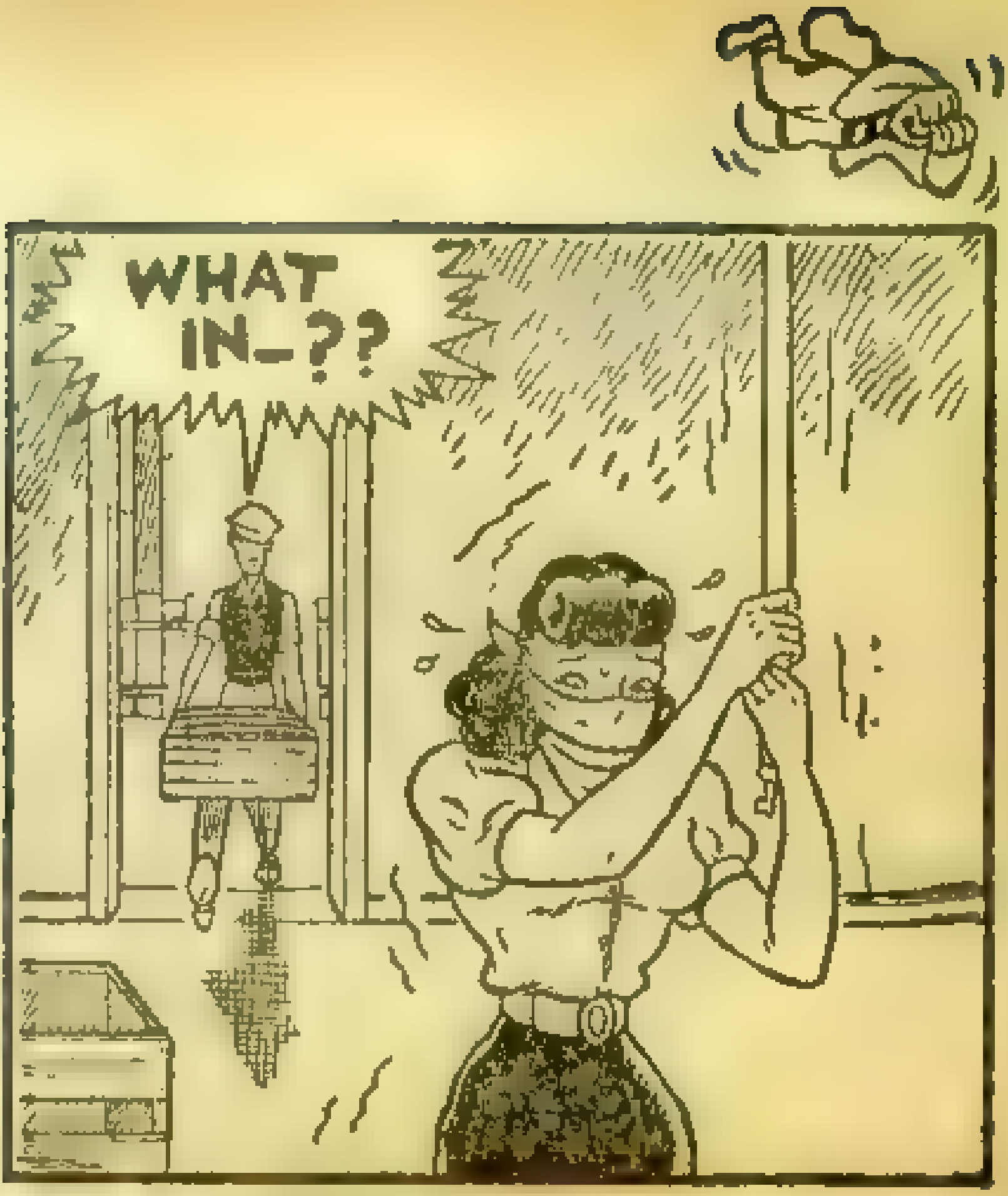


AT THAT MOMENT, WHEN SCARLET IS ABOUT TO GIVE UP, A TRUCK PULLS UP IN FRONT OF THE FRUIT STORE. A FAMILIAR FIGURE STEPS OUT... IT'S PAT, THE GIRL TRUCK DRIVER.


HM! THAT'S FUNNY-- THE PLACE IS CLOSED-- IN THE MIDDLE OF THE AFTERNOON, TOO.


THAT'S FUNNY! THE STORE IS CLOSED. GASPER TOLD ME TO BRING HIM THREE CRATES OF ORANGES TODAY.

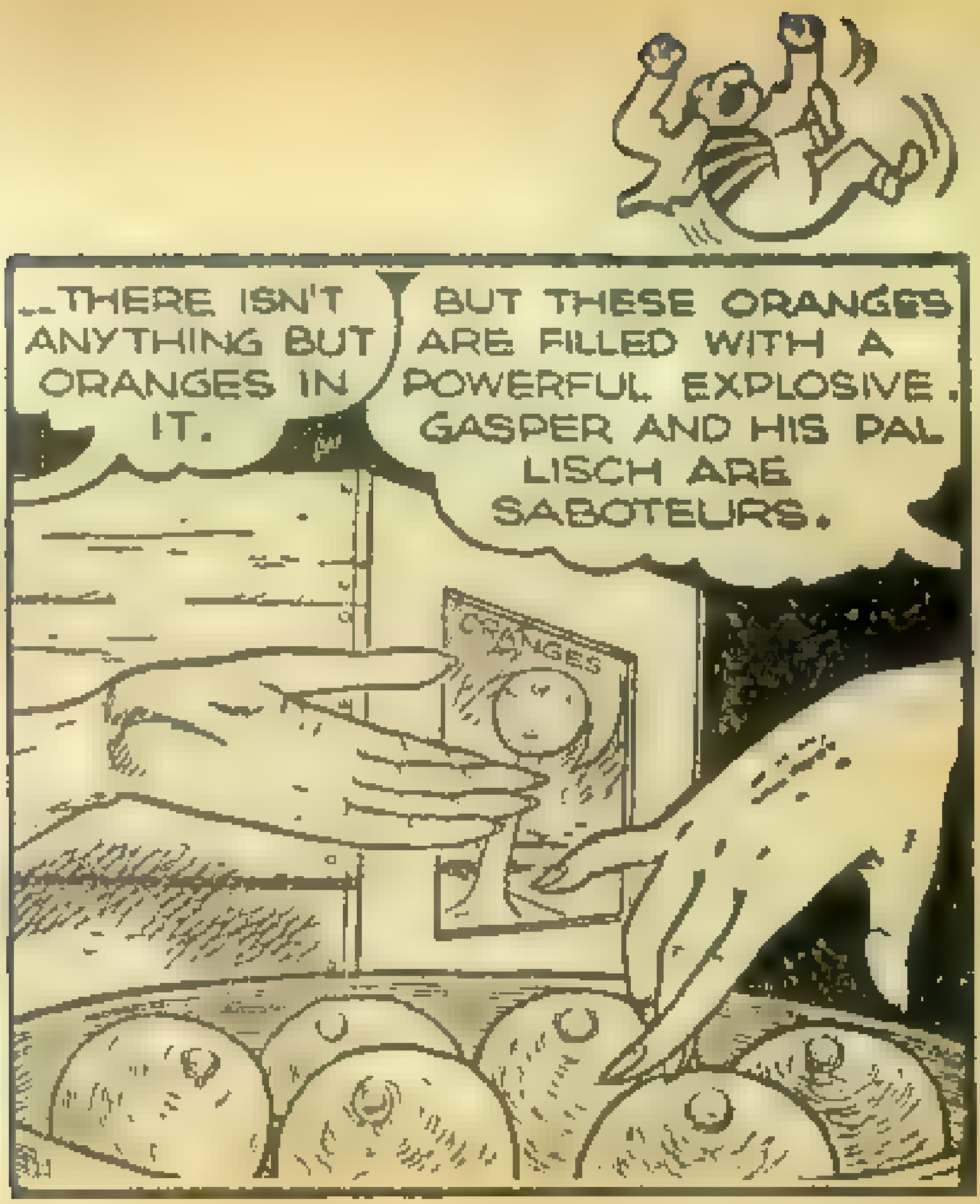

OH WELL, HE'LL PROBABLY BE BACK IN A LITTLE WHILE. I THINK I'LL CARRY THE ORANGES AROUND TO THE BACK DOOR AND LEAVE THEM--GASPER WILL PAY ME LATER.


WHAT IN—??


QUICK! THAT PAN-- GET IT DOWN-- CAREFUL!!
SCARLET !!


ALL RIGHT, SCARLET. I'VE GOT THE PAN. YOU CAN LET GO NOW.
OH..H! THANK GOODNESS! BE CAREFUL.. DON'T DROP THAT PAN, PAT.


MY ARMS FEEL AS IF THEY'RE GOING TO DROP OFF.
WHY DIDN'T YOU JUST LET THE PAN FALL--??


...THERE ISN'T ANYTHING BUT ORANGES IN IT.
BUT THESE ORANGES ARE FILLED WITH A POWERFUL EXPLOSIVE. GASPER AND HIS PAL LISCH ARE SABOTEURS.
ORANGES


THEY DROVE AWAY IN THEIR CAR--- COME ON, PAT!
OKAY, SCARLET. MY TRUCK'S OUT IN FRONT.

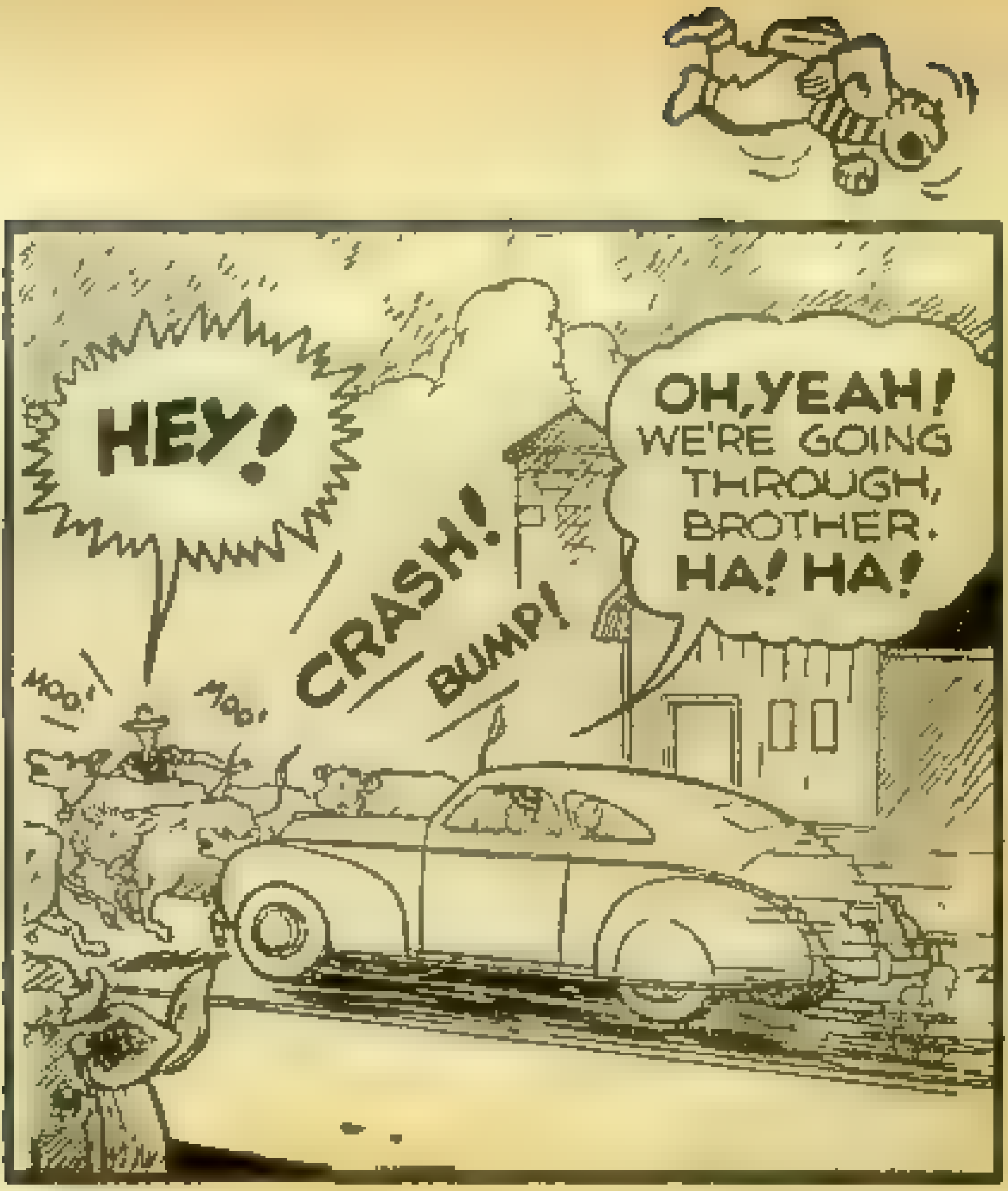

THEY'VE PROBABLY TAKEN THE HIGHWAY OUT OF TOWN. MAYBE WE CAN OVERTAKE THEM.
I DOUBT IT! THIS TRUCK ISN'T AS FAST AS A CAR, BUT WE'LL TRY.



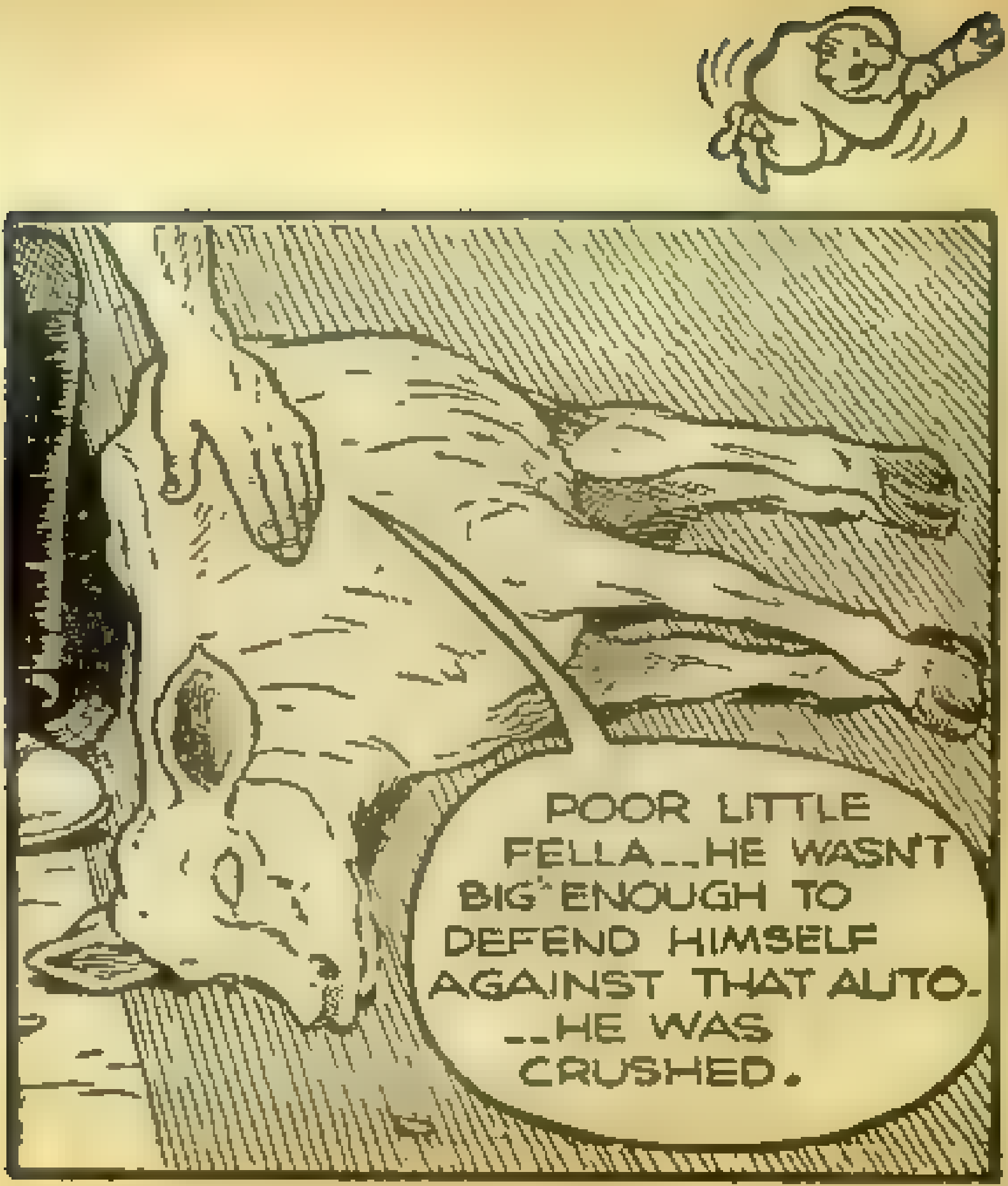
MEANWHILE, THE FLEEING SABOTEURS, LISCH AND GASPER, ARE SEVERAL MILES OUT ON THE HIGHWAY. THEY TRAVEL ALONG AT BREAKNECK SPEED, UNTIL THEY ARE SUDDENLY FORCED TO HALT.


HEY! GET THOSE MILK BAGS OFF THE ROAD!
WE'RE IN A HURRY.

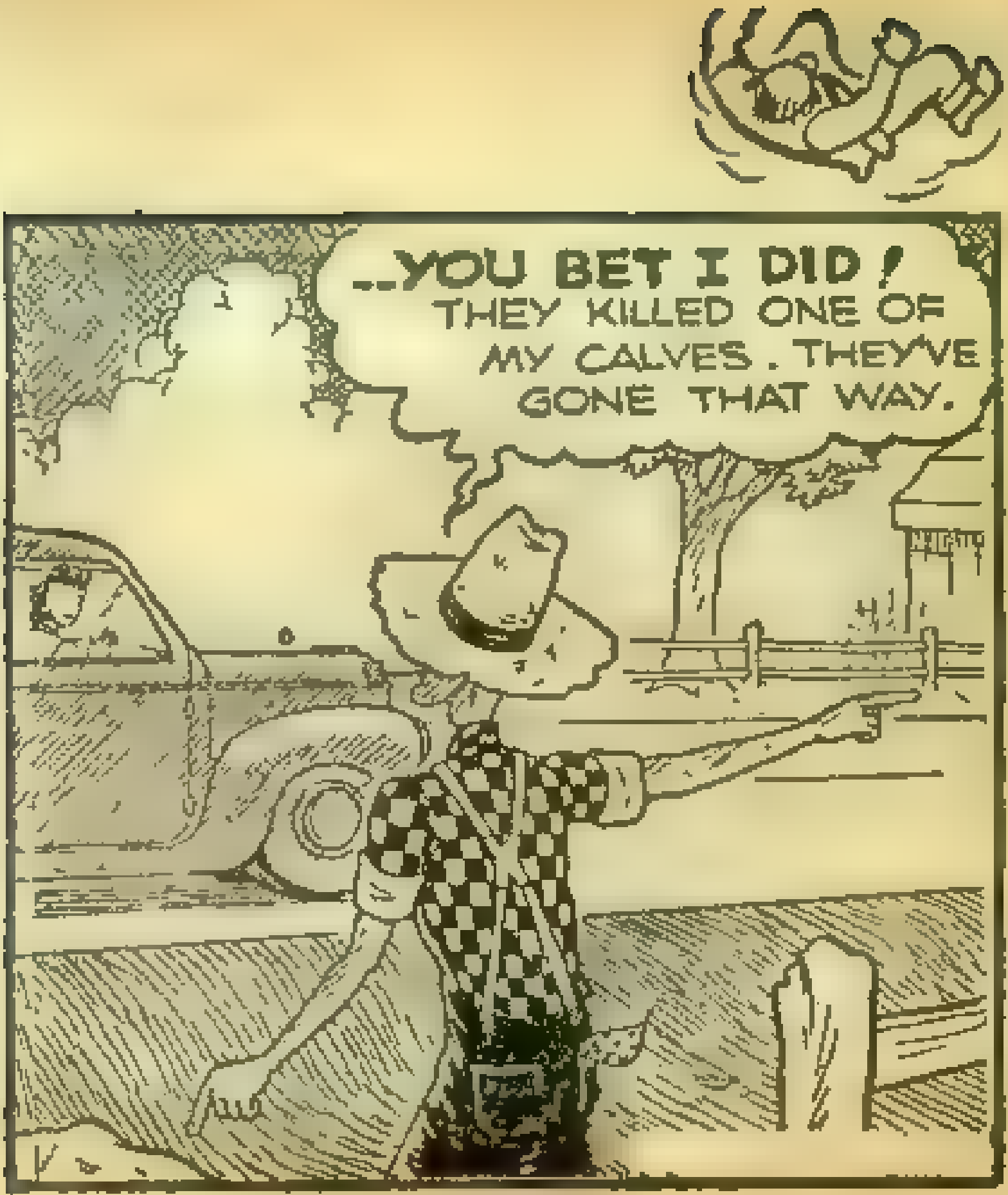

IT'S FUNNY, MISTER. WE FOLKS ARE ALWAYS IN A HURRY. BUT COWS.. THEY JUST LIKE TO TAKE THEIR TIME. I'LL DO THE BEST I CAN, THO'.


HEY!
OH, YEAH! WE'RE GOING THROUGH, BROTHER. HA! HA!
CRASH!
BUMP!
MOO!
MOO!


HA! HA! WE GOT THROUGH ALL RIGHT.
COME BACK HERE! YOU'VE KILLED ONE OF MY CALVES..YOU.. ..YOU..


POOR LITTLE FELLA--HE WASN'T BIG ENOUGH TO DEFEND HIMSELF AGAINST THAT AUTO. --HE WAS CRUSHED.


THERE'S A FARMER BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD, SCARLET. ASK HIM IF HE SAW ANY SIGN OF THEM GOING THIS WAY.
I WILL, PAT-- PULL UP!


..YOU BET I DID!
THEY KILLED ONE OF MY CALVES. THEY'VE GONE THAT WAY.


WE'RE ON THEIR TRAIL, PAT. STEP ON IT!
SHE'S WIDE OPEN NOW, SCARLET.



BUT ESCAPE IS NOT SO EASY FOR GASPER AND LISCH. A FEW MILES DOWN THE HIGH-WAY. THEY PICK UP A NAIL IN THEIR LEFT FRONT TIRE. LISCH FUMES WHILE GASPER CHANGES TO THE SPARE.


GREAT JUPITER! FIRST WE RUN INTO A MESS OF COWS AND NOW A FLAT TIRE.


HURRY, GASPER! WE'VE NO TIME TO LOSE. SOMEONE MAY BE FOLLOWING US.



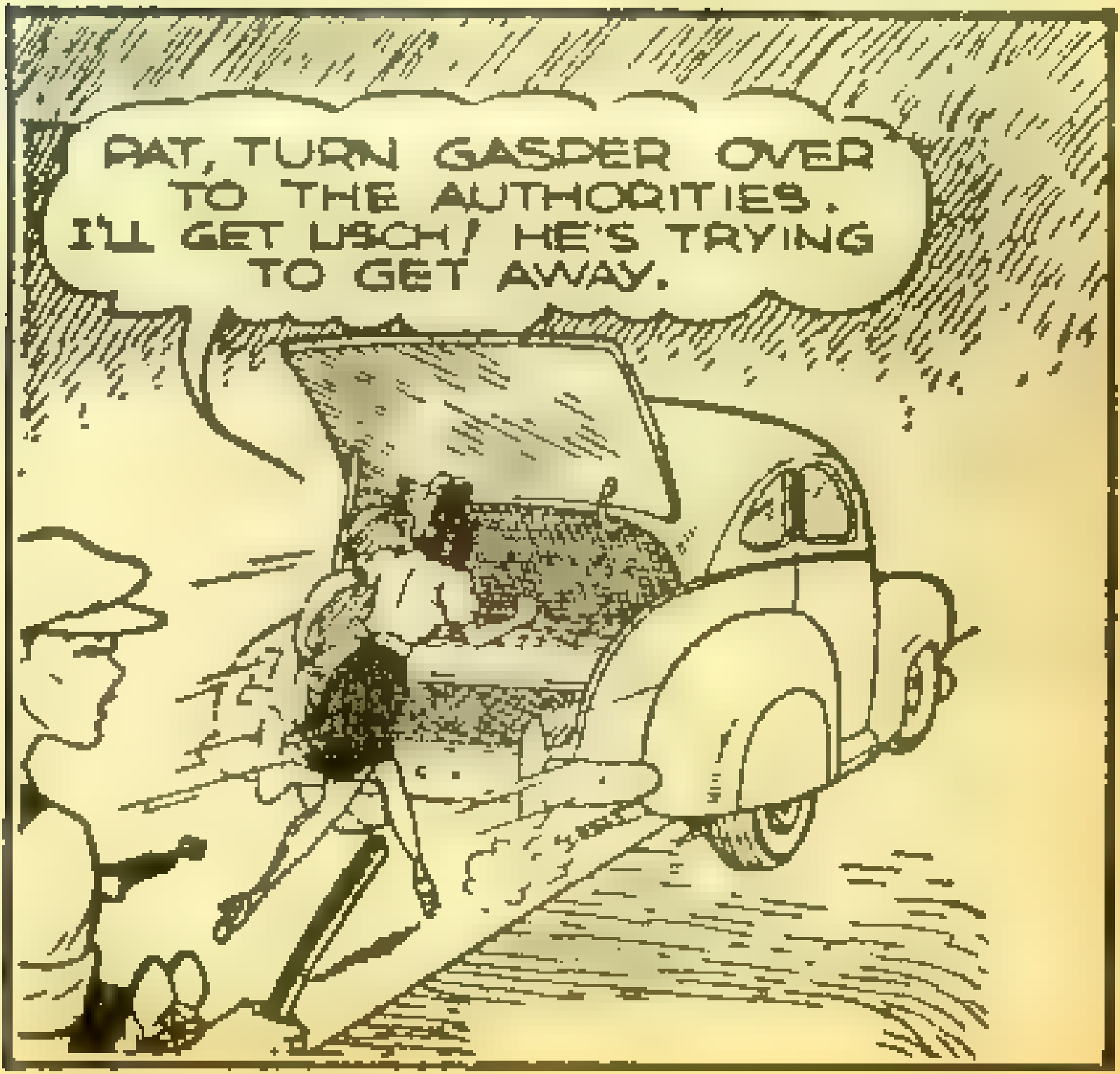
GASPER THINKS HE WILL HAVE THE TIRE CHANGED IN TIME, AND FAILS TO SEE PAT'S TRUCK AS IT LOOMS IN THE DISTANCE, THEN COMES CLOSER AND CLOSER.


I'LL TIGHTEN THESE LUGS AND WE'LL BE ALL SET TO GO.


PAT! WE'RE IN LUCK! THERE THEY ARE — AND THEIR CAR HAS A FLAT TIRE. WHERE'S YOUR JACK HANDLE?

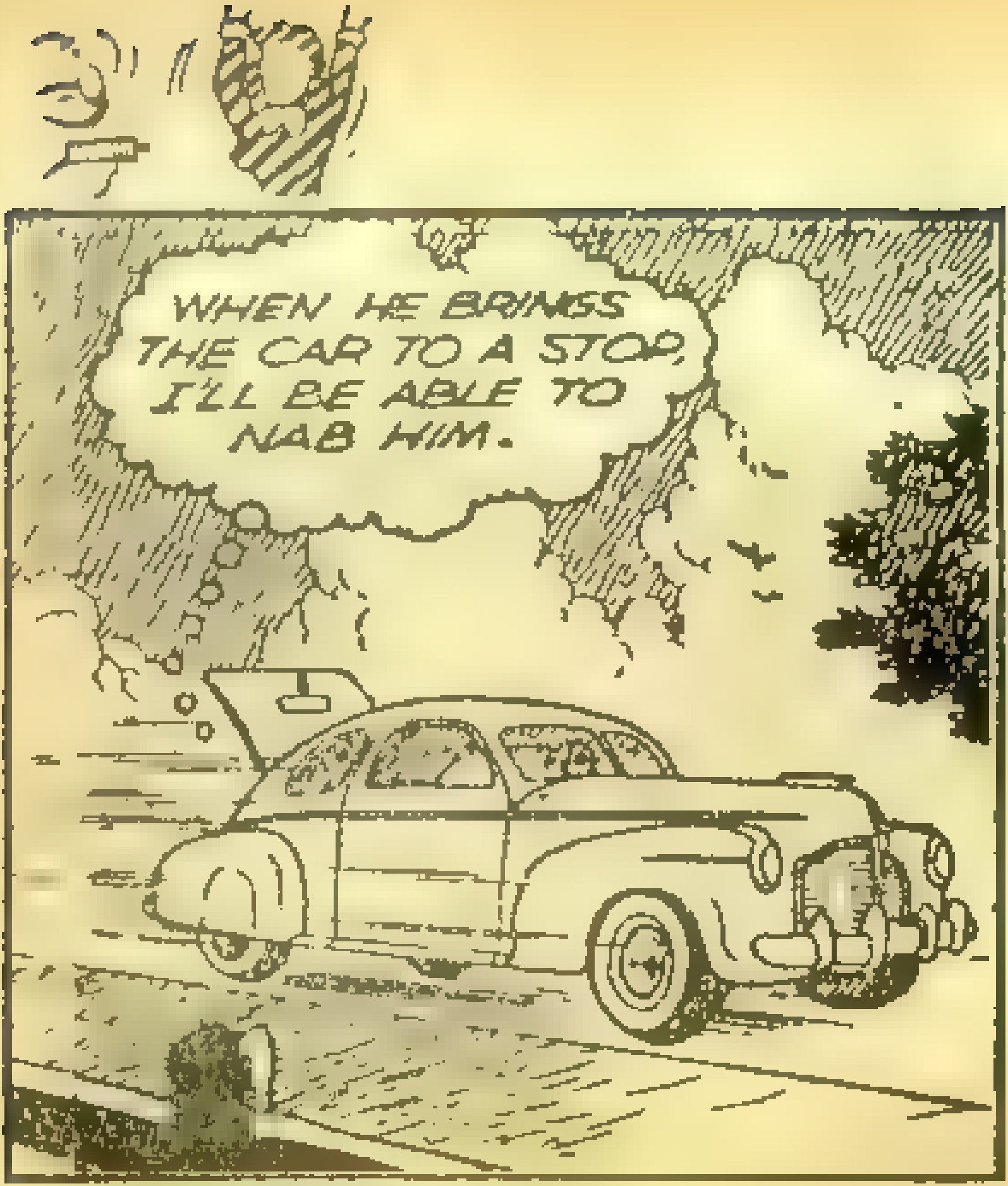

UNDER THE SEAT, SCARLET.
I'VE GOT IT! PULL UP ALONG SIDE OF GASPER AND STOP.


BULL'S EYE!
KLUNK!
YOU?!


PAT, TURN GASPER OVER TO THE AUTHORITIES. I'LL GET USCH! HE'S TRYING TO GET AWAY.

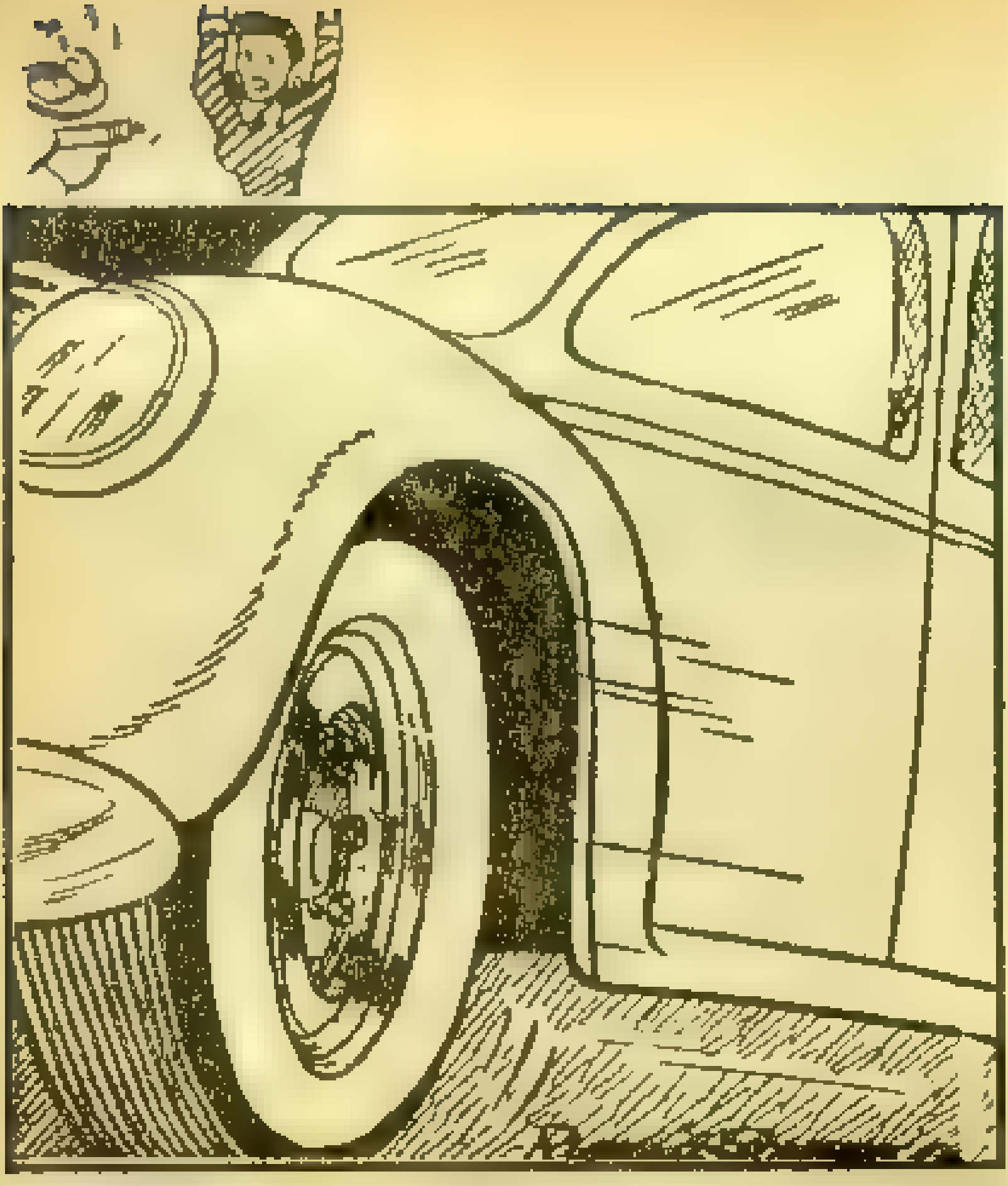

TOO BAD I HAD TO DESERT GASPER BUT HE WAS A RATHER STUPID FOOL ANYWAY.


IN THE CAR'S LUGGAGE COMPARTMENT.
I'VE MADE MYSELF INVISIBLE. LISCH DOESN'T KNOW I'M BACK HERE.


WHEN HE BRINGS THE CAR TO A STOP, I'LL BE ABLE TO NAB HIM.



BUT INVISIBLE SCARLET, IN THE CAR'S LUGGAGE COMPARTMENT, WOULD NOT BE SO UNCONCERNED IF SHE KNEW THE FRONT WHEEL WAS RAPIDLY COMING LOOSE BECAUSE GASPER DID NOT TIGHTEN THE LUGS.

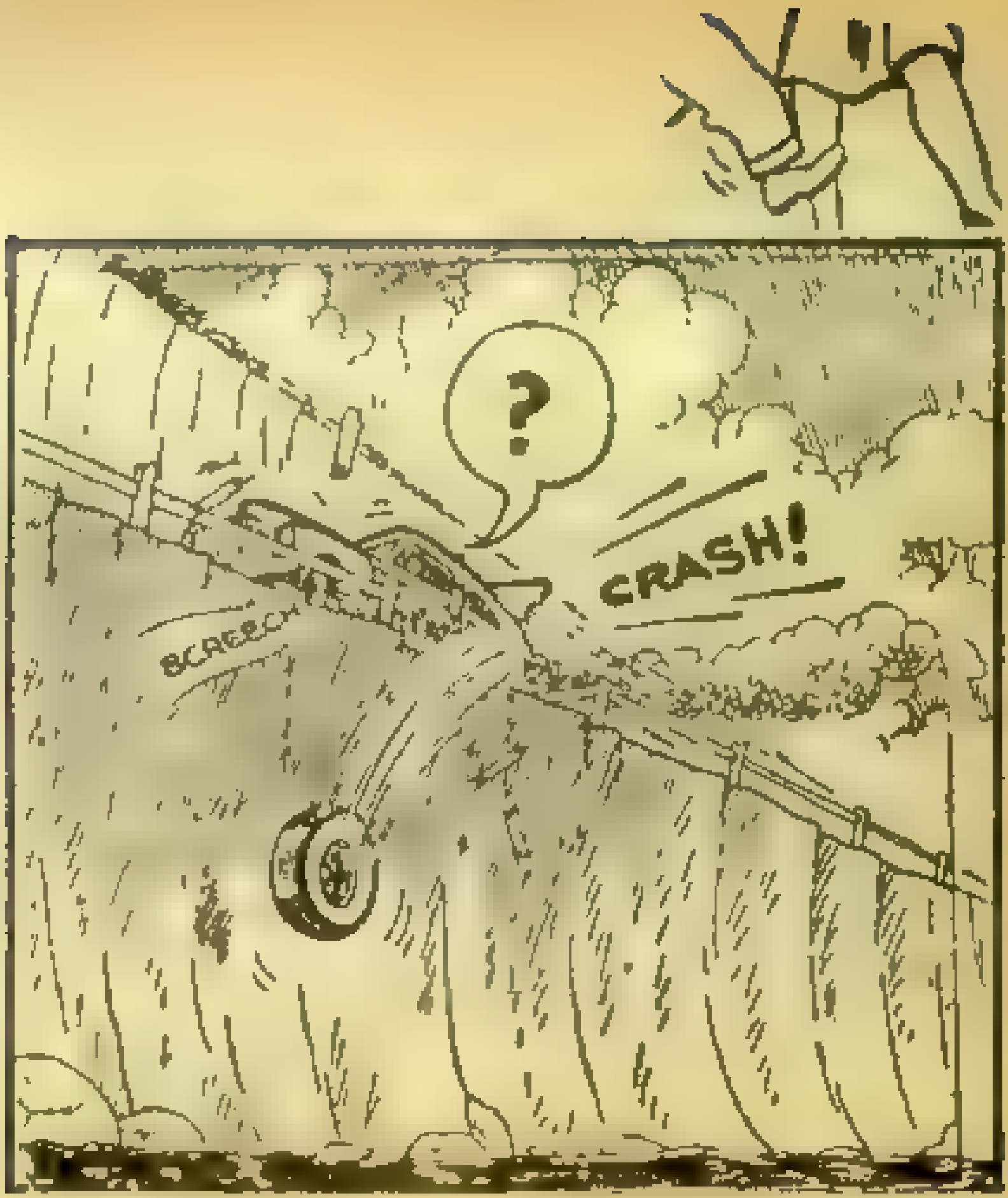



WHEN LISCH STOPS THE CAR I'LL GET OUT AND NAB HIM.



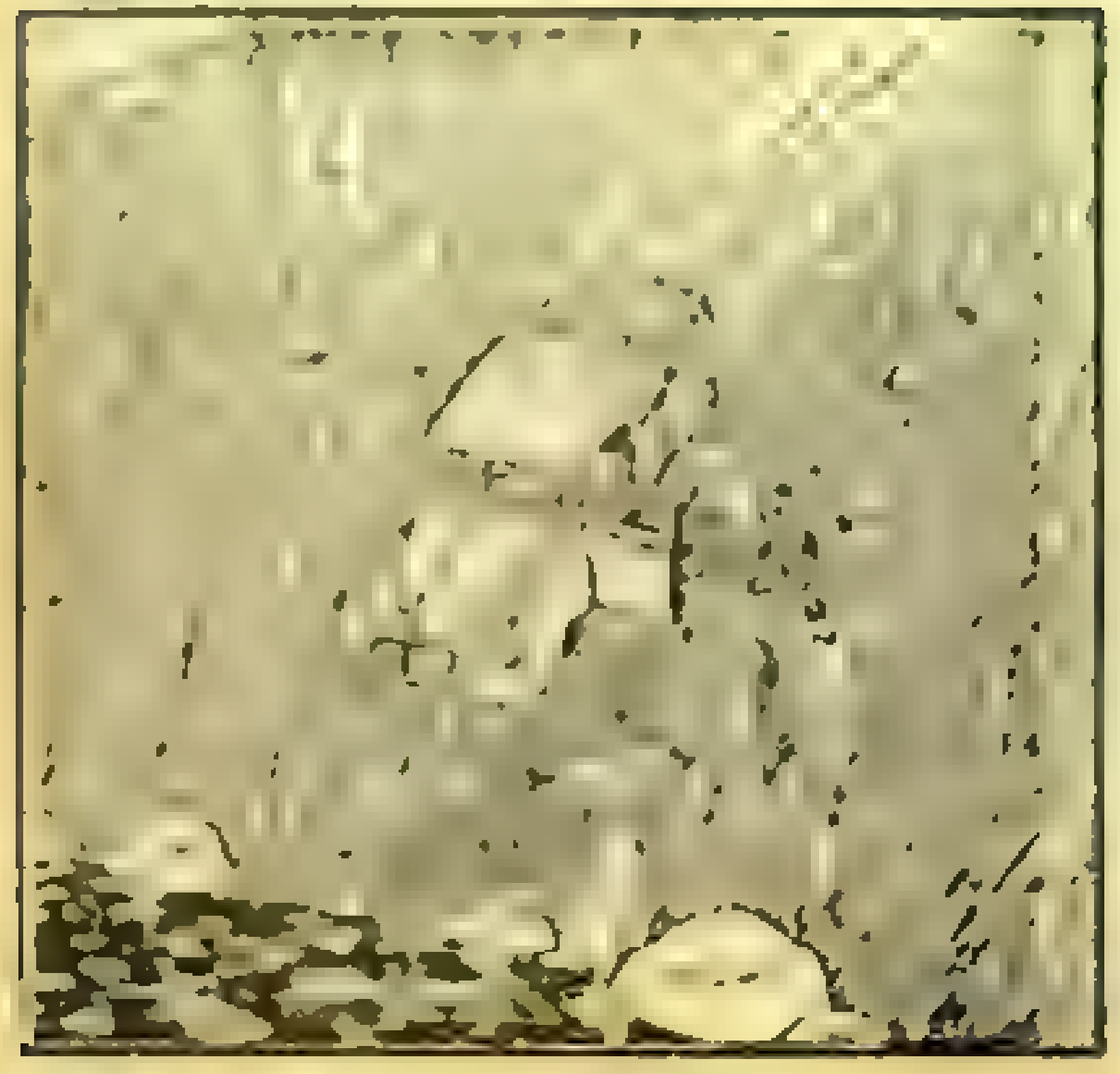

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS CAR? IT'S PULLING TO THE LEFT!


?
CRASH!


?
CRASH!
SCREECH

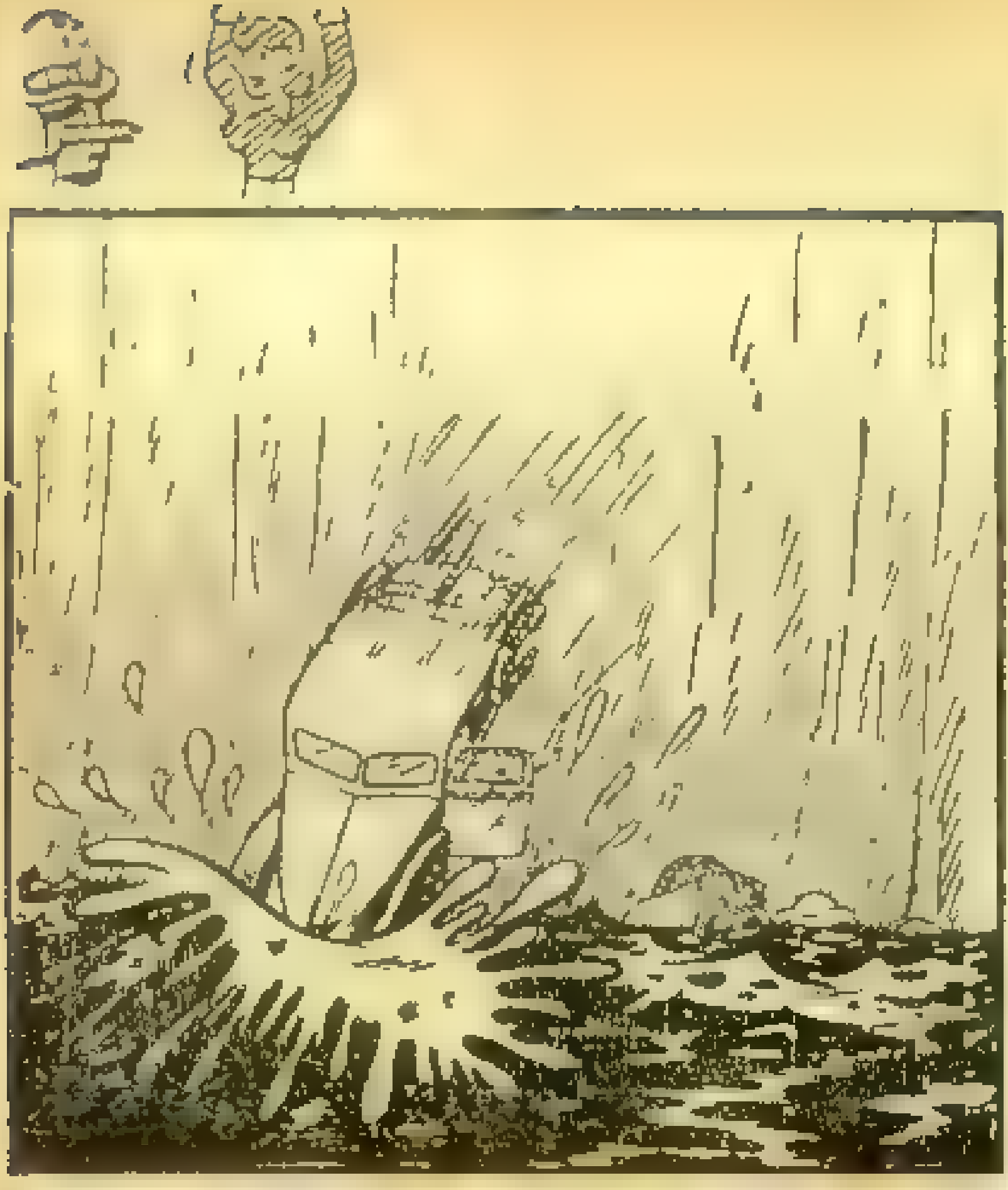

?
SLAM!
CRASH!

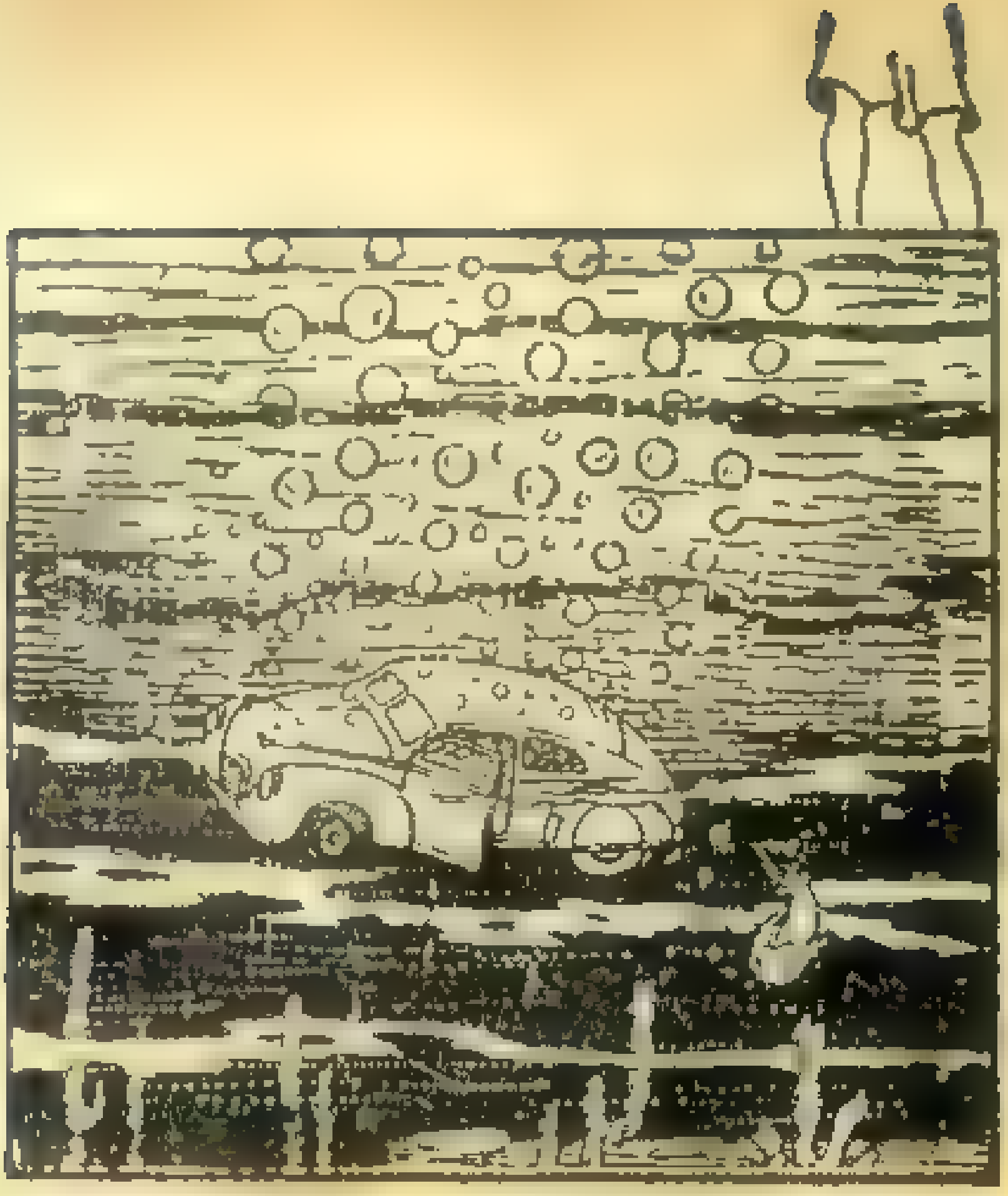

WHAT HAPPENED ?
THE LUGGAGE COMPARTMENT DOOR SLAMMED SHUT ! I'M LOCKED IN !!
WE'RE TURNING OVER !
AAAA

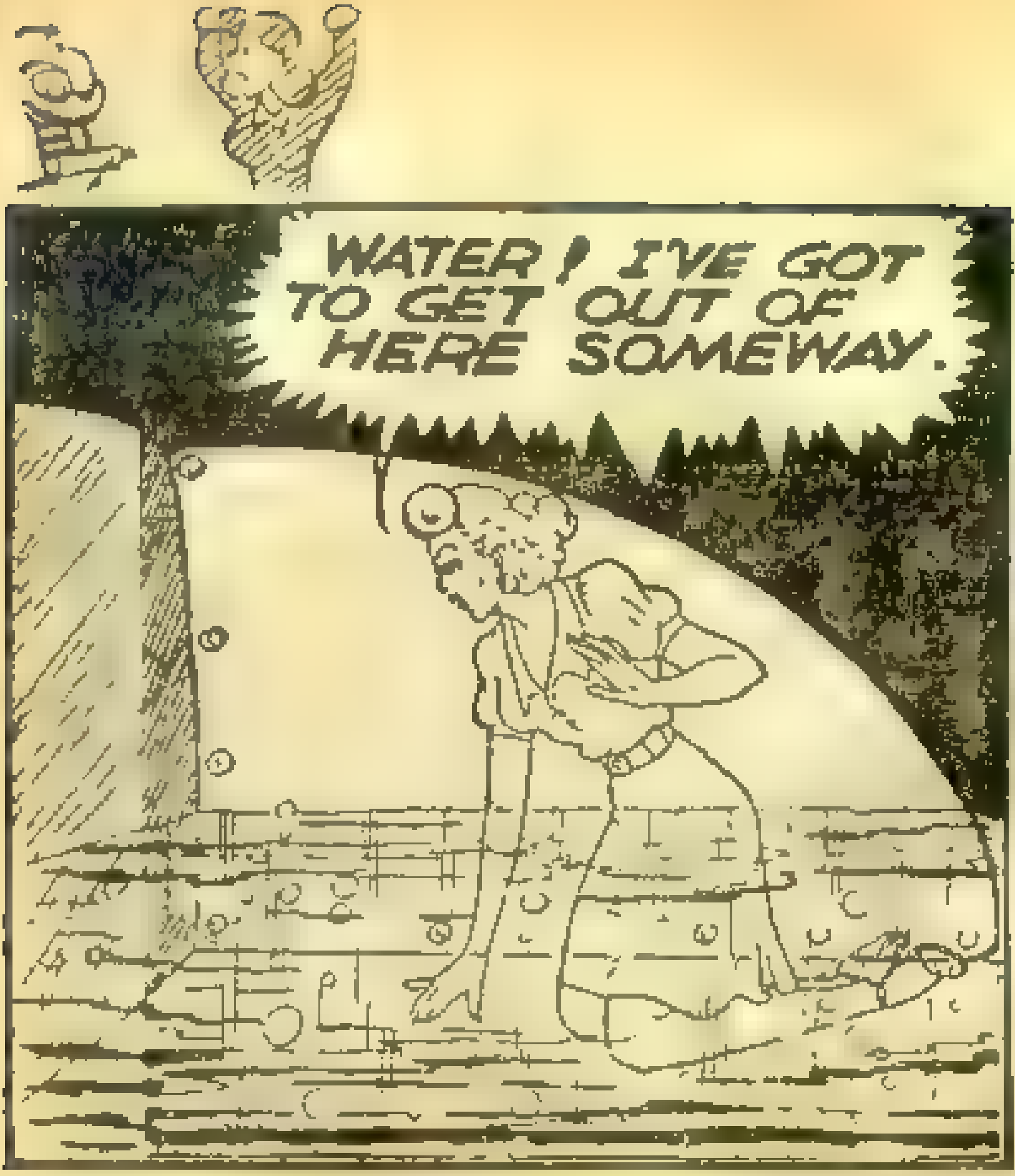




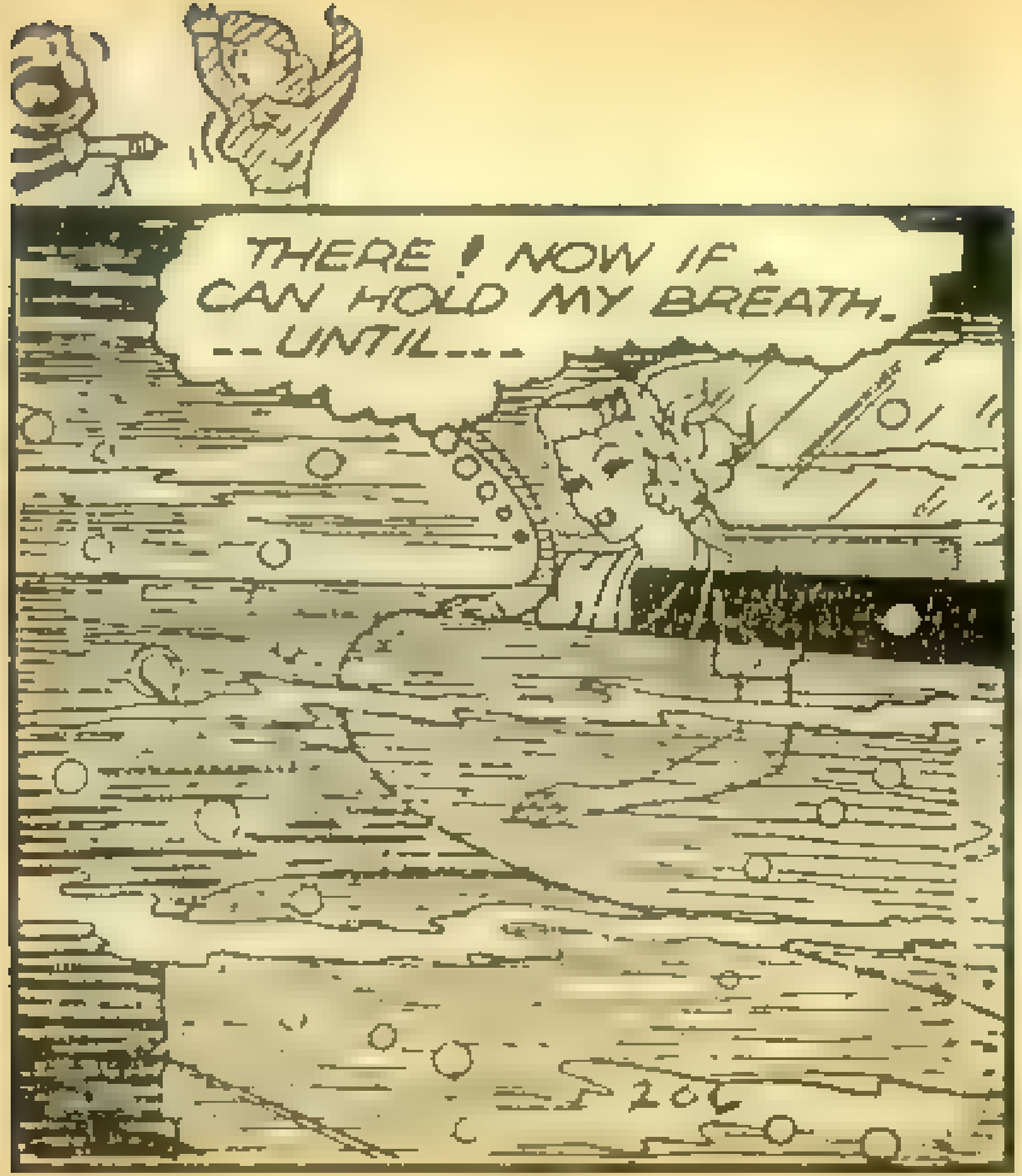
OVER THE CLIFF AND DOWN INTO THE WATER PLUNGES THE CAR WITH INVISIBLE SCARLET, DESPERATE AND TERROR-STRICKEN, LOCKED IN THE LUGGAGE COMPARTMENT. THE CAR SINKS DOWN, DOWN...

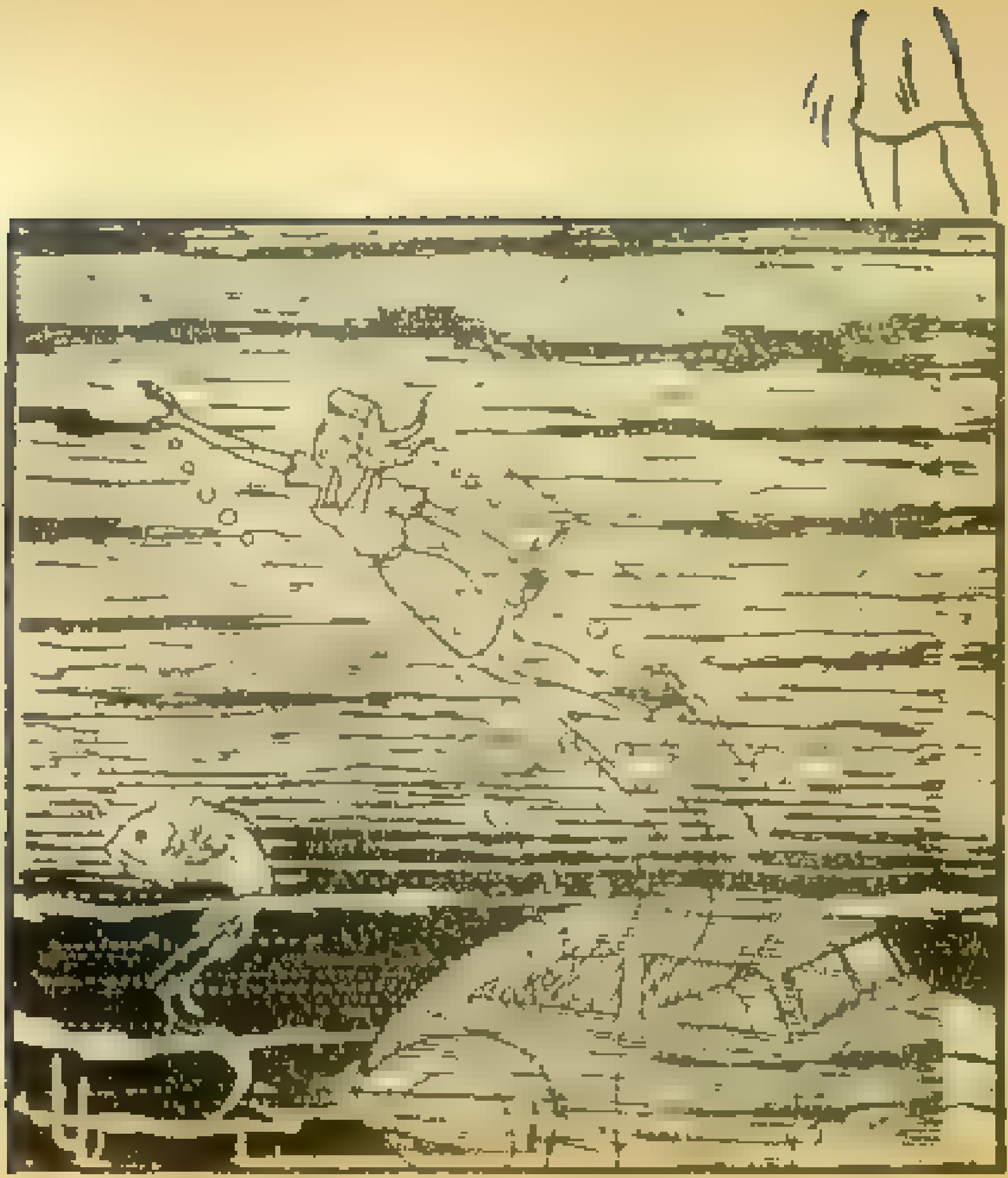




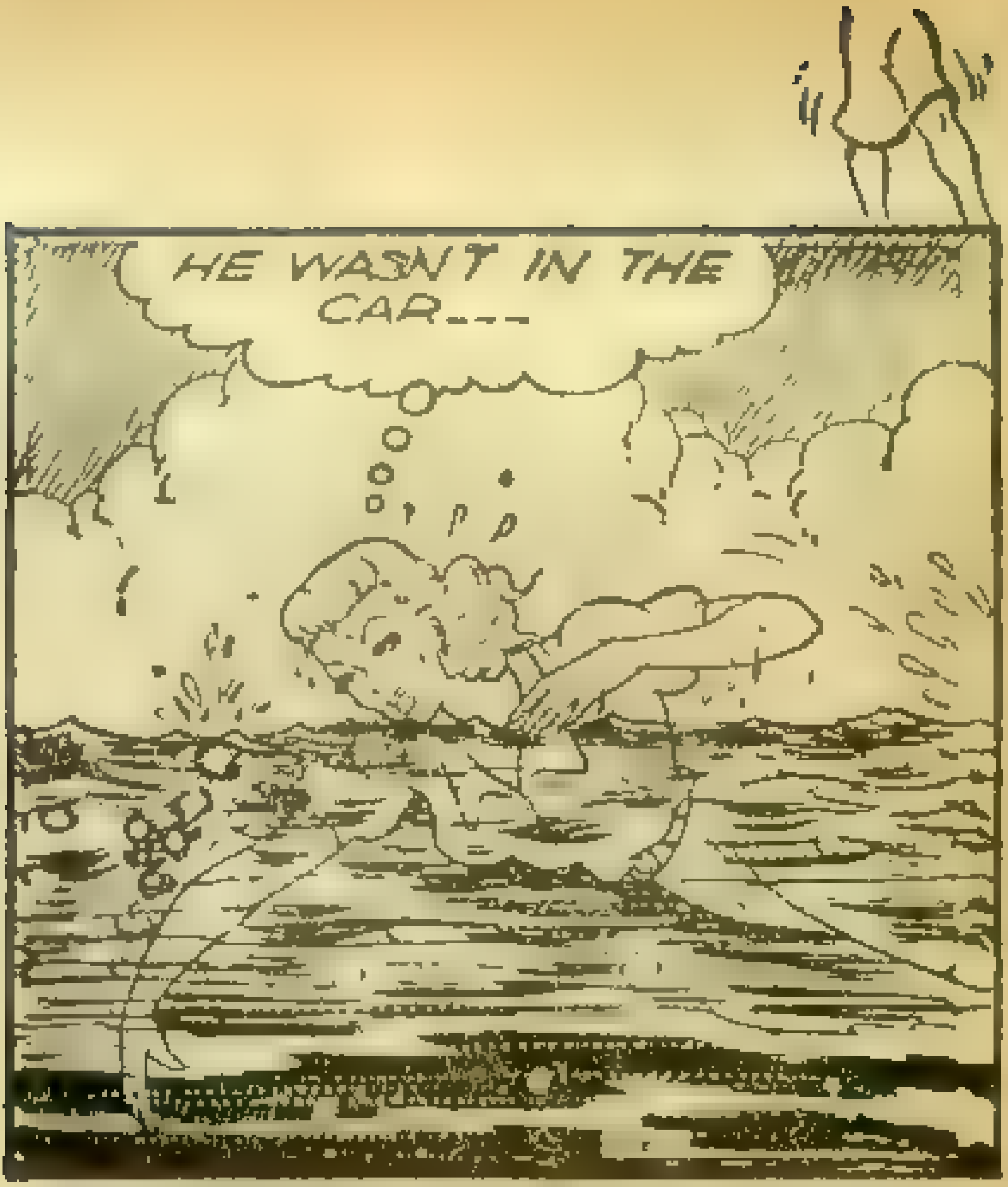

WATER! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE SOMEWAY.

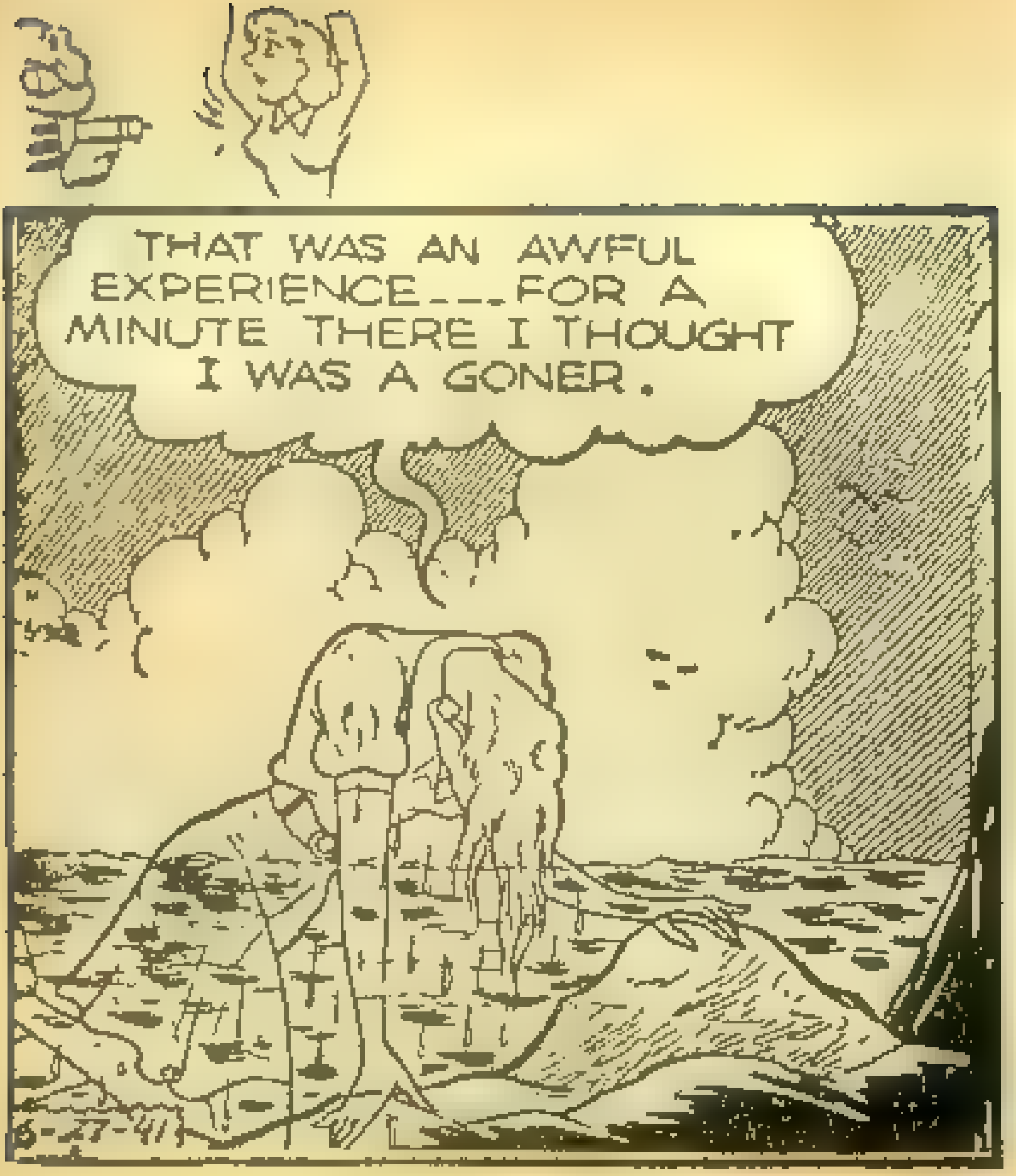

IF I CAN ONLY BREAK THROUGH THIS PANELING AND GET INTO THE REAR OF THE CAR... BUT I'VE GOT TO WORK FAST.
UGH!


THERE ! NOW IF I CAN HOLD MY BREATH. -- UNTIL---




WHEW! THANK HEAVENS! I MADE IT!
--I CAN SWIM TO SHORE--
WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO LISCH--?


HE WASN'T IN THE CAR---


THAT WAS AN AWFUL EXPERIENCE--FOR A MINUTE THERE I THOUGHT I WAS A GONER.
6-27-41

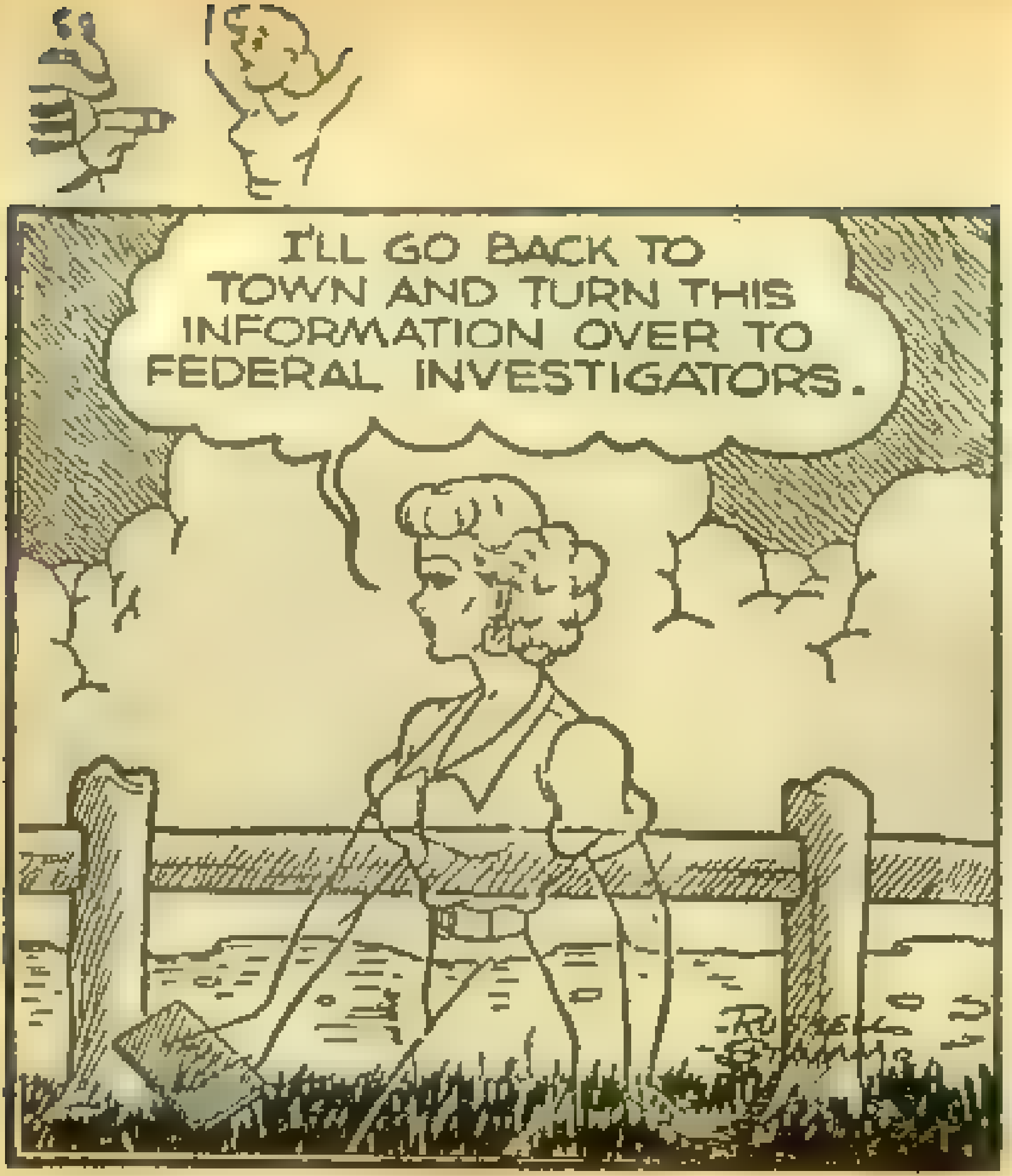

LISCH !


HE'S DEAD!___MUST HAVE FALLEN FROM THE CAR WHEN IT WENT OVER THE CLIFF___


WHAT'S THIS ??


I FOUND THIS NOTE BOOK LYING NEXT TO LISCH'S BODY. ...WONDER WHAT'S IN IT ?


GOSH! A LIST OF NAMES AND ADDRESSES---EVIDENTLY GASPER AND LISCH WERE MEMBERS OF A GANG OF SABOTEURS


I'LL GO BACK TO TOWN AND TURN THIS INFORMATION OVER TO FEDERAL INVESTIGATORS.



WHILE ON HER WAY BACK TO TOWN, A BIG CAR PASSES ALONG THE HIGHWAY. THE PERSON RIDING IN THE BACK SEAT WILL HAVE A DEFINITE BEARING ON SCARLET'S FUTURE.


WOW!
WHAT
A
CAR!



SCARLET PRESSED THE NERVE ON HER WRIST AND AGAIN BECAME VISIBLE. SHE RETURNED TO PERRYSVILLE WHERE SHE AND PAT WENT TO A FEDERAL AGENTS OFFICE TO GIVE THEIR REPORT.


LISCH WAS KILLED WHEN HIS CAR PLUNGED OVER A CLIFF. I FOUND THIS NOTE BOOK NEXT TO HIS BODY.
I WANT TO THANK YOU BOTH FOR THE MARVELOUS WORK YOU'VE DONE.


I'VE SENT MY MEN TO ROUND UP THE SABOTEURS MENTIONED IN THIS NOTE BOOK. WE'VE ALSO TAKEN CARE OF THE ORANGES CONTAINING NITROGLYCERIN.
_AND GASPER'S IN THE "CLINK"! THE INDUSTRIAL PLANTS IN PERRYSVILLE WONT HAVE ANY MORE EXPLOSIONS NOW.


I HOPE SO, PAT! WELL, WE'LL BE ON OUR WAY, SIR.
GOODBYE! AND THANK YOU AGAIN.


CAN I GIVE YOU A LIFT, SCARLET?
(GOLLY! THERE'S THAT BIG LIMOUSINE I SAW ON THE HIGHWAY.) OH! ER--NO THANKS, PAT.


WHAT A WAGON! THE OWNER OF THAT LIMOUSINE MUST BE EXTREMELY WEALTHY.

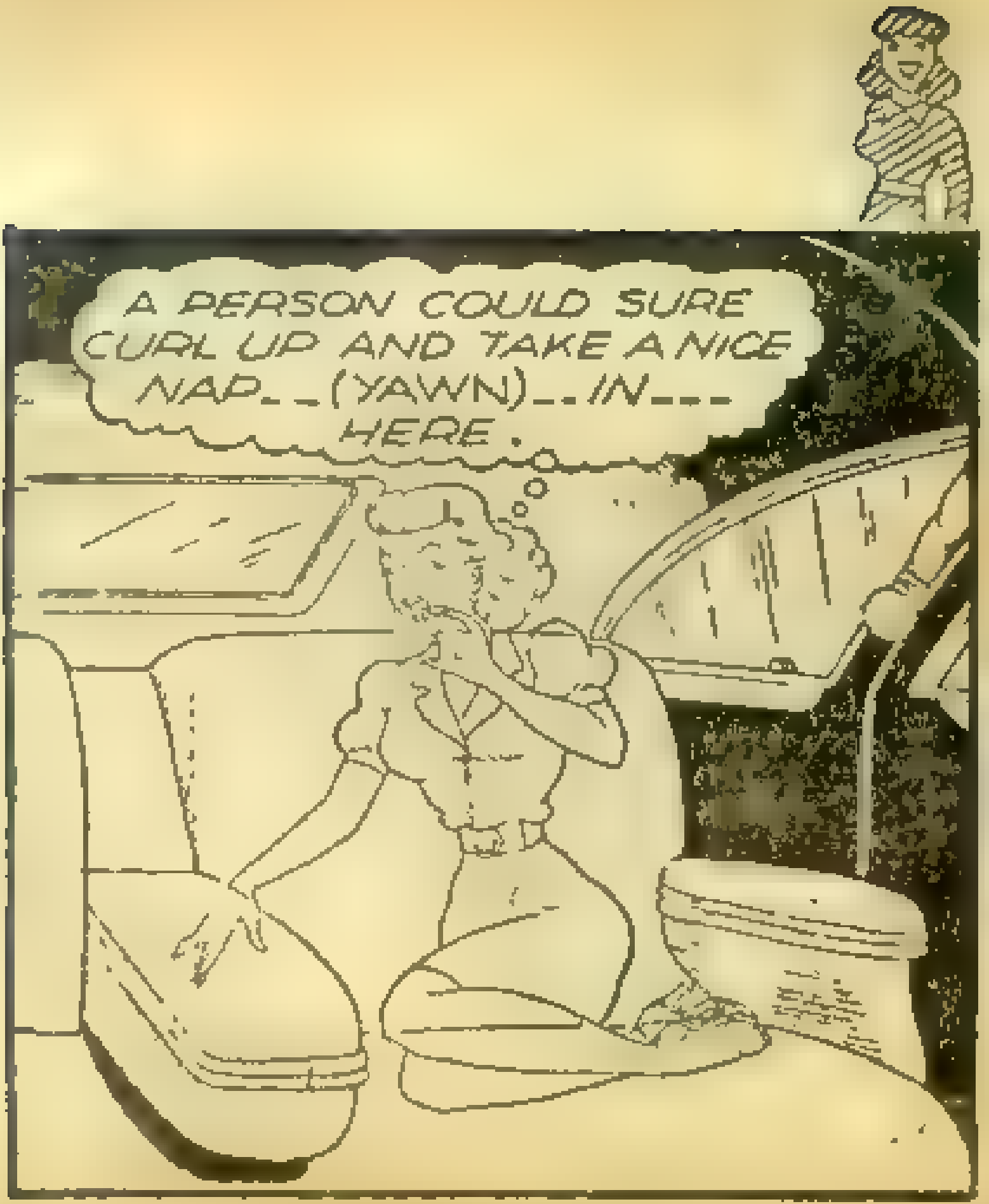

JUST LOOK AT THE INTERIOR OF THIS CAR GOSH! I'D GIVE MY RIGHT ARM TO BE ABLE TO SIT IN IT JUST ONCE.

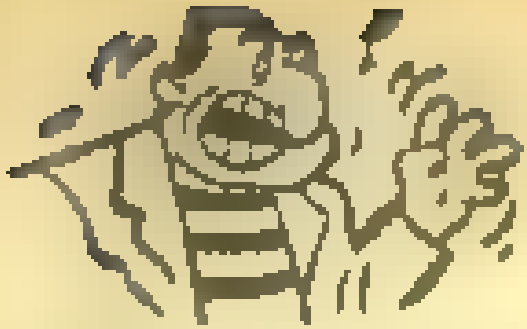

HM! WHY NOT? I'LL MAKE MYSELF INVISIBLE AND TRY IT. I'M SURE THE OWNER WOULDN'T MIND.
RUSSELL STAMMO


GOSH! THIS IS MORE COMFORTABLE THAN AN EASY CHAIR. WHAT LUXURY!




THIS UPHOLSTERY MUST HAVE COST A FORTUNE.


A PERSON COULD SURE CURL UP AND TAKE A NICE NAP__(YAWN)__IN___ HERE.



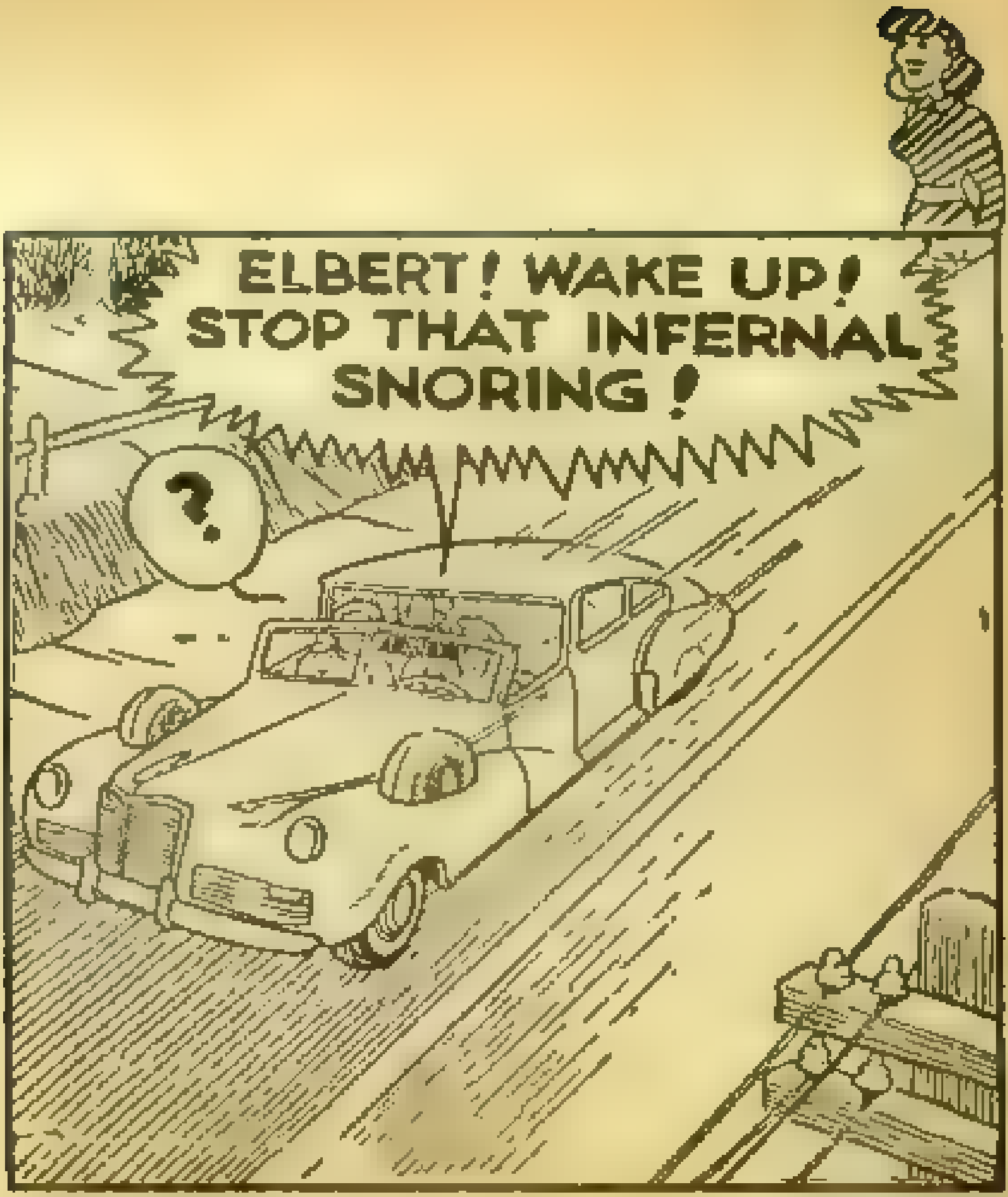

IT'S__SO__NICE__
AND__COMFY__
-z-z-z-z-z-z-

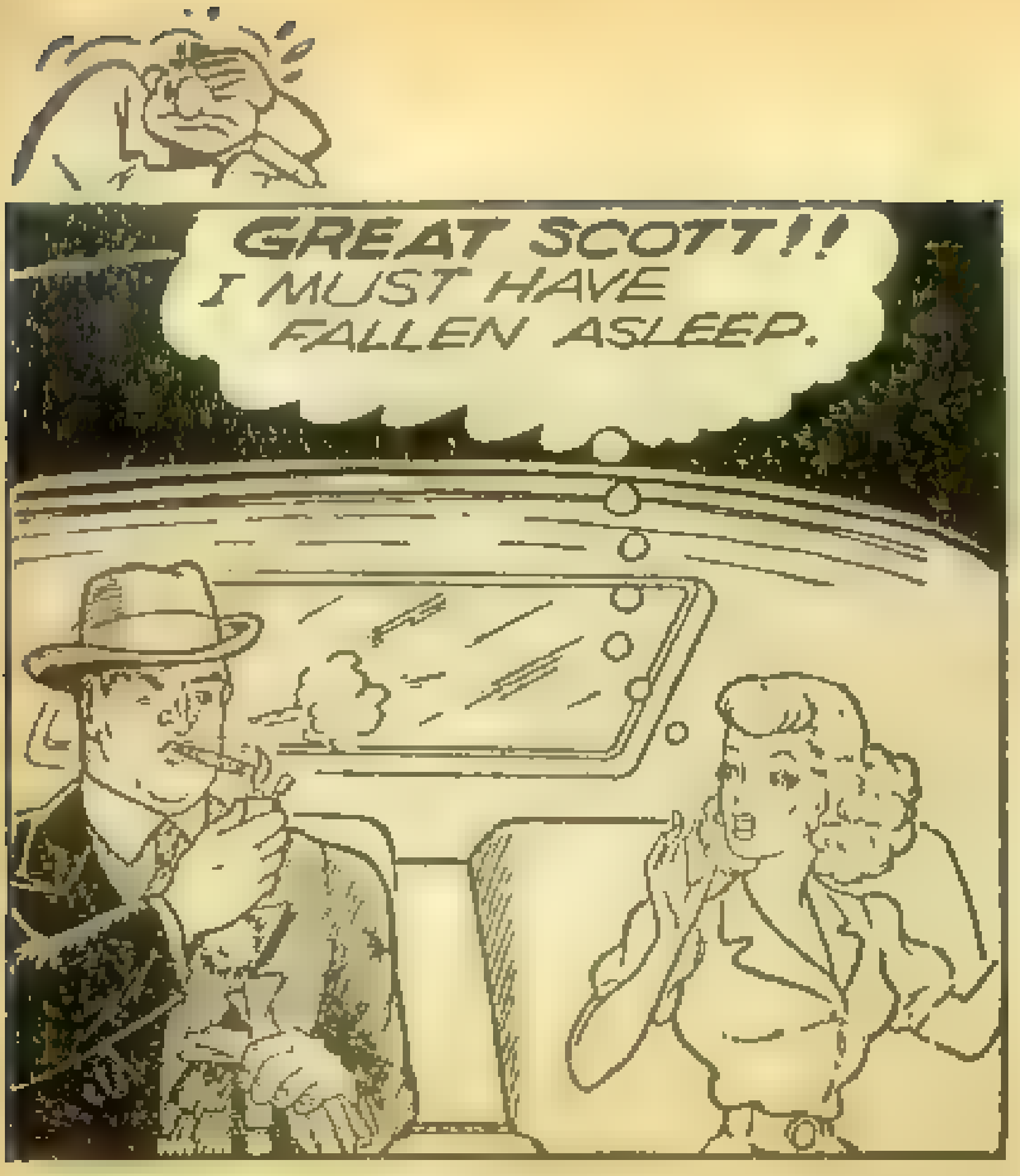

ALL RIGHT, BOYS, DRIVE ON!
Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-
Z-Z-Z-


DRIVE TO MY LITTLE SHACK JUST OUTSIDE OF NEW YORK.


Z-Z-Z-
Z-Z-Z-
Z-Z-Z-Z-
Z-Z-


LATER:
Z-Z-Z-Z-
Z-Z-Z-
-Z-Z-Z-
WHAT'S THAT NOISE? SOUNDS LIKE SOMEONE SNORING. MUST BE ONE OF MY CHAUFFEURS.

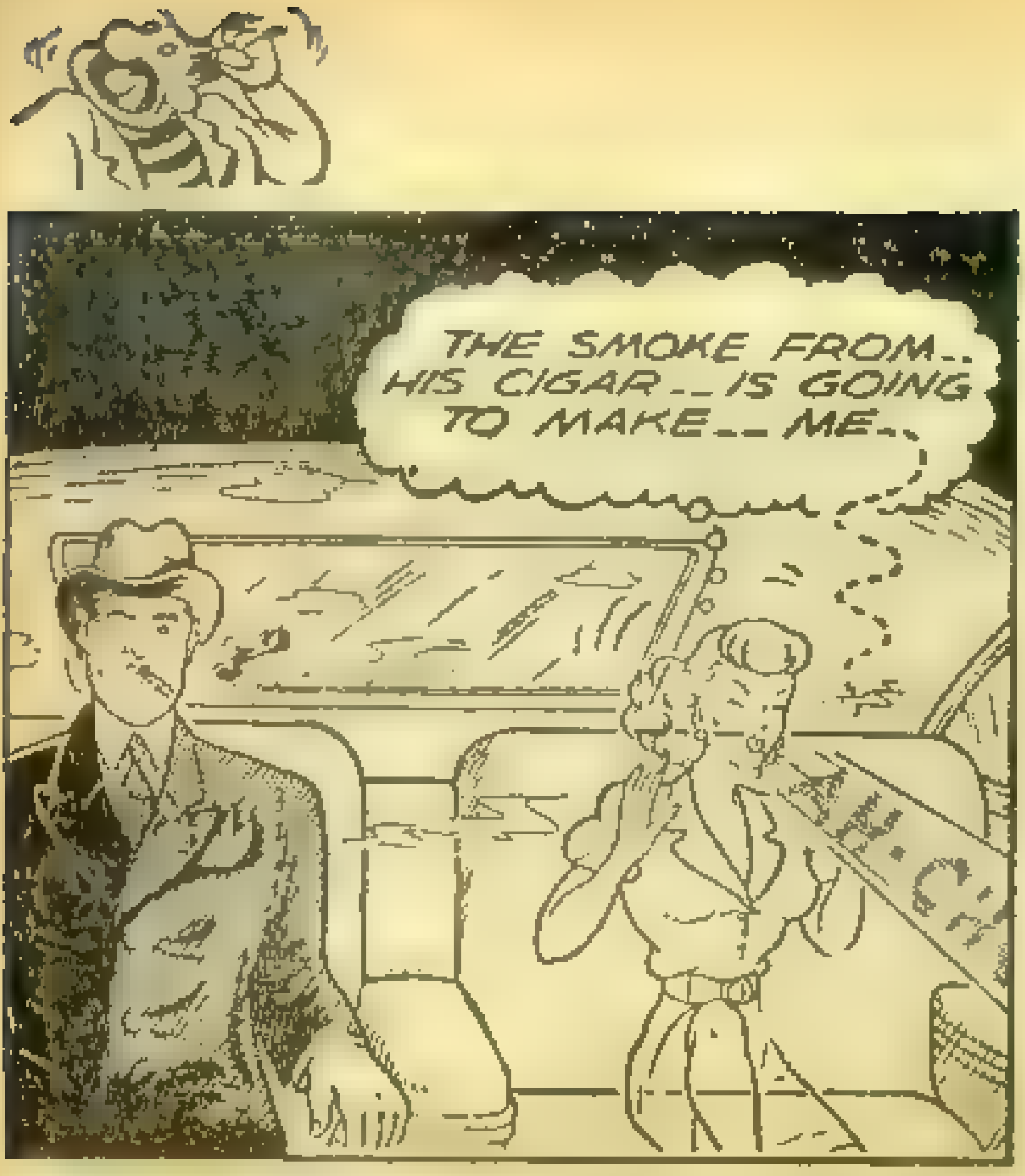

ELBERT! WAKE UP! STOP THAT INFERNAL SNORING!
?


GREAT SCOTT!!
I MUST HAVE
FALLEN ASLEEP.


WE'RE TRAVELING PLENTY FAST. I CAN'T GET OUT NOW. I'LL JUST SIT QUIET AND WAIT UNTIL THEY STOP.

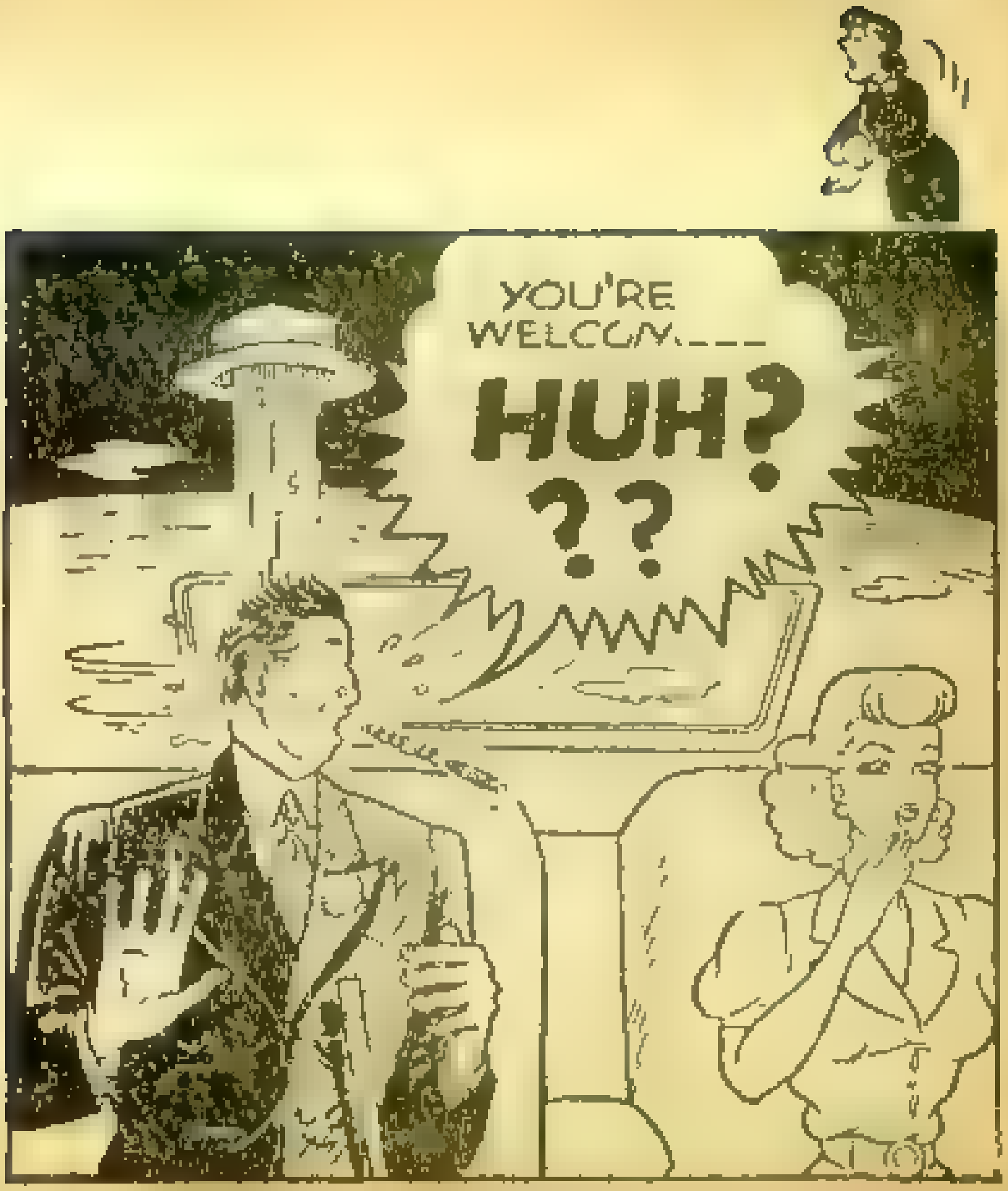

THEN--I UH-
AH---AH--


GRACIOUS! THAT CIGAR SMOKE IS GOING TO MAKE ME SNEEZE--
AH--AH--


THE SMOKE FROM.. HIS CIGAR.. IS GOING TO MAKE.. ME..


____BLESS YOU!


THANK YOU!


YOU'RE
WELCOM---
HUH?
??

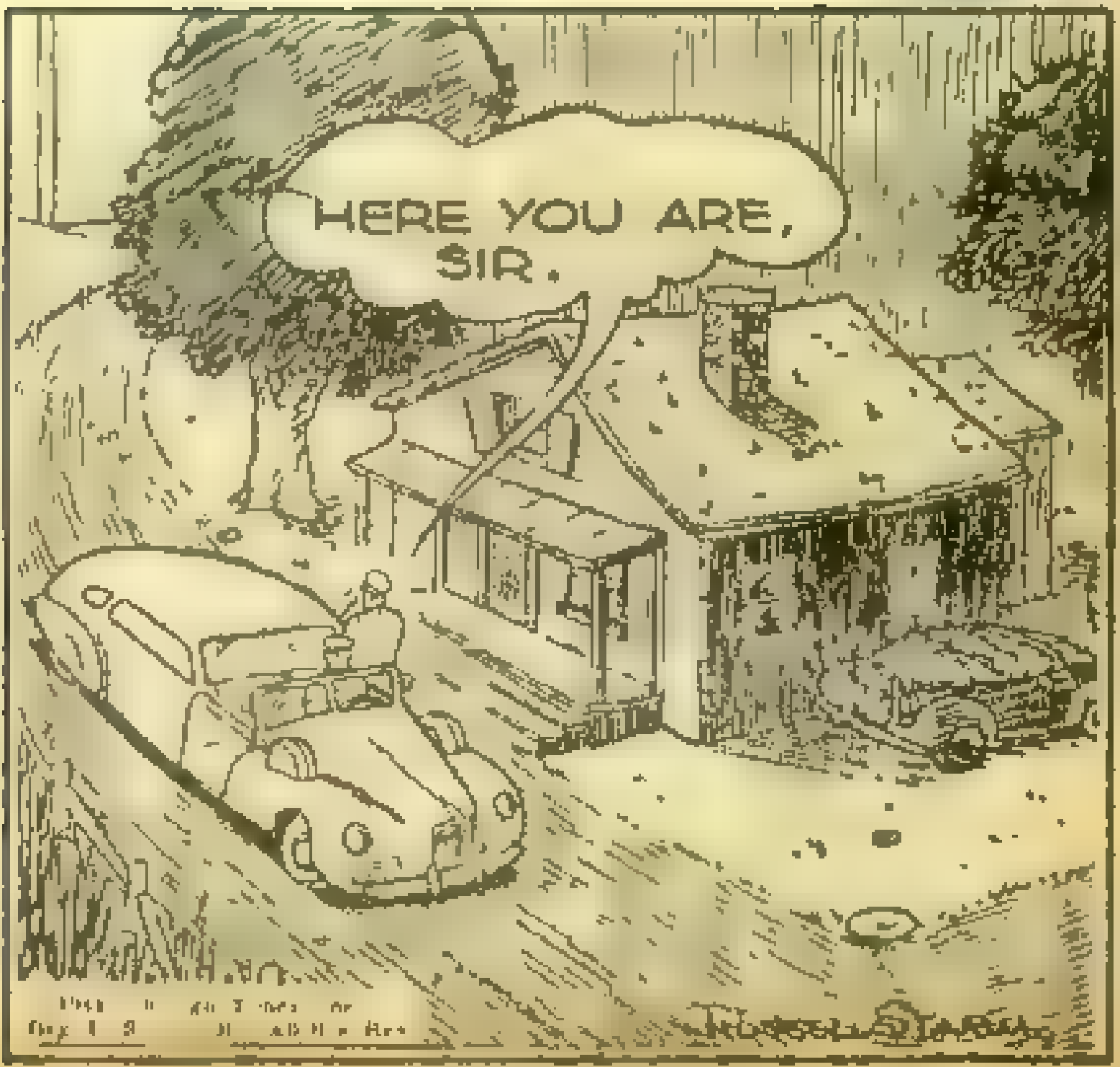

I'D ALMOST SWEAR I HEARD SOMEONE SNEEZE.


IT MUST BE MY IMAGINATION! THERE'S NO ONE HERE BUT ME.



INVISIBLE SCARLET IS AMAZED SOMETIME LATER TO SEE THE BIG LUXURIOUS LIMOUSINE PULL UP TO A DILAPIDATED-LOOKING COTTAGE, WHERE THE CHAUFFEUR BRINGS IT TO A STOP.




HERE YOU ARE, SIR.


HEAVENS! NOW WHY WOULD A WEALTHY MAN LIKE HIM WANT TO STOP HERE?


ALL RIGHT, YOU CAN TAKE MY CAR BACK TO MY HOME DOWN SOUTH AND PICK ME UP HERE NEXT MONTH.
?
YES SIR!
7-8-41


HE'S GOING INTO THAT OLD SHACK.

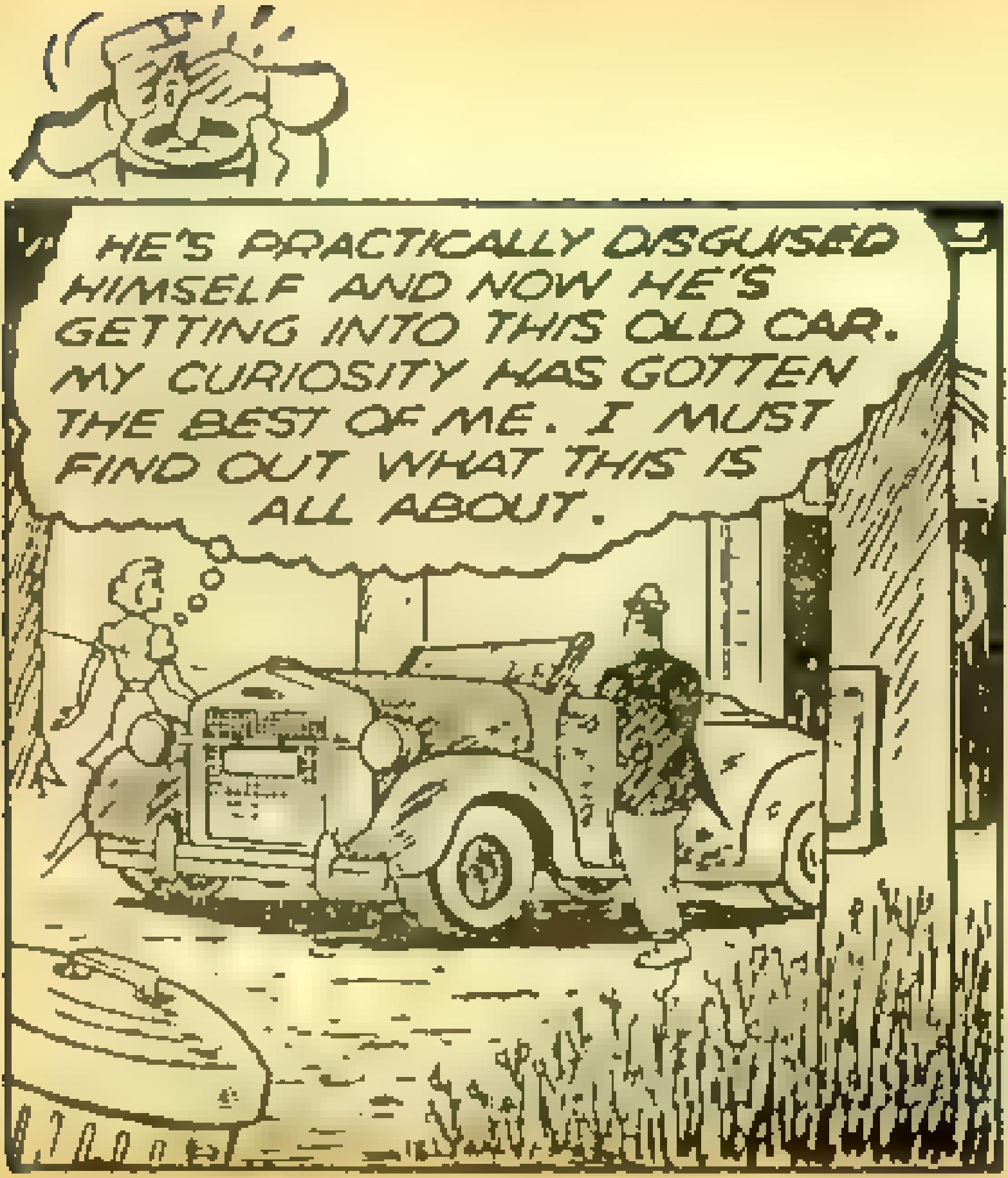

I CAN'T FIGURE THIS OUT. OH, WELL, MAYBE HE JUST LIKES TO GET AWAY FROM THE HURLY BURLY OF THE BUSINESS WORLD AND THIS IS HIS WAY OF DOING IT.

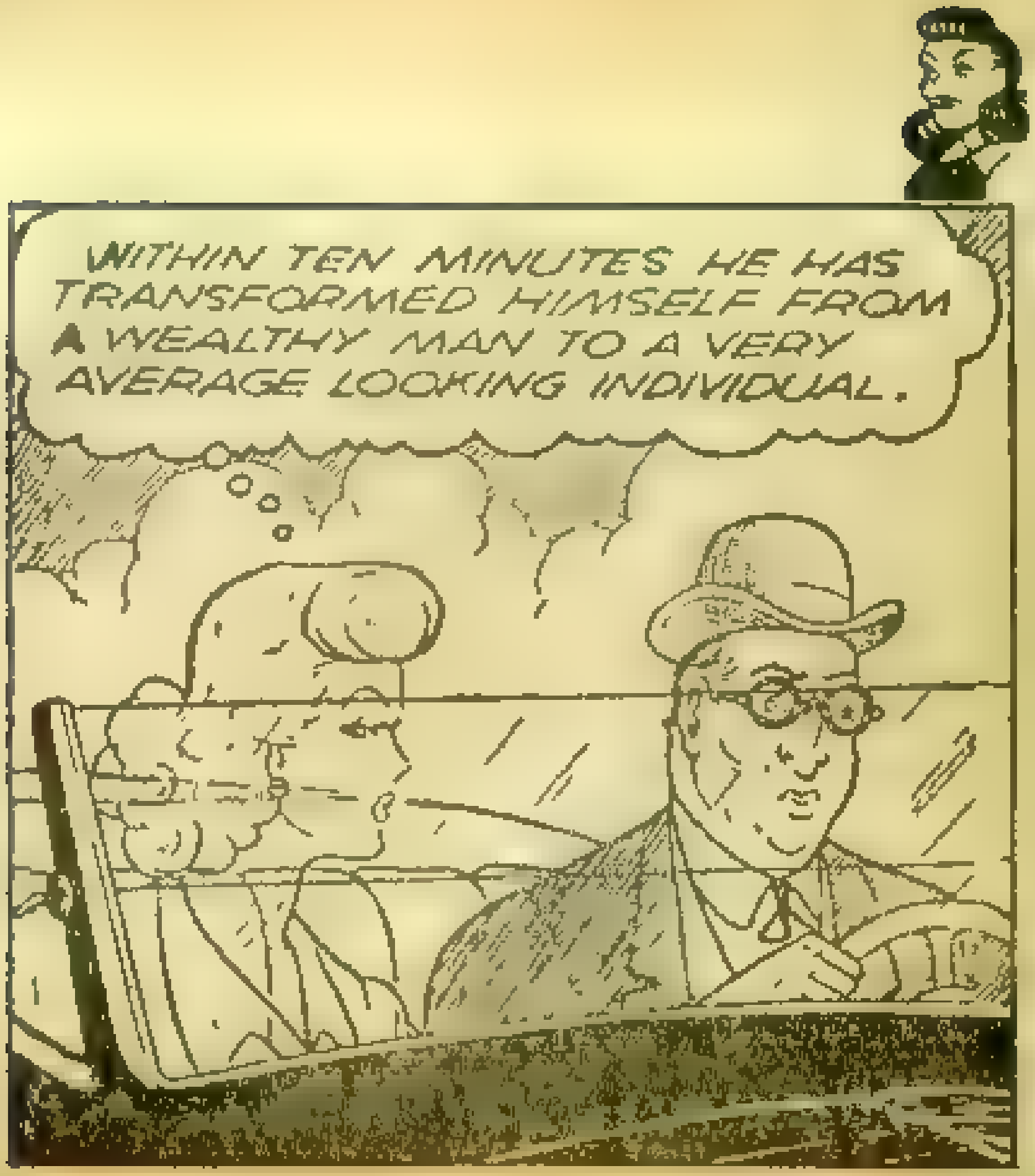

BUT INSIDE THE SHACK.
WELL, NOW TO GET BACK TO WORK. I'VE GOT TO CHANGE CLOTHES. THESE FANCY DUDS WOULD NEVER DO IN MY BUSINESS.


THERE! THIS GET-UP IS MORE SUITABLE FOR MY BUSINESS.

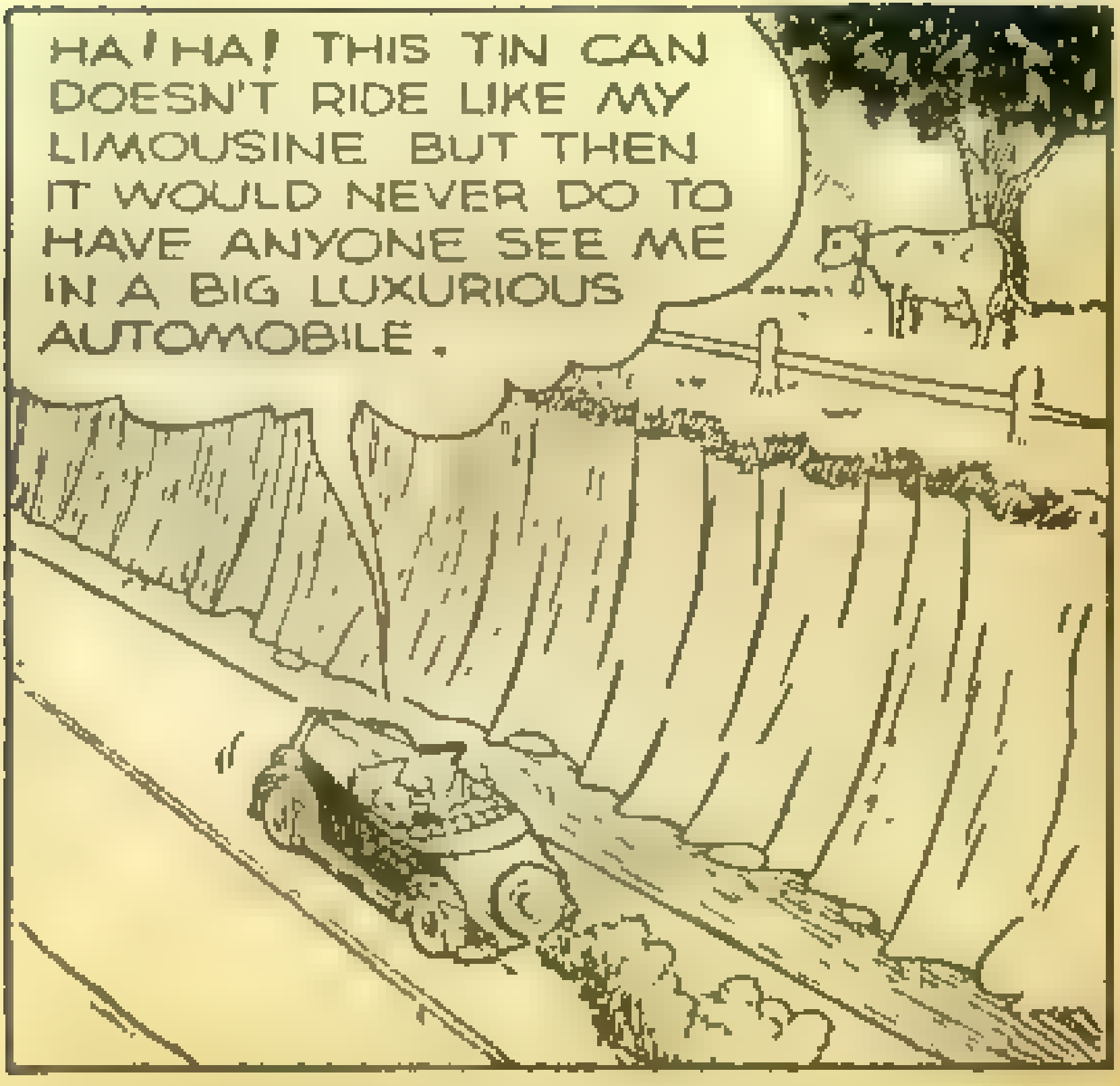

THE GLASSES AND SMALL DERBY ADD A CERTAIN MEEKNESS TO MY APPEARANCE, WHICH IS ALSO ESSENTIAL.


HA! MY OLD JALOPY IS STILL HERE.
GREAT SCOTT! LOOK AT HIM!


HE'S PRACTICALLY DISGUISED HIMSELF AND NOW HE'S GETTING INTO THIS OLD CAR. MY CURIOSITY HAS GOTTEN THE BEST OF ME. I MUST FIND OUT WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT.


WITHIN TEN MINUTES HE HAS TRANSFORMED HIMSELF FROM A WEALTHY MAN TO A VERY AVERAGE LOOKING INDIVIDUAL.

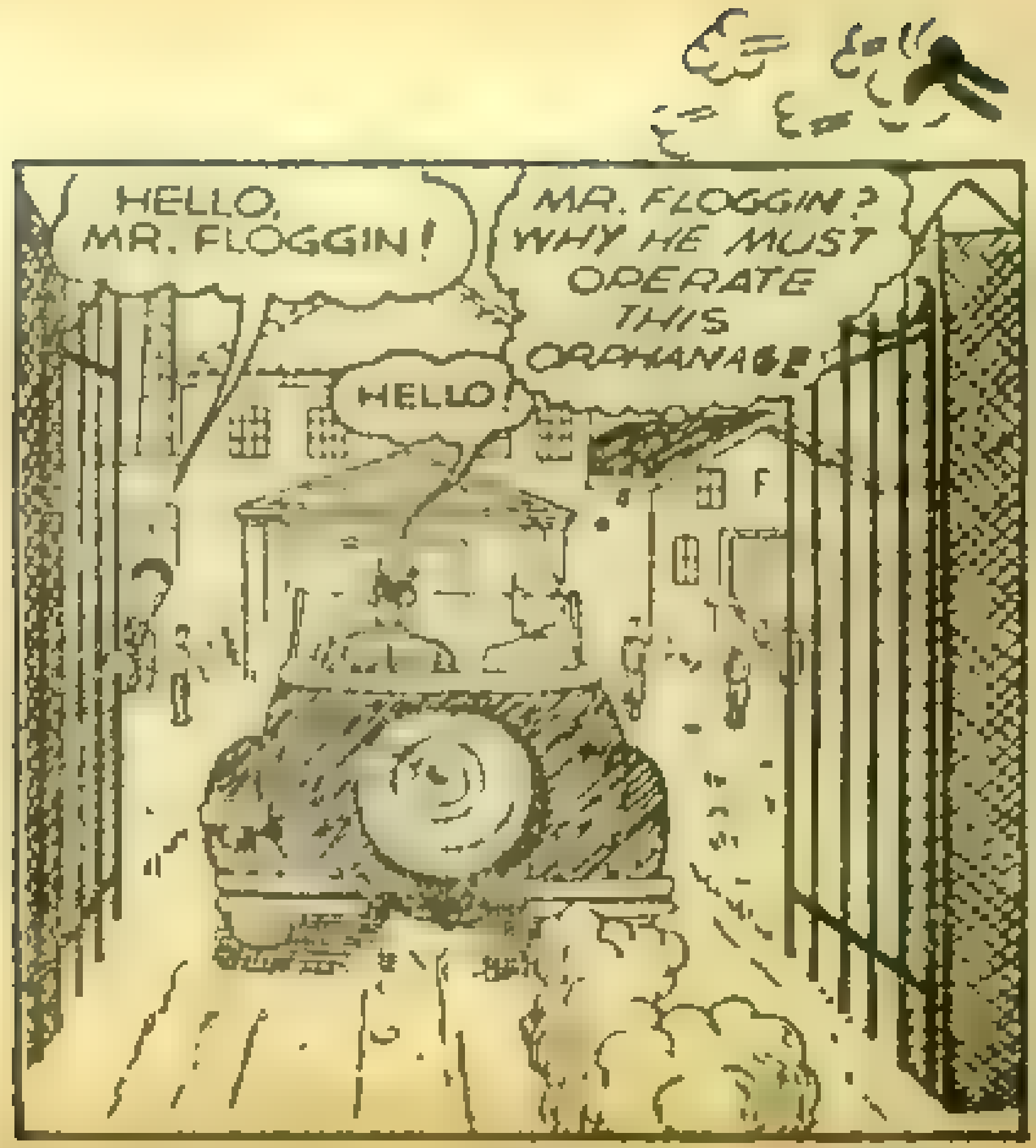

THERE MUST BE A REASON FOR ALL THIS.


HA! HA! THIS TIN CAN DOESN'T RIDE LIKE MY LIMOUSINE BUT THEN IT WOULD NEVER DO TO HAVE ANYONE SEE ME IN A BIG LUXURIOUS AUTOMOBILE.

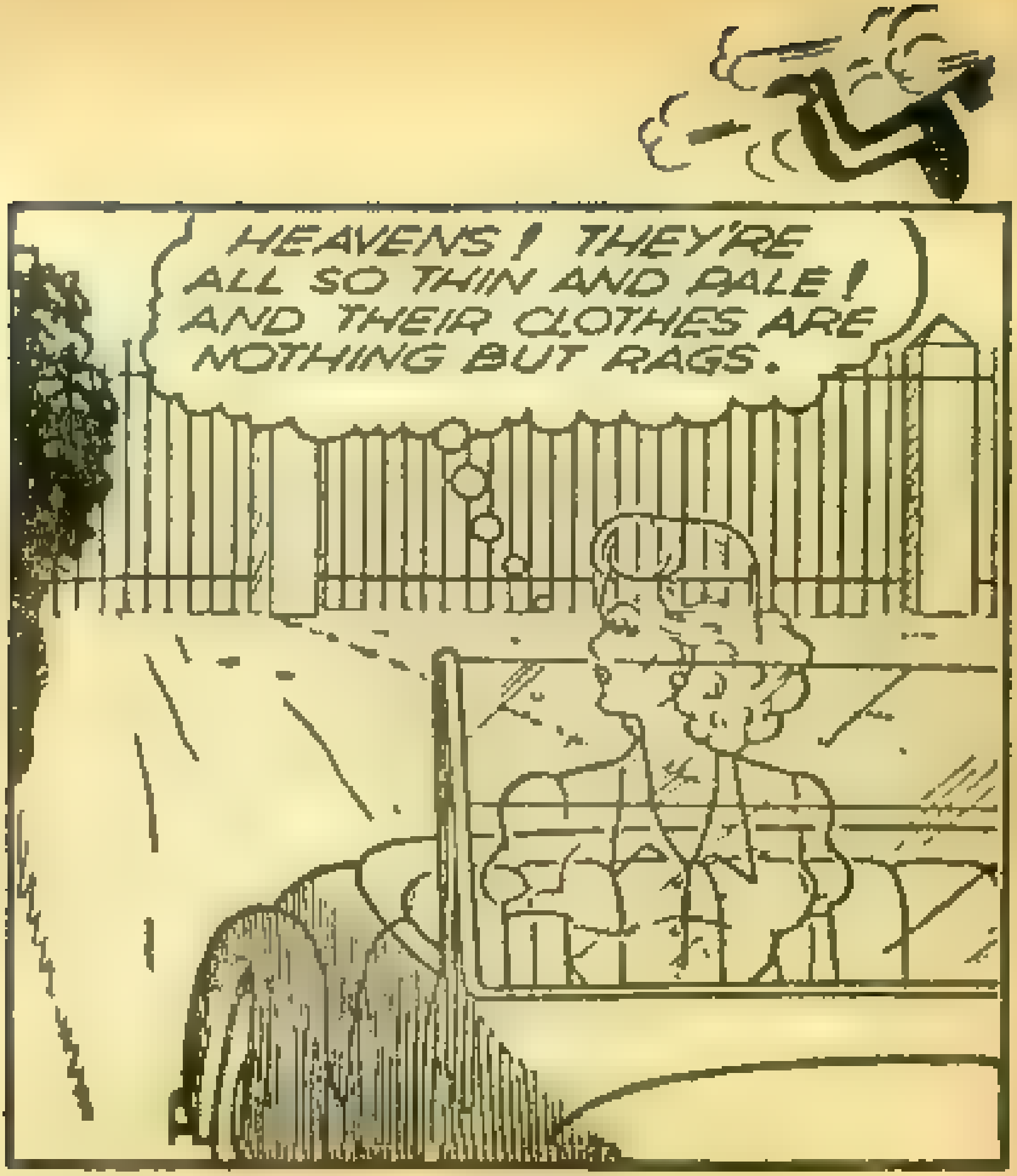

HE'S HEADING STRAIGHT FOR THE CITY. I HAVE A HUNCH I'LL FIND OUT WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT WHEN WE GET THERE.

THIS STRANGE MAN, AFTER CHANGING HIS APPEARANCE FROM THAT OF A WEALTHY MAN TO AN AVERAGE-LOOKING PERSON, BRINGS HIS OLD CAR TO A STOP AT THE FRONT GATE OF AN ORPHANAGE.


NOW WHAT IN THE WORLD IS HE STOPPING HERE FOR?
ENTRANCE
F. OGGIN
PRIVATE
ORPHANAGE


HELLO, MR. FLOGGIN!
MR. FLOGGIN? WHY HE MUST OPERATE THIS ORPHANAGE?
HELLO!


JIGGERS! THE OLD MAN IS BACK.
GRACIOUS! THOSE CHILDREN SEEM AFRAID OF HIM.


HEAVENS! THEY'RE ALL SO THIN AND PALE! AND THEIR CLOTHES ARE NOTHING BUT RAGS.


THIS IS TERRIBLE! THESE POOR KIDS ARE DRESSED IN RAGS AND THEY'RE UNDERFED, TOO.



MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE ORPHANGE. THE DR JEKYLL-MR HYDE CHARACTER TALKS TO A MEAN-FACED WOMAN WHO BRINGS HIM A WRITTEN REPORT OF THE STATE OF AFFAIRS AT THE PLACE.


MEANWHILE. INSIDE THE ORPHANAGE.
WELL, MRS WORT, HOW ARE THINGS GOING?
NOT SO GOOD, FRITZ.


WE'VE CUT DOWN ON THEIR FOOD SO MUCH THEY'RE NOTHING BUT SKIN AND BONES.
BAH!


WELL, IF THE AUTHORITIES EVER INVESTIGATE THIS ORPHANAGE, YOU AND I BETTER LOOK OUT.


THESE KIDS ARE NOTHING BUT SKIN AND BONES. THIS ORPHANAGE ISN'T BEING RUN AS IT SHOULD BE


I'M HUNGRY, JACK! MY TUMMY KEEPS MAKIN' FUNNY NOISES.
I KNOW, KID. CHEE! IF WE COULD ONLY GET AWAY FROM THIS PLACE.

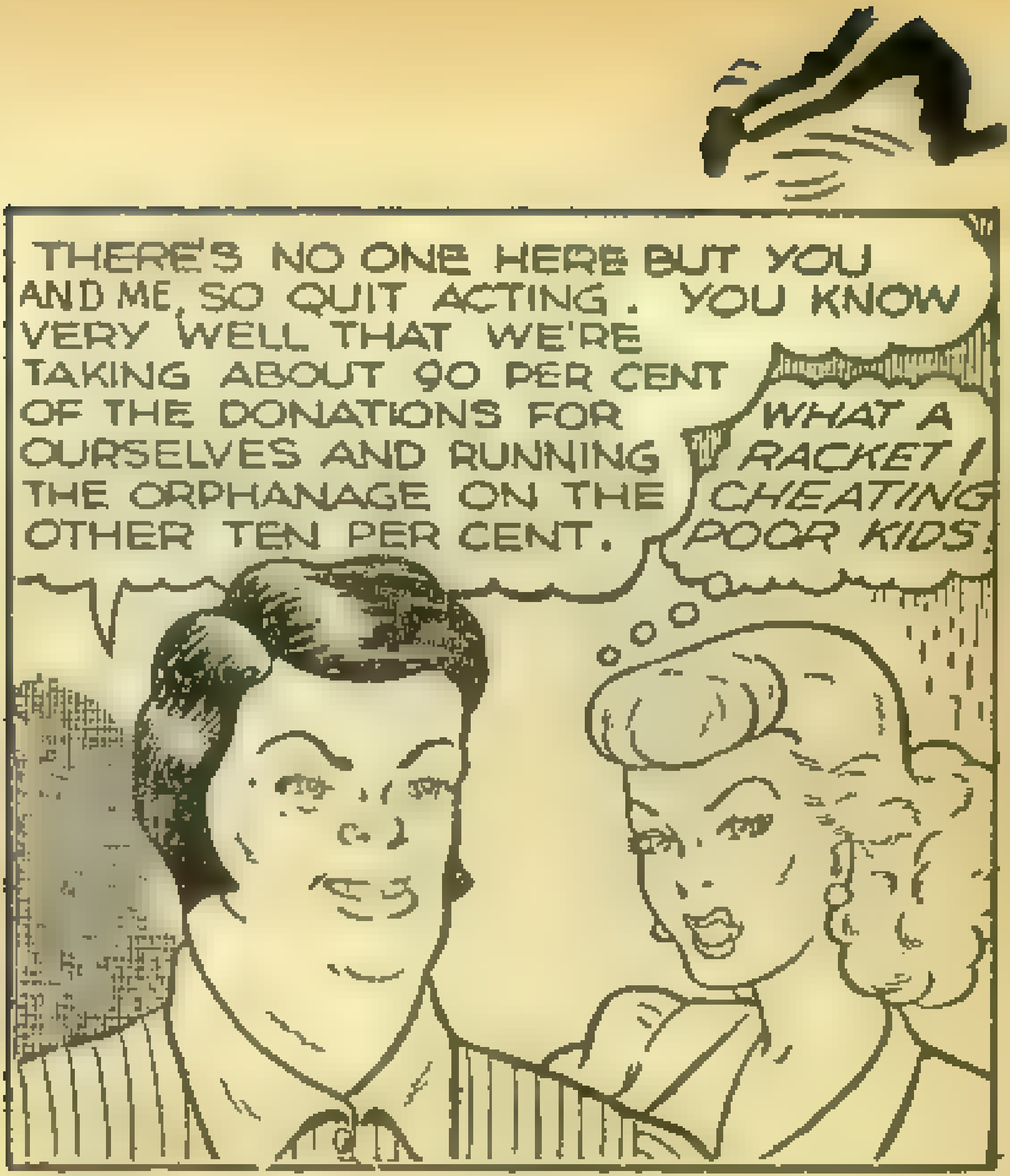

MR. FLOGGIN IS EVIDENTLY THE BOSS AROUND HERE. HE'S A WEALTHY MAN AND YET ALL THESE CHILDREN ARE PRACTICALLY STARVING. IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE.



INSIDE THE ORPHANAGE THE MAN CALLED FRITZ AND MRS. WORT ARE DISCUSSING THE MONEY SITUATION. FRITZ BECOME ANGRY AS HE LOOKS OVER THE PAPERS, AND SHOUTS AT MRS. WORT.


MRS. WORT, WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THE DONATIONS? THEY'VE FALLEN OFF CONSIDERABLY THIS MONTH. I'VE CERTAIN OBLIGATIONS TO MEET. WE'VE GOT TO RECEIVE MORE MONEY THAN THIS.
I'M SORRY, FRITZ. THAT'S ALL THAT CAME IN.


WE'VE GOT TO RAISE MORE MONEY!
I CAN'T RUN THIS ORPHANAGE ON PEANUTS.
CUT IT, FRITZ!


THERE'S NO ONE HERE BUT YOU AND ME, SO QUIT ACTING. YOU KNOW VERY WELL THAT WE'RE TAKING ABOUT 90 PER CENT OF THE DONATIONS FOR OURSELVES AND RUNNING THE ORPHANAGE ON THE OTHER TEN PER CENT.
WHAT A RACKET! CHEATING POOR KIDS!


HAVE MY LUNCH BROUGHT IN HERE, MRS. WORT. I WANT TO GO OVER THESE ACCOUNTS.
OKAY!


BOO HOO!
WHAT'S THE MATTER, JACK?
AW, MY LITTLE BROTHER IS HUNGRY! (SNIFF! SNIFF) IS THAT FOOD I SMELL?


WAW-W-
MY TUMMY'S HURTING--
I'M HUNGRY--
WAW-W-!
AW RIGHT!-
STOP CRYING!
OLD MAN FLOGGIN MUST BE EATING LUNCH IN HIS OFFICE. I'LL TRY AND GET YOU SOMETHING.


HOW CAN HE SIT HERE AND STUFF HIMSELF WHEN THOSE POOR KIDS AREN'T GETTING ENOUGH FOOD TO KEEP THEM ALIVE?



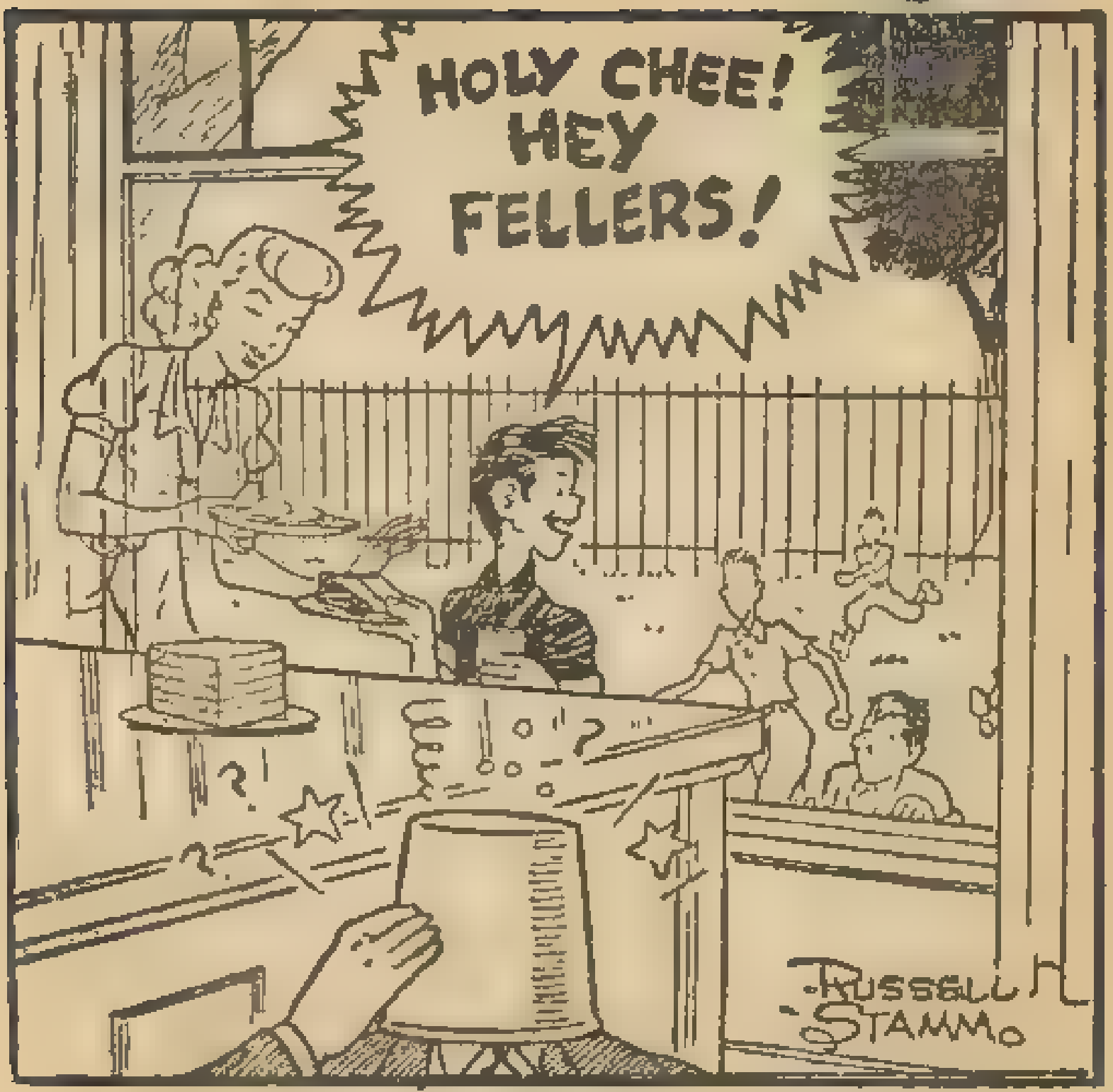

OH, OH! I HOPE HE MAKES IT.


AH! HA! CAUGHT YOU DIDN'T I?
HEAVENS! I'VE SEEN JUST ABOUT ALL I CAN TAKE.
OW-W-W!


TRYING TO STEAL, EH? I'LL TEACH YOU--
PLEASE SIR, MY LITTLE BROTHER, HE'S AWFULLY HUNGRY!


KER-ACK!
?

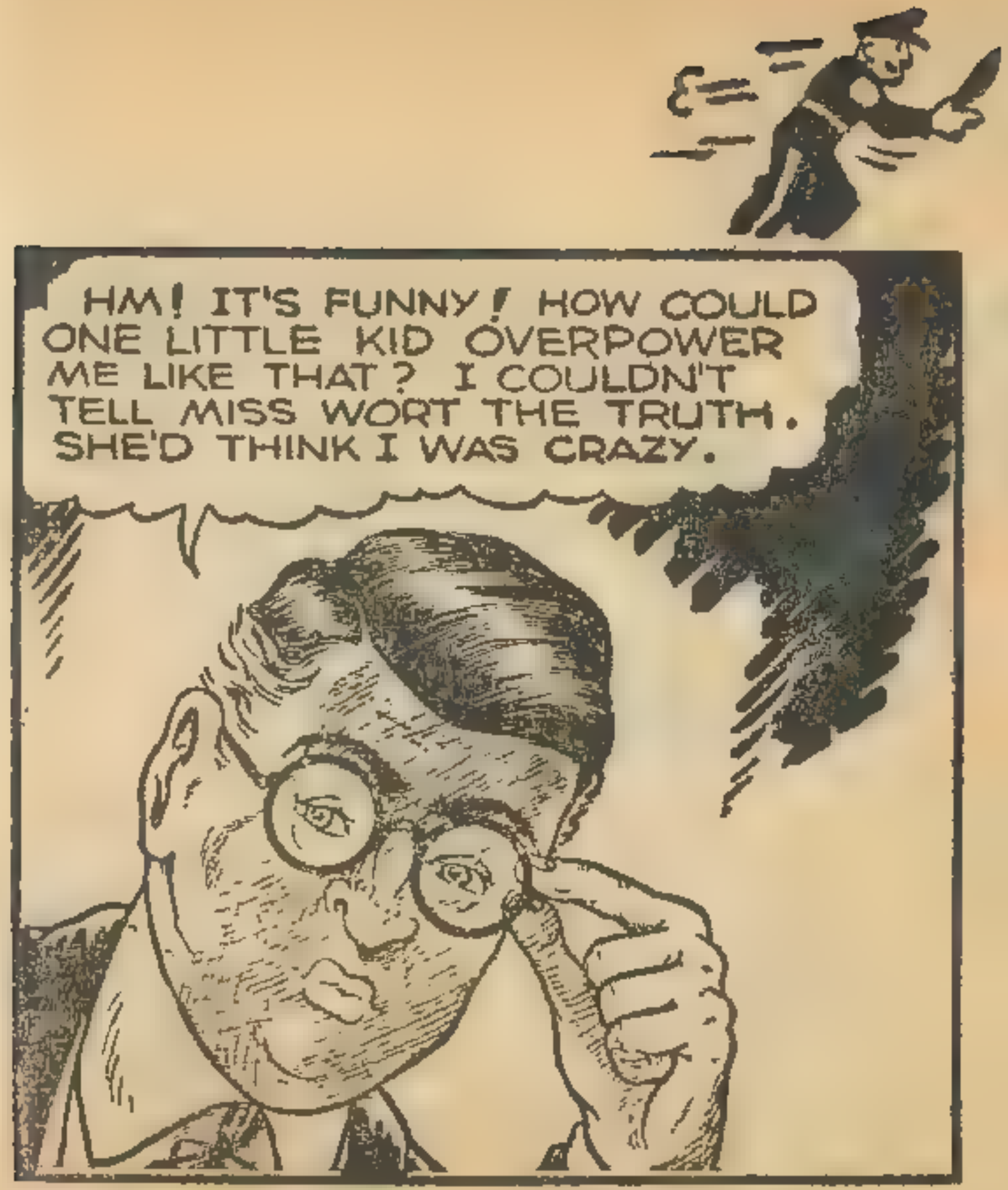

PLUNK!
?
?!?


HOLY CHEE! HEY FELLERS!
RUSSELL STAMM

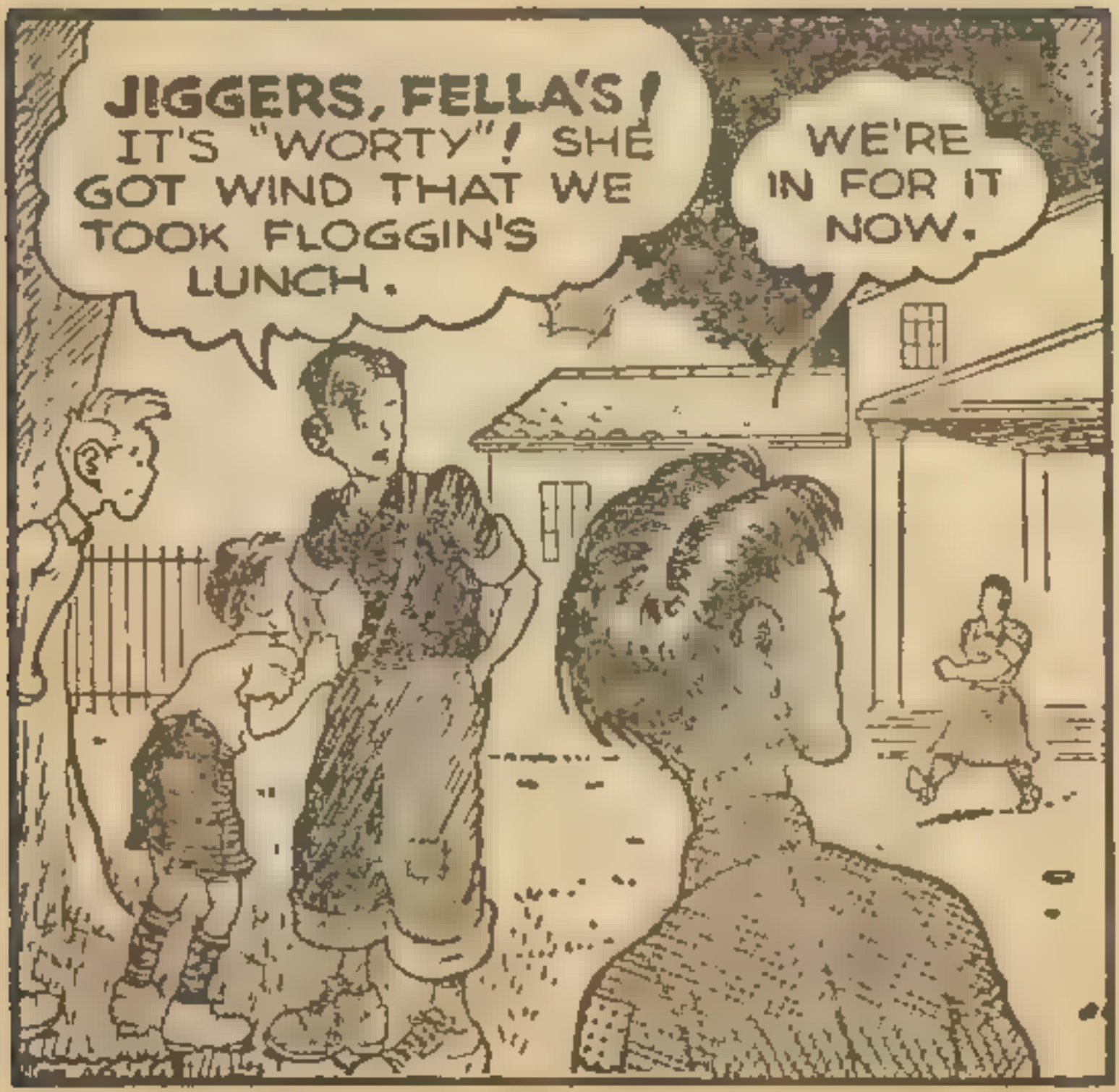

FRITZ!
WHAT HAPPENED??
GWG-G
BWB-!!


THOSE @☆€!! KIDS !!
THEY GANGED UP ON ME!
A DOZEN OR MORE.
THEY'VE STOLEN MY LUNCH.


CUT DOWN ON THEIR FOOD MORE THAN EVER NOW. WHO SAID THEY WERE WEAK!!
I'LL FIX THEM!
..AND I'LL FIX HER.


HM! IT'S FUNNY! HOW COULD ONE LITTLE KID OVERPOWER ME LIKE THAT? I COULDN'T TELL MISS WORT THE TRUTH. SHE'D THINK I WAS CRAZY.




JIGGERS, FELLA'S! IT'S "WORTY"! SHE GOT WIND THAT WE TOOK FLOGGIN'S LUNCH.
WE'RE IN FOR IT NOW.


WHICH ONE OF YOU WAS THE INSTIGATOR OF ALL THIS?
I WAS!
HE WAS NOT! I WAS!


HE WASN'T EITHER. I WAS.
I WAS!
NO- HE-
SHUT UP!


THE BRAVE LITTLE TYKES. EVERYONE OF THEM TRYING TO SHIELD THE OTHER. WELL, THEY'LL NOT BE PUNISHED IF I CAN HELP IT.
OOOO
RUSSELL STAMM


IF YOU KIDS DON'T TELL ME WHO STOLE MR. FLOGGIN'S LUNCH, I'LL PUT YOU ALL IN THE DARK ROOM AND GIVE YOU NOTHING BUT BREAD AND WATER FOR A WEEK.

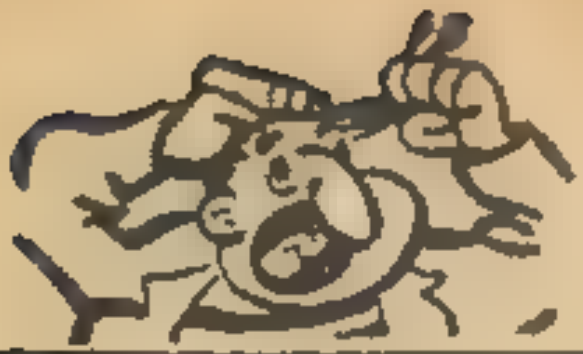

LISTEN TO "WORTY", FELLERS, WHY, WE AIN'T GETTIN' MUCH MORE THAN BREAD 'N WATER NOW.


WHY YOU--


I'VE GOT TO STOP HER BEFORE SHE CATCHES HIM!


OH-H-
THUD!


THAT SHOULD HOLD HER FOR A WHILE!
I BELIEVE I'LL INVESTIGATE THE CULINARY SITUATION OF THIS ORPHANAGE.



INVISIBLE SCARLET, MOVED BY THE SIGHT OF THE HUNGRY BOYS, IS DETERMINED TO FIND FOOD FOR THEM. SHE RE-ENTERS THE ORPHANAGE AND HUNTS FOR THE KITCHEN, WHERE SHE FINDS A BIG SURPRISE.


WELL, FOR GOODNESS SAKE! WHO CAN HE BE??
KITCHEN
KEEP
OUT

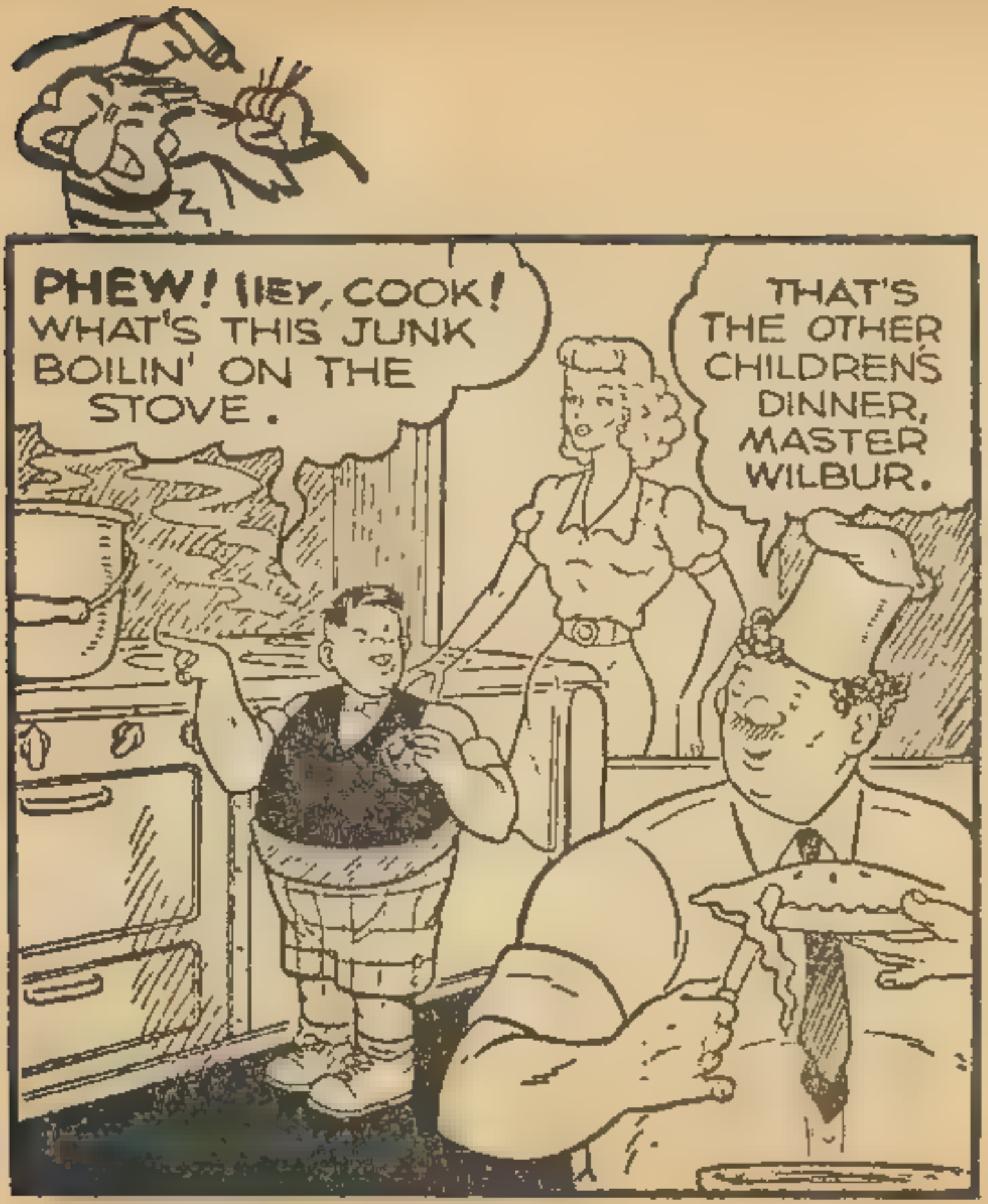



WELL, LOOK AT THAT! WONDER WHO HE IS? HIS FIGURE CERTAINLY DOESN'T RESEMBLE THAT OF THE OTHER KIDS.


HEY, COOK!
LEMME HAVE ANOTHER
HUNK O' THAT CAKE!


YES, MASTER WILBUR! HERE YOU ARE!
PUT SOME ICE CREAM ON IT, TOO.


WOW! SERVICE DELUXE! "LITTLE FATTY" MUST HAVE SOME IN AROUND HERE. THAT'S CERTAIN.
RUSSELL STAMMO


PHEW! HEY, COOK! WHAT'S THIS JUNK BOILIN' ON THE STOVE.
THAT'S THE OTHER CHILDREN'S DINNER, MASTER WILBUR.


YEAH! OH WELL, IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR THOSE GUYS.
OH, WHAT A BRAT!

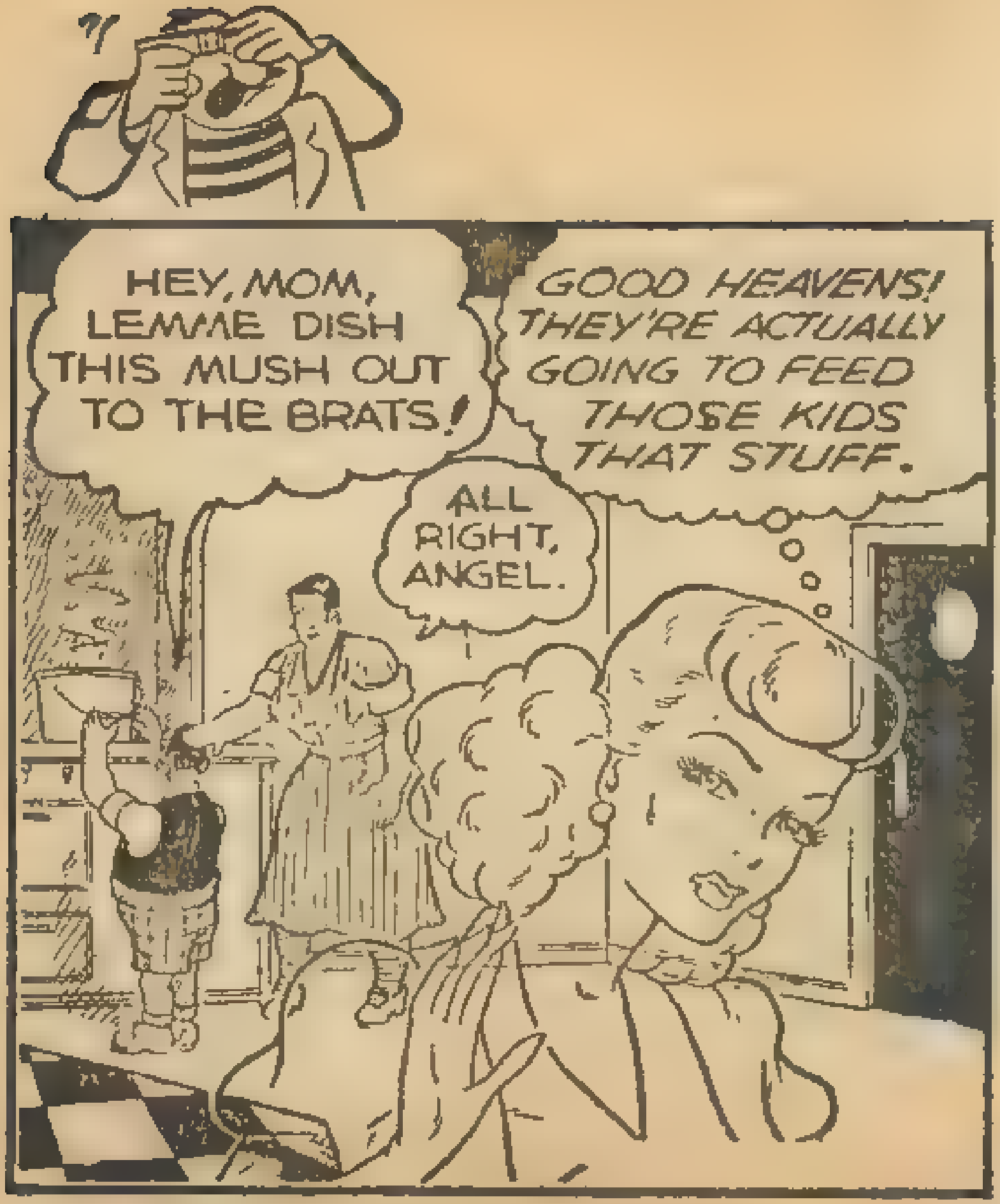

HI, MOM! WHAT'S EATIN' YA? Y'LOOK MAD.
SHUT UP!
NOW I GET IT. "LITTLE FATTY" IS HER SON. NO WONDER HE HAS SPECIAL PRIVILEGES.


HM! THERE'S PLENTY OF GOOD WHOLESOME FOOD AROUND HERE BUT THOSE POOR KIDS AREN'T GETTING ANY OF IT.
oooo




COME AND GET IT!
BONG!
WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?


COME ON, FELLERS! TIME TO PUT ON THE FEED BAG. WHO KNOWS? MAYBE THEY'LL REALLY GIVE US SOMETHING TO EAT.


HEY, MOM, LEMME DISH THIS MUSH OUT TO THE BRATS!
ALL RIGHT, ANGEL.
GOOD HEAVENS! THEY'RE ACTUALLY GOING TO FEED THOSE KIDS THAT STUFF.


(PHEW! WHAT AN ODOR!)
HERE Y'ARE, BOYS!

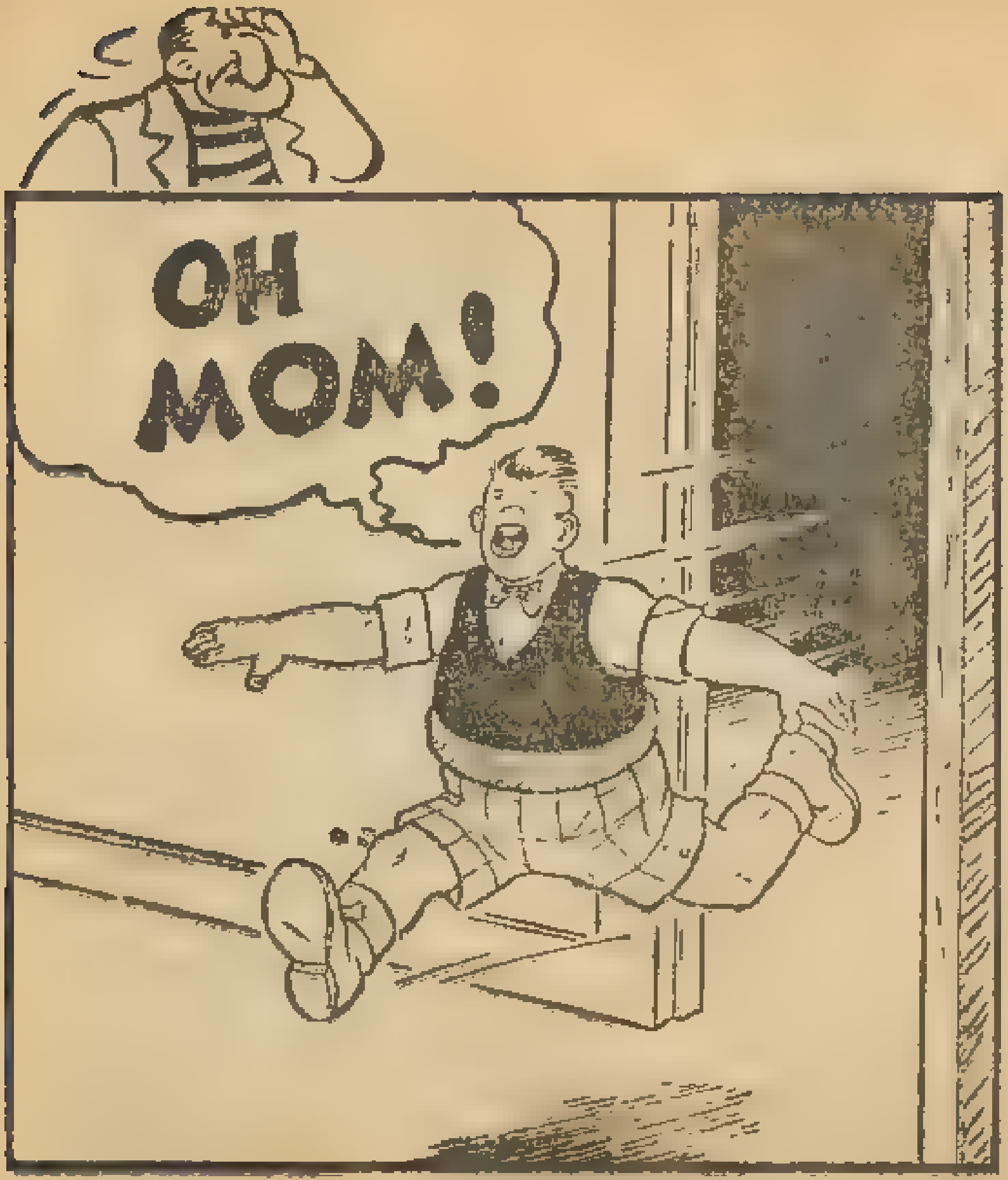

EAT TO YOUR HEARTS' CONTENT, CHILDREN.
THE SAME OL' MUSH.



INVISIBLE SCARLET DECIDES TO TAKE MATTERS INTO HER OWN HANDS. SHE RUNS BACK TO THE KITCHEN, WHERE SHE HAS SEEN THE CHICKEN AND OTHER GOOD FOOD. WHICH SHE TASTEFULLY ARRANGES ON A PLATTER.


HM! THERE'S NO ONE IN THE KITCHEN. NOW'S MY CHANCE.


GOLLY! I'M SO HUNGRY I ALMOST IMAGINE I SEE A CHICKEN FLOATING THIS WAY.
THAT IS A CHICKEN! I SEE IT, TOO!
BOY OH BOY!
GULP!


OH MOM!


BOY OH BOY!
CHICKEN! WOW!
WHAT A FEAST!


I TELL YA THEY'RE STUFFIN' THEMSELVES, MOM! THE CHICKEN AN' POTATOES AN' VEGETABLES CAME **FLOATIN'** INTO THE ROOM.
THERE! THERE! MY BOY, YOU MUST BE ILL.


LOOK FOR YOURSELF!
WHAT??
WHY I'LL--
FOR AIR1 ONLY


OH!!
COOL OFF, SISTER!
?!


SEE, MOM! WHAT DID I TELL YOU! THAT BUCKET OF WATER CAME FLOATIN' THROUGH THE AIR AN' SPILLED ALL OVER YOU.
SHUT UP! ALL OF YOU GET TO YOUR ROOMS.


I'VE GOT TO SEE FRITZ ABOUT ALL THIS. SOMETHING'S SCREWY AROUND HERE.


--BUT I TELL YOU NO ONE WAS HOLDING THE BUCKET OF WATER.
NOW, NOW, MRS. WORT! TAKE IT EASY. YOU'VE BEEN WORKING TOO HARD LATELY.


THAT'S A LAUGH! SHE DOES NOTHING BUT BROW BEAT A BUNCH OF POOR KIDS ALL DAY. -- AND HE CALLS THAT WORK.


GO TO YOUR ROOM AND GET SOME REST, MRS. WORT.
YEAH! MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT

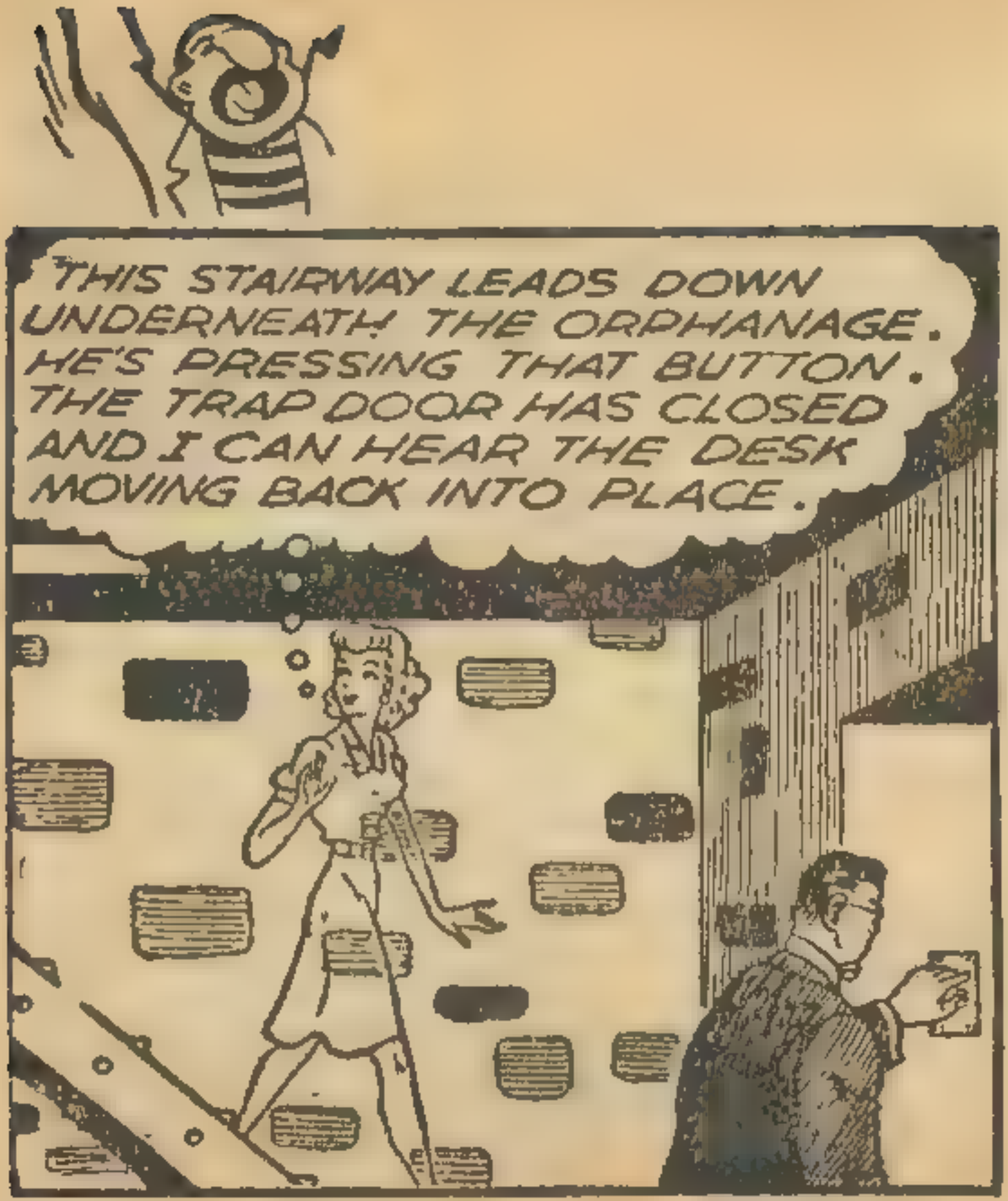

AH! SHE'S GONE! NOW I CAN ATTEND TO A VERY IMPORTANT MATTER.
WHAT'S HE TALKING ABOUT?



AS INVISIBLE SCARLET WATCHES FLOGGIN WALKS OVER TO THE BOOKCASE AND PRESSES A SMALL BUTTON HIDDEN BEHIND THE BOOKS. IMMEDIATELY HIS DESK BEGINS TO MOVE.




GREAT SCOTT! A SECRET TRAP DOOR LEADING TO SOMEWHERE BELOW THE ORPHANAGE. I WONDER WHAT'S DOWN THERE?


THIS STAIRWAY LEADS DOWN UNDERNEATH THE ORPHANAGE. HE'S PRESSING THAT BUTTON. THE TRAP DOOR HAS CLOSED AND I CAN HEAR THE DESK MOVING BACK INTO PLACE.


WHAT IN THE WORLD COULD THIS MAN FLOGGIN WANT DOWN HERE?

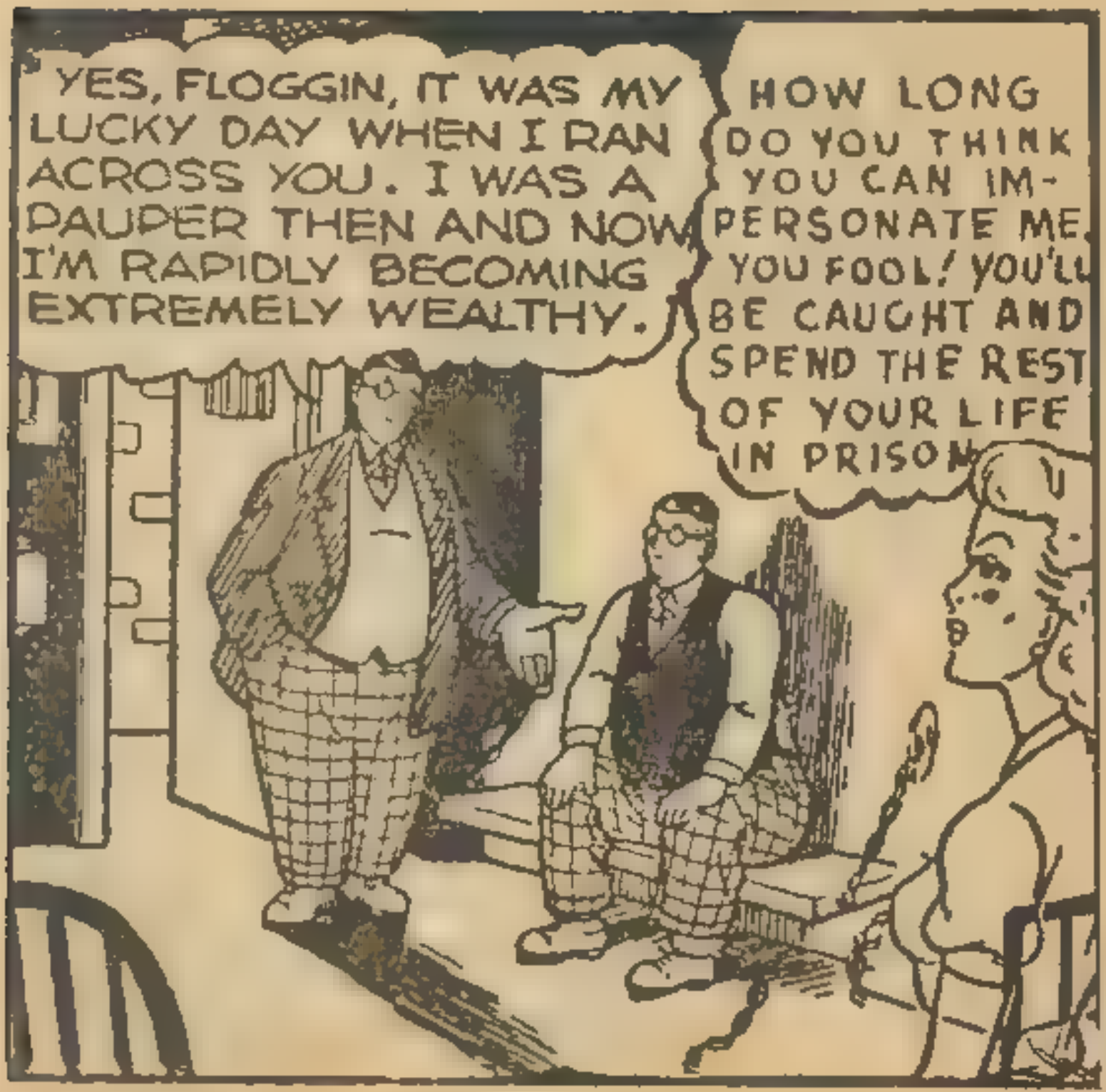

GOOD AFTERNOON, MR. FLOGGIN!
WHAT IN-? IS THIS GUY GOING CRAZY? OR JUST TALKING TO HIMSELF?


GOOD AFTERNOON, YOU FIEND!
?

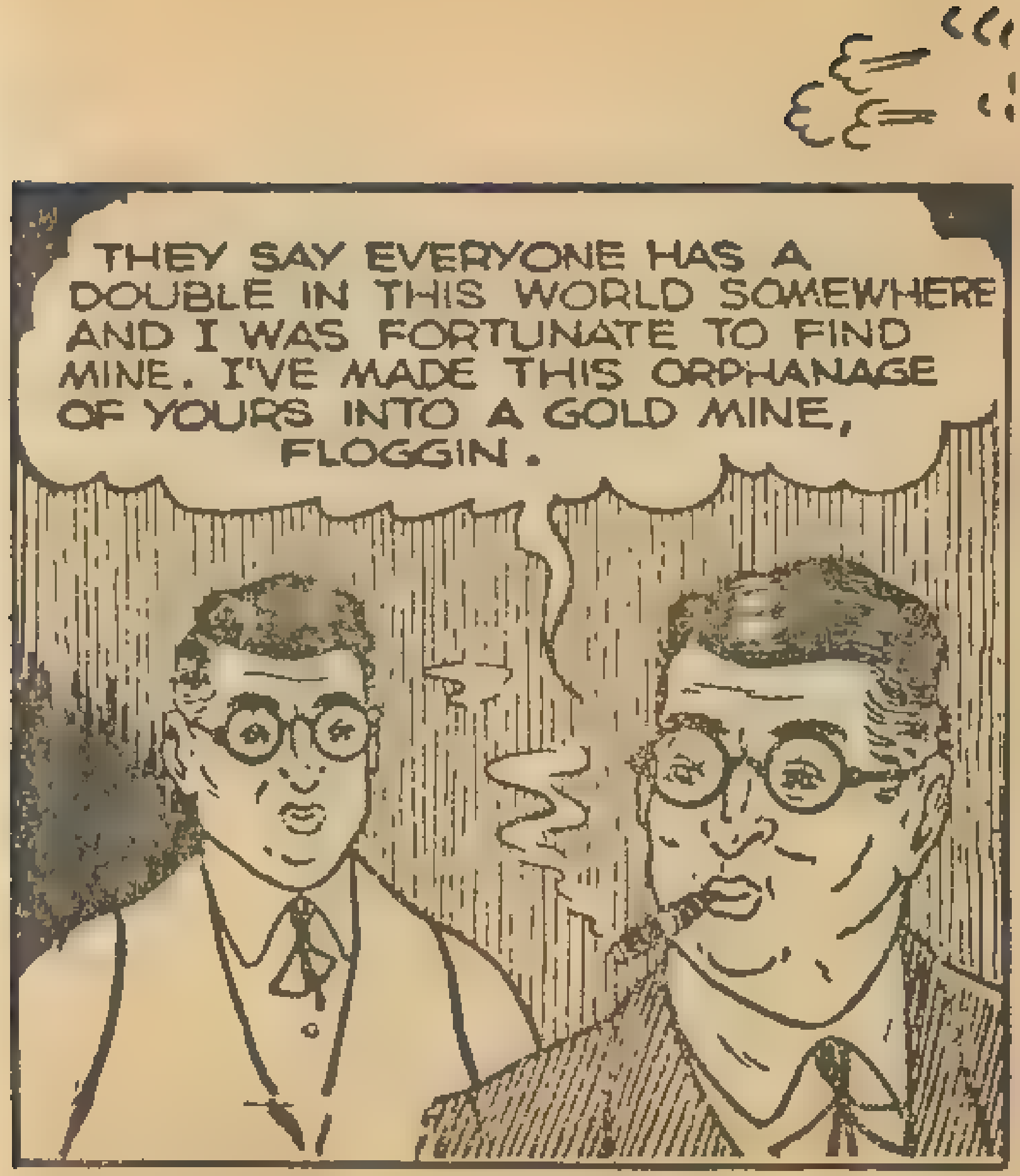

HERE, LET ME OPEN THIS DOOR. WE CAN TALK MUCH BETTER IF WE SEE EACH OTHER.


THERE!

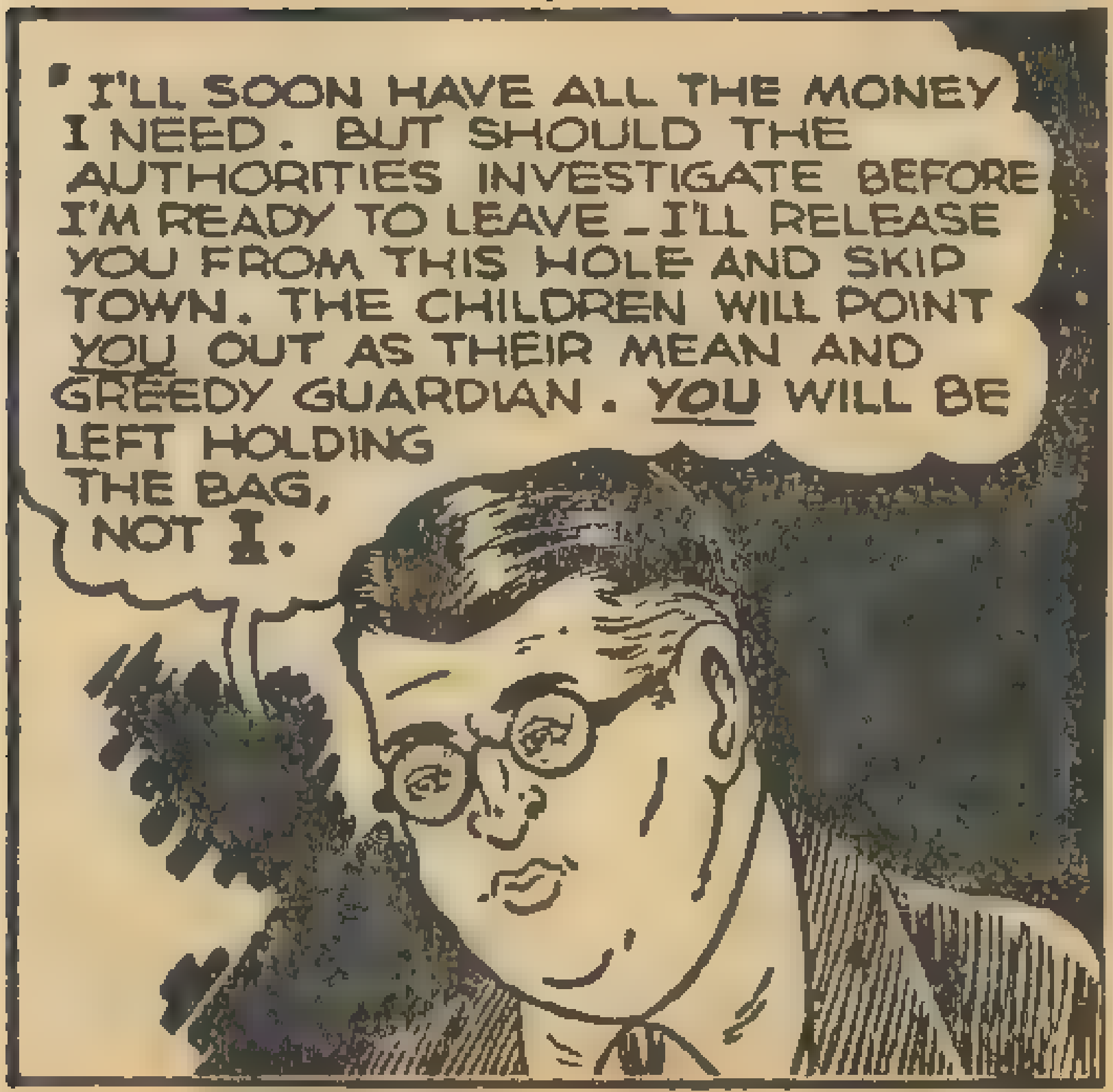

GREAT STARS IN HEAVEN! THEY'RE IDENTICAL!

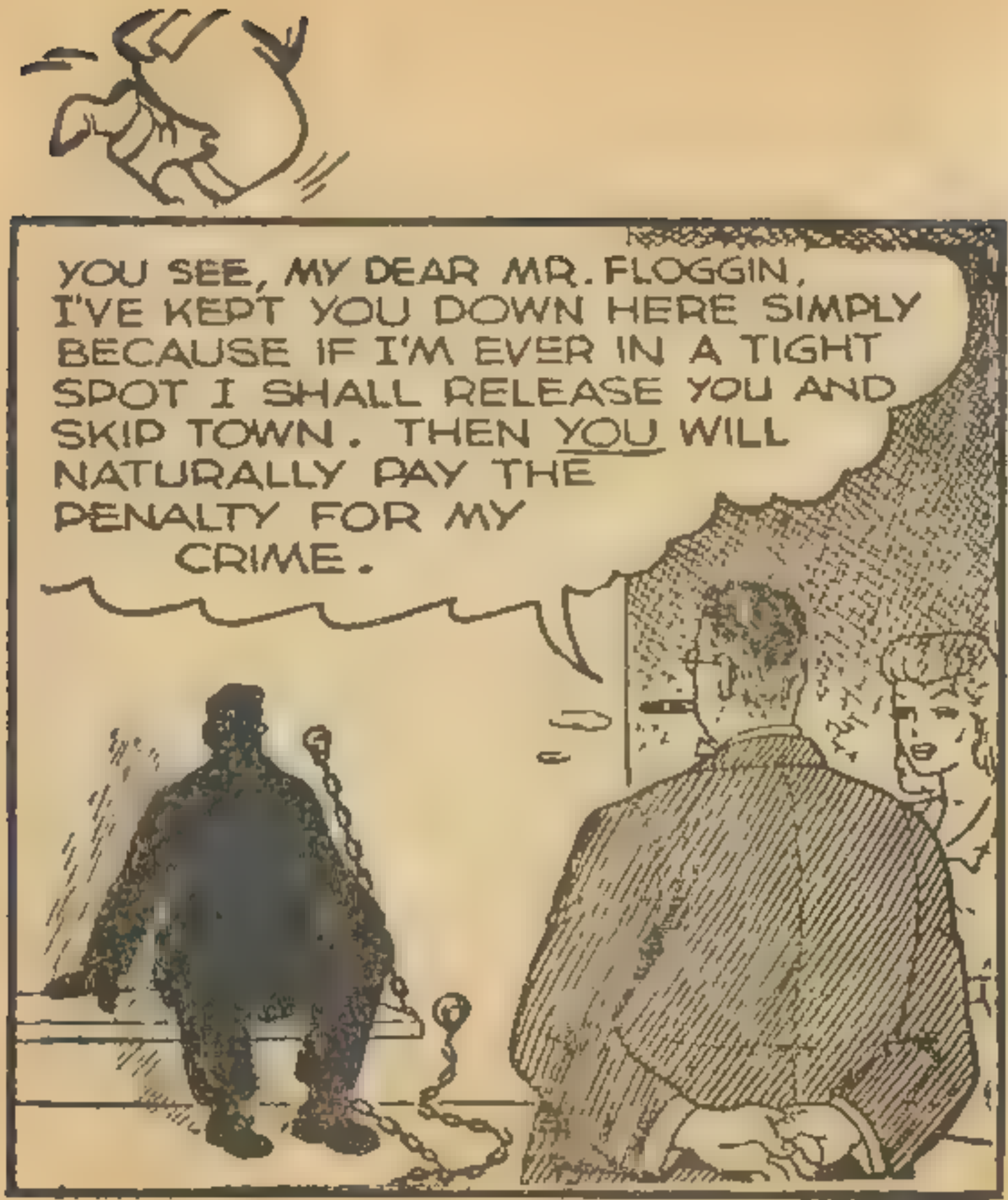

YES, FLOGGIN, IT WAS MY LUCKY DAY WHEN I RAN ACROSS YOU. I WAS A PAUPER THEN AND NOW I'M RAPIDLY BECOMING EXTREMELY WEALTHY.
HOW LONG DO YOU THINK YOU CAN IMPERSONATE ME, YOU FOOL! YOU'LL BE CAUGHT AND SPEND THE REST OF YOUR LIFE IN PRISON.

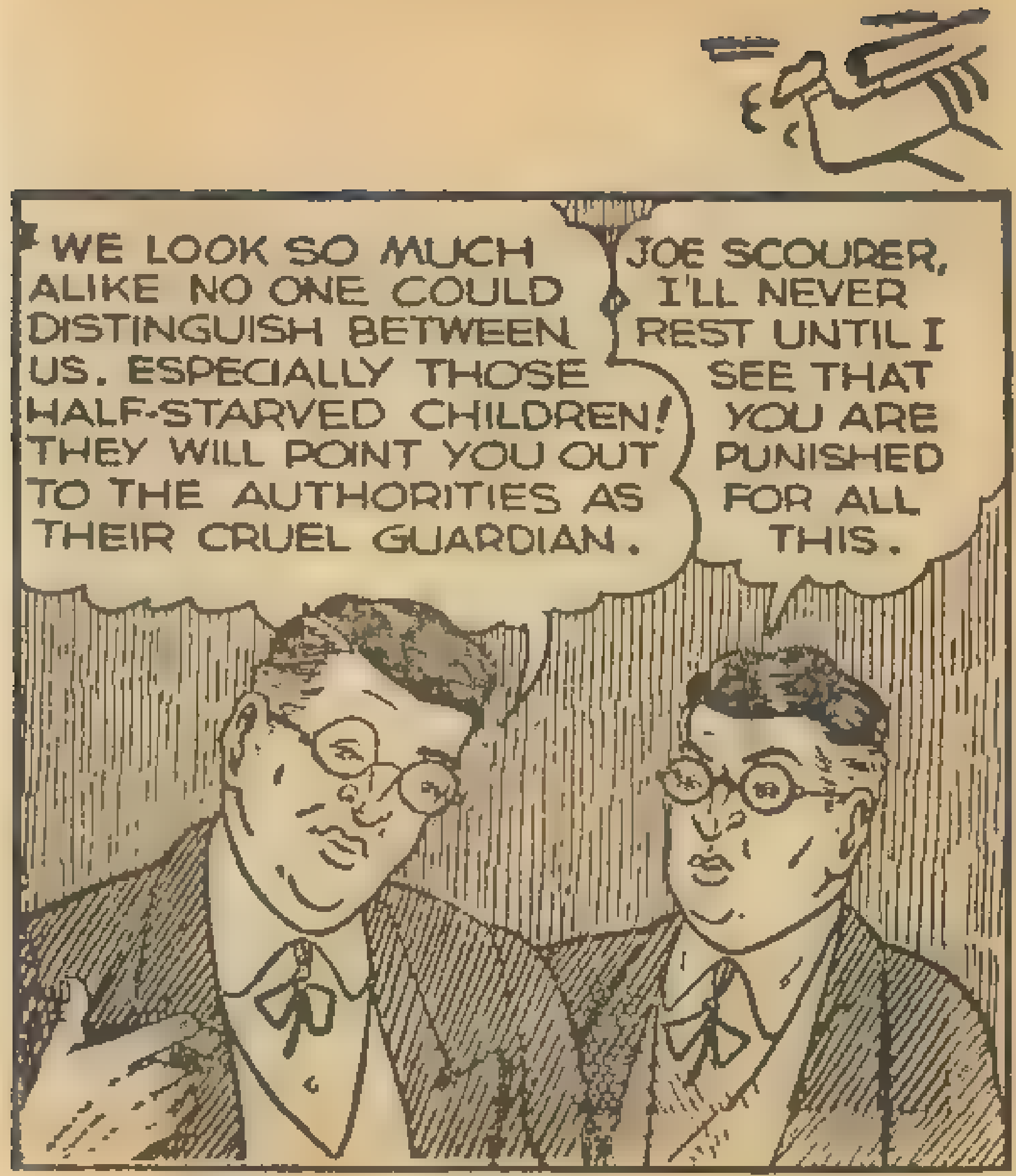

YOU CAN'T IMPERSONATE ME FOREVER, SCOURER! YOU'LL BE CAUGHT SOONER OR LATER.
BUT I'M NOT JOE SCOURER ANY MORE. I'M FLOGGIN! FRITZ FLOGGIN! YOU!


THEY SAY EVERYONE HAS A DOUBLE IN THIS WORLD SOMEWHERE AND I WAS FORTUNATE TO FIND MINE. I'VE MADE THIS ORPHANAGE OF YOURS INTO A GOLD MINE, FLOGGIN.


BUT THE CHILDREN? WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO THEM?
RIGHT NOW I'VE GOT THEM ON A THREE YEAR DIET!

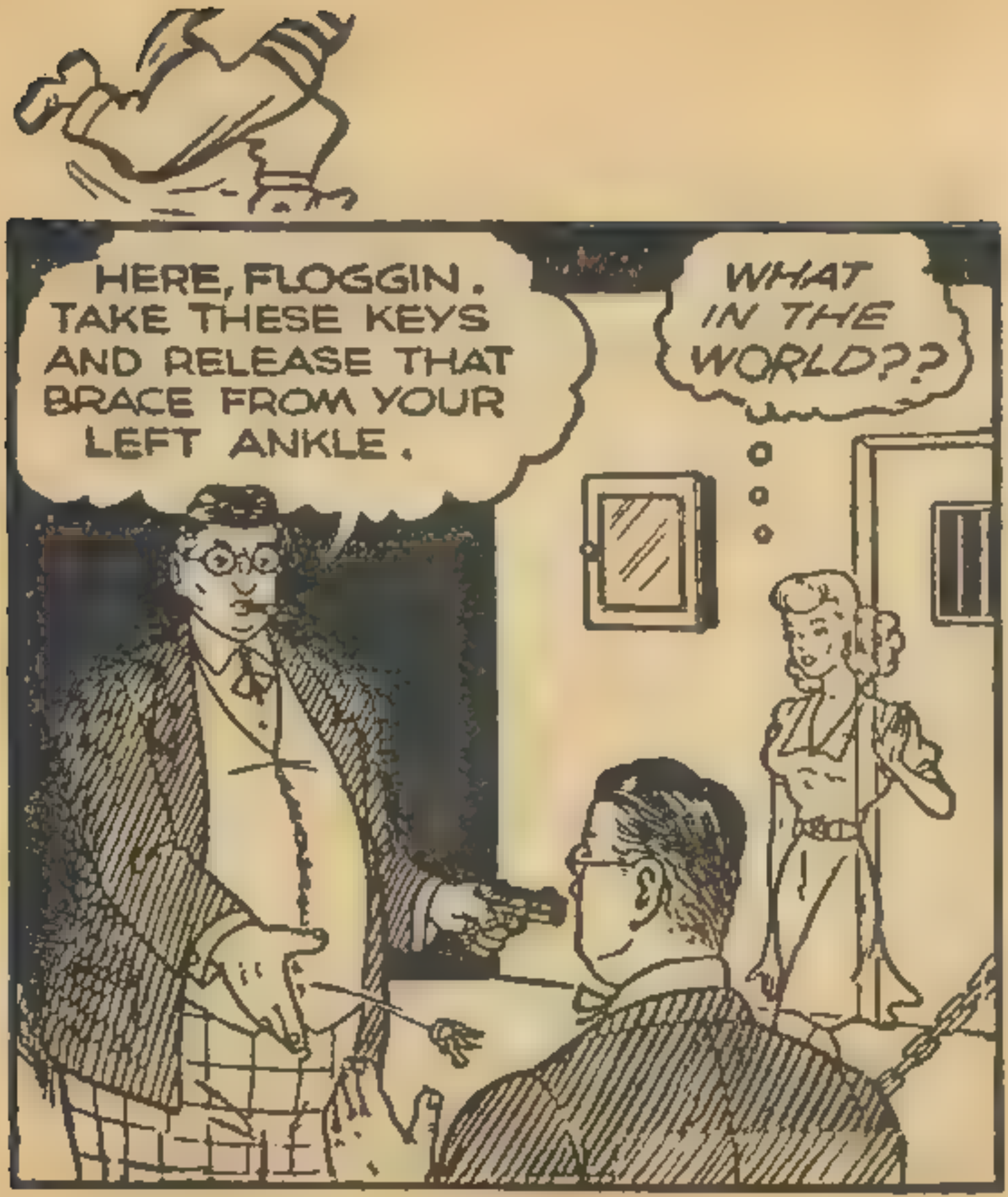

I'LL SOON HAVE ALL THE MONEY I NEED. BUT SHOULD THE AUTHORITIES INVESTIGATE BEFORE I'M READY TO LEAVE - I'LL RELEASE YOU FROM THIS HOLE AND SKIP TOWN. THE CHILDREN WILL POINT YOU OUT AS THEIR MEAN AND GREEDY GUARDIAN. YOU WILL BE LEFT HOLDING THE BAG, NOT I.


YOU SEE, MY DEAR MR. FLOGGIN, I'VE KEPT YOU DOWN HERE SIMPLY BECAUSE IF I'M EVER IN A TIGHT SPOT I SHALL RELEASE YOU AND SKIP TOWN. THEN YOU WILL NATURALLY PAY THE PENALTY FOR MY CRIME.


WE LOOK SO MUCH ALIKE NO ONE COULD DISTINGUISH BETWEEN US. ESPECIALLY THOSE HALF-STARVED CHILDREN! THEY WILL POINT YOU OUT TO THE AUTHORITIES AS THEIR CRUEL GUARDIAN.
JOE SCOURER, I'LL NEVER REST UNTIL I SEE THAT YOU ARE PUNISHED FOR ALL THIS.


IF I DIDN'T SEE THIS I'D NEVER BELIEVE IT. TWO PEOPLE WHO LOOK IDENTICAL BUT ONE IS A MAN--THE OTHER A FIEND.
OOOO


SO FAR I'VE MADE NO SLIP-UPS, FLOGGIN, AND I DO NOT INTEND TO.
HIM! HE MADE ONE WHEN HE STOPPED IN PERRYSVILLE AND I GOT INTO HIS CAR.


HERE, FLOGGIN. TAKE THESE KEYS AND RELEASE THAT BRACE FROM YOUR LEFT ANKLE.
WHAT IN THE WORLD??

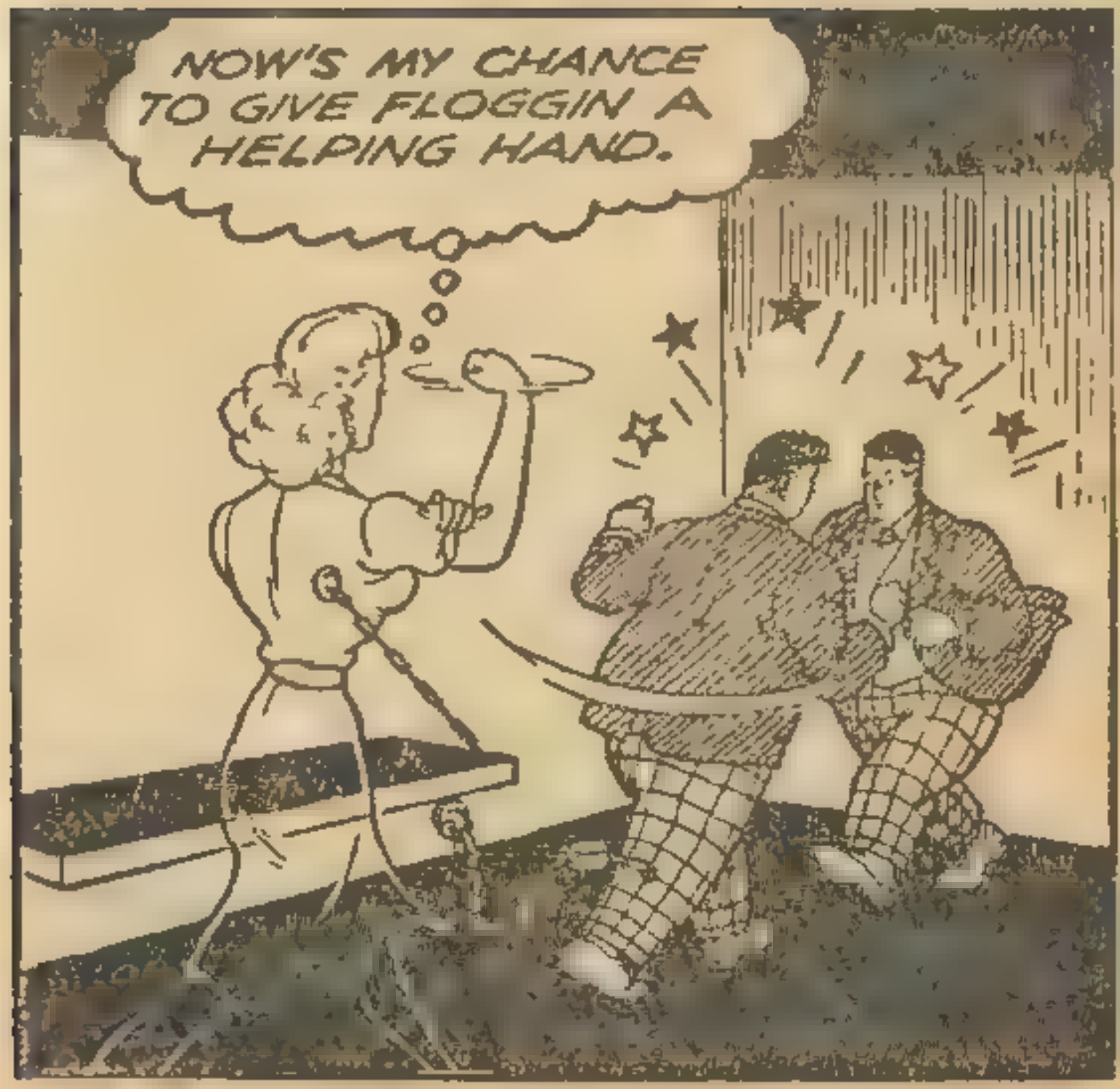

YOU MUST HAVE NO TELL-TALE MARKS ON YOU-- THAT'S WHY I ALLOW YOU TO REMOVE IT FOR A SHORT TIME EACH DAY. BUT, REMEMBER, I HAVE YOU COVERED! NO FUNNY BUSINESS!


OUCH!
WHAT IN--
??
WHACK!


UGH!


I KICKED THE GUN FROM SCOURER'S HAND AND FLOGGIN IMMEDIATELY TOOK ADVANTAGE OF THE SITUATION.




NOW'S MY CHANCE TO GIVE FLOGGIN A HELPING HAND.


I'LL GIVE SCOURER A COUPLE OF CRACKS AND-
HEY!
I JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHING.
THUD!


HOW AM I GOING TO TELL THEM APART ?? I DON'T KNOW WHICH ONE TO HELP.


THESE TWO LOOK IDENTICALLY THE SAME. I CAN'T TELL WHICH IS FLOGGIN OR WHICH IS SCOURER


I'VE GOT TO TAKE A CHANCE. THIS ONE SEEMS TO BE SCOURER. I'LL HIT HIM.


WHAM!

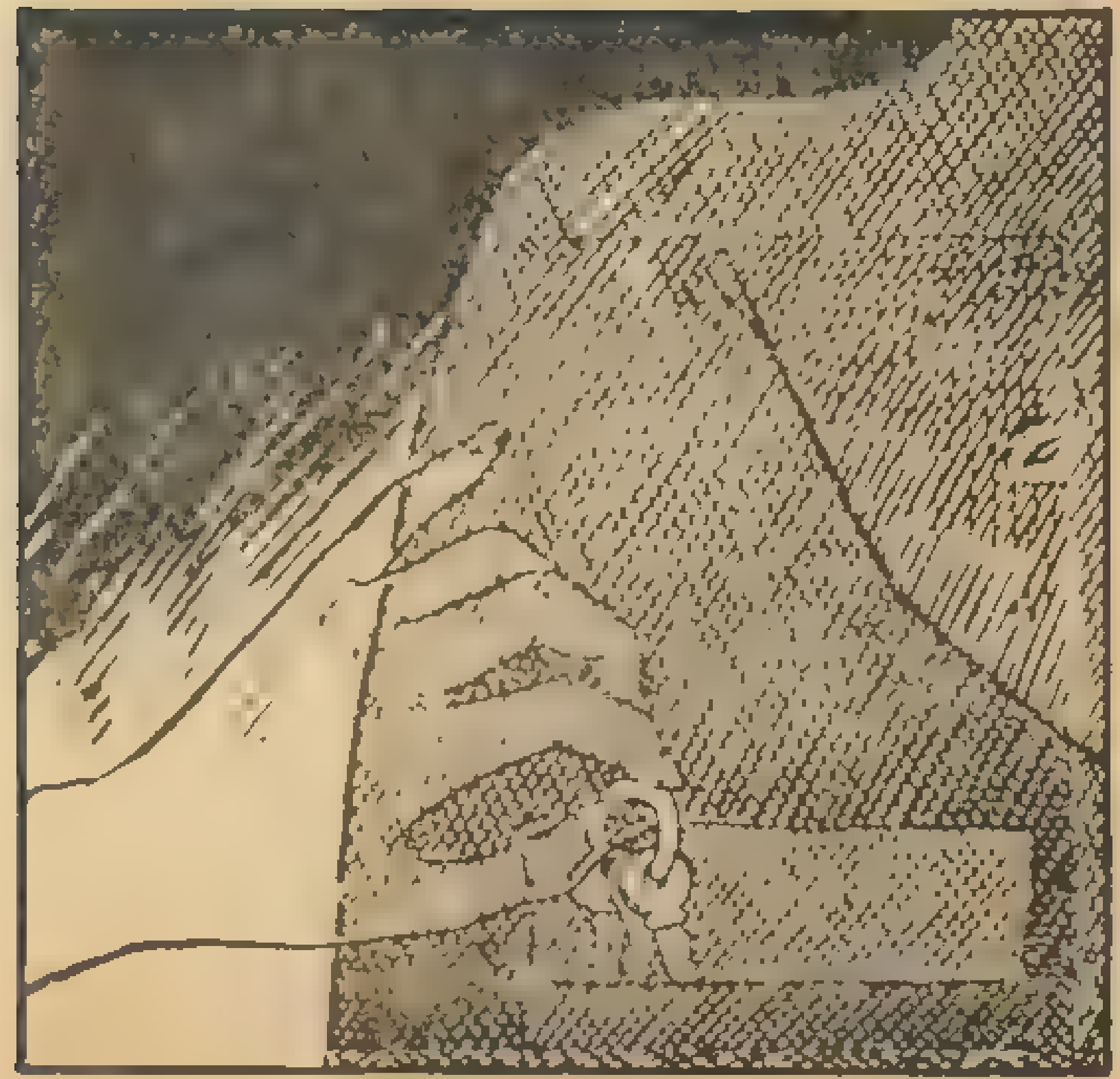

HA! HA! THOUGHT YOU HAD ME EH, FLOGGIN?
OH-H-H-
GOOD HEAVENS! THE WRONG ONE.


YOU PUT UP A GOOD FIGHT, FLOGGIN, BUT IT DID YOU NO GOOD.
YOU'LL BE CAUGHT YET, SCOURER. JUST WAIT!


BAH!
GOOD AFTERNOON,
"CHUMP"!
CLICK



AFTER CAREFULLY LOCKING THE DOOR AND IMPRISONING FLOGGIN IN THE CELL, SCOURER PUT THE KEYS IN HIS POCKET ONLY TO HAVE THEM LIFTED BY THE INVISIBLE HAND.




THERE! NOW I'LL WAIT UNTIL HE RETURNS UPSTAIRS. THEN I'LL RELEASE MR. FLOGGIN.


THAT SOUNDS LIKE SOMEONE UNLOCKING THE DOOR. BUT I SEE NO ONE.
CLICK


SURE ENOUGH! WELL, I'LL BE-- THE KEYS!


WHAT IS THIS, SCOURER? ANOTHER ONE OF YOUR TRICKS?


HM! THIS IS STRANGE. WELL I'M NOT GOING TO BOTHER TRYING TO FIGURE IT OUT NOW. I'VE GOT TO GET UPSTAIRS AND BRING THIS SCHEME OF SCOURER'S TO AN END.


I'D BETTER RUN AHEAD AND SEE THAT THE COAST IS CLEAR FOR FLOGGIN.

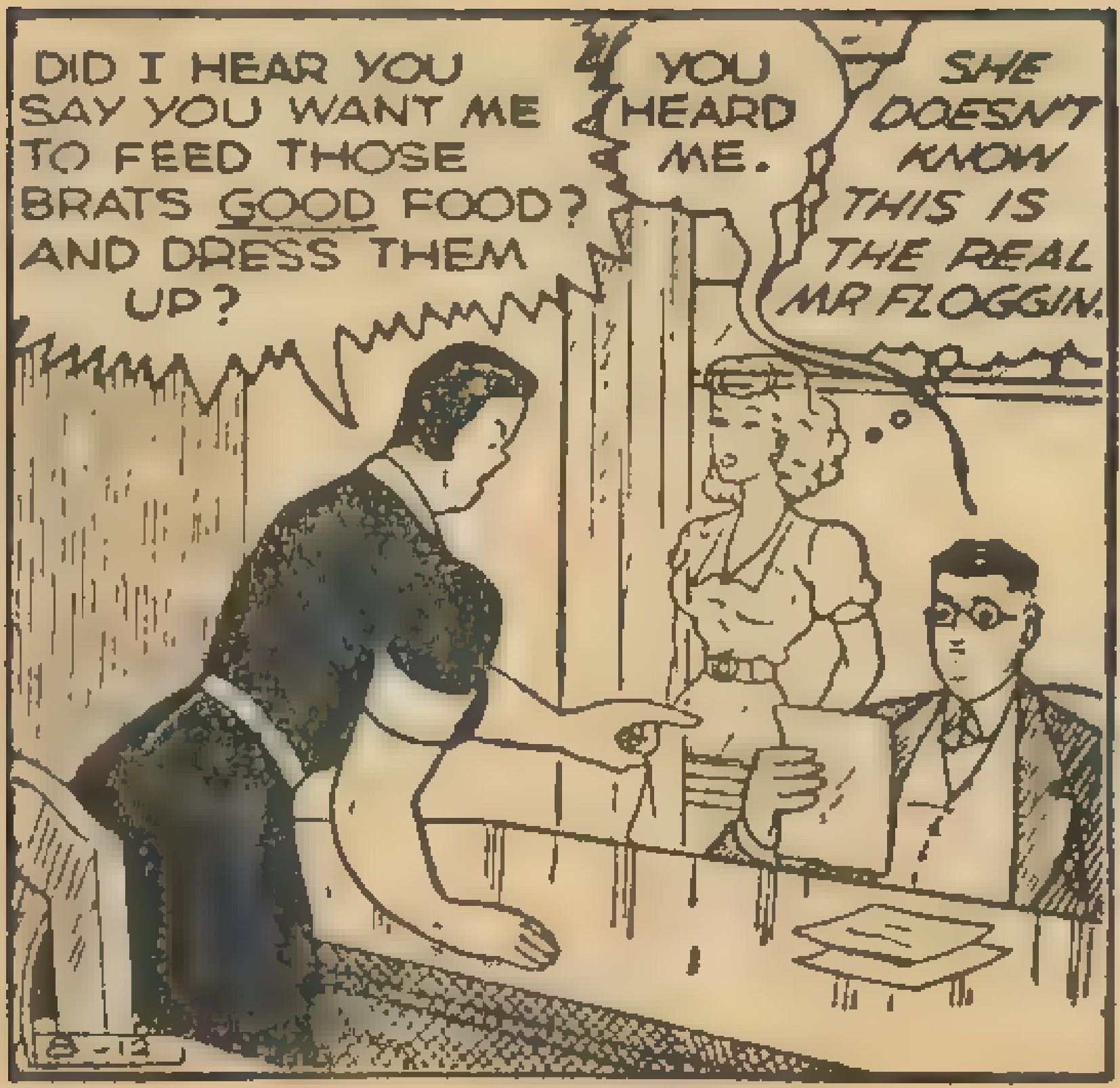

I'VE PRESSED THIS BUTTON... THE TRAP DOOR IS OPENING.


SCOURER ISN'T AROUND. I GUESS IT'S OKAY.



FLOGGIN CLIMBS THROUGH THE TRAP DOOR, QUICKLY PRESSES THE BUTTON BEHIND THE BOOKCASE, AND THE DESK ROLLS BACK OVER THE TRAP DOOR MRS. WORT ENTERS THE ROOM

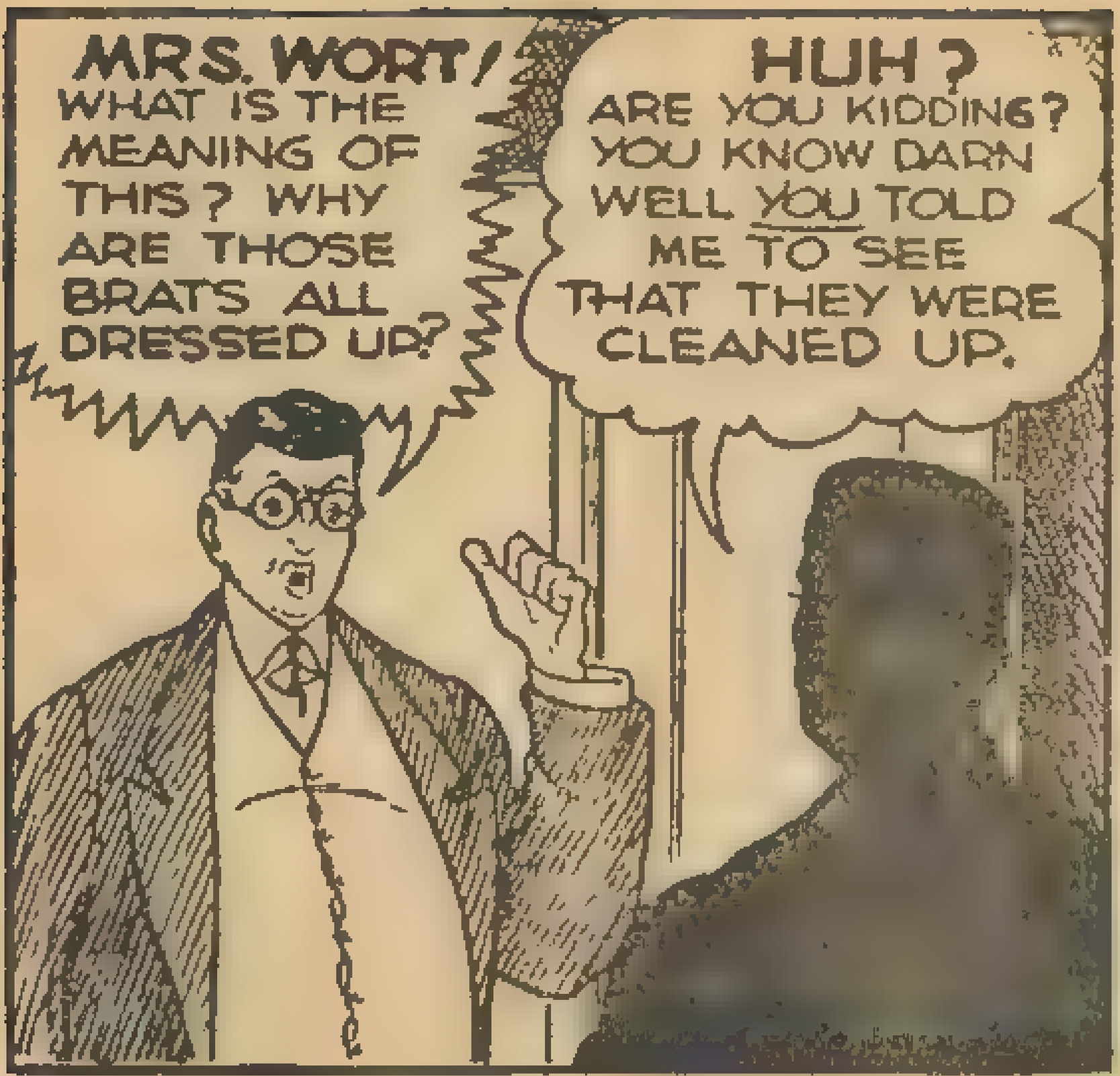

THOSE KIDS ARE ON A RAMPAGE AGAIN. I'VE GOT TO..
JUST A MINUTE! WE'RE GOING TO CHANGE OUR TACTICS I WANT YOU TO SEE THAT THE CHILDREN ARE FED PROPERLY AND DRESSED IN DECENT LOOKING CLOTHING.


DID I HEAR YOU SAY YOU WANT ME TO FEED THOSE BRATS GOOD FOOD? AND DRESS THEM UP?
YOU HEARD ME.
SHE DOESN'T KNOW THIS IS THE REAL MR FLOGGIN.


YOU'RE SURE YOU'RE FEELING ALL RIGHT, FRITZ ?
DO AS I SAY AND GET OUT!

LATER, SCOURER, THE FALSE
MR. FLOGGIN, WALKS THROUGH
THE YARD OF THE ORPHANAGE,


WHAT IN ??
PRETTY KEEN EH, FELLER'S ?
YEAH!


MRS. WORT! WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS? WHY ARE THOSE BRATS ALL DRESSED UP?
HUH? ARE YOU KIDDING? YOU KNOW DARN WELL YOU TOLD ME TO SEE THAT THEY WERE CLEANED UP.


WHAT DO YOU MEAN I ORDERED YOU TO DRESS THOSE BRATS IN THEIR GOOD CLOTHING? I DID NO SUCH THING.
BUT YOU DID! YOU WERE IN YOUR OFFICE JUST FIFTEEN MINUTES AGO AND TOLD ME.


(GOOD HEAVENS! I HAVENT BEEN IN THE BUILDING IN THE LAST HOUR. I WONDER? BUT, NO, HE COULDNT ESCAPE FROM HIS CELL. STILL---)



MEANWHILE: IN THE OFFICE, OUR INVISIBLE HEROINE, WONDERING WHAT THE REAL MR. FLOGGIN WILL DO NEXT, IS PLEASED TO HEAR HIM PUT IN A CALL FOR THE POLICE.


FLOGGIN IS PHONING THE POLICE.
YES__SEND A FEW OF YOUR MEN OUT HERE IMMEDIATELY.


(SO HE DID GET OUT I DIDN'T WANT TO DO THIS JUST YET BUT__)
INVISIBLE SCARLET IS UNAWARE THAT SHE IS STANDING DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF AN AUTOMATIC


I'LL PUT HIM OUT OF MY WAY FOR GOOD THIS TIME.



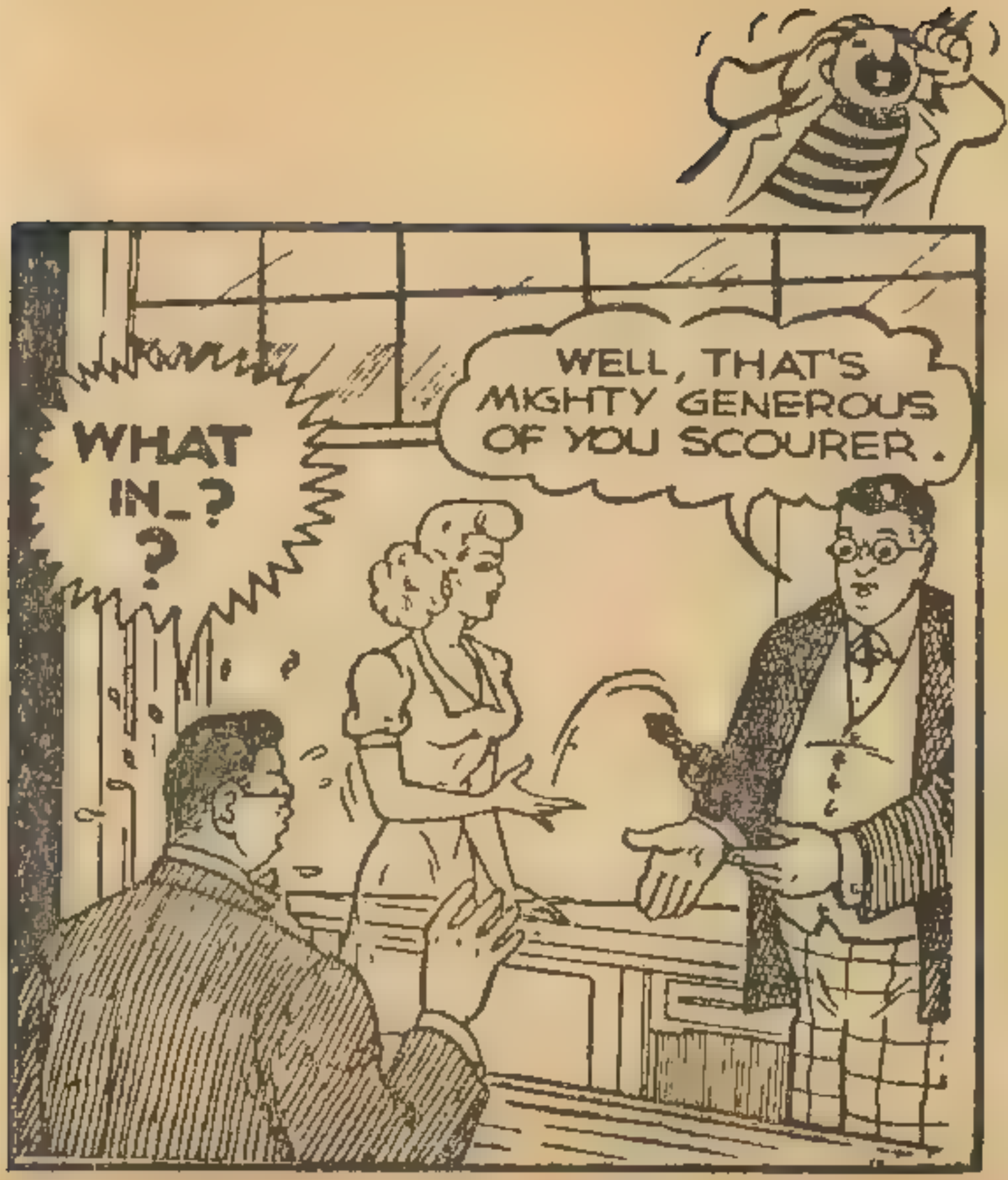
BUT AS SCOURER STRETCHES HIS ARM FORWARD TO TAKE CAREFUL AIM. THE GUN JABS INVISIBLE SCARLET IN THE BACK SHE TURNS AND GRABS SCOURER'S ARM.

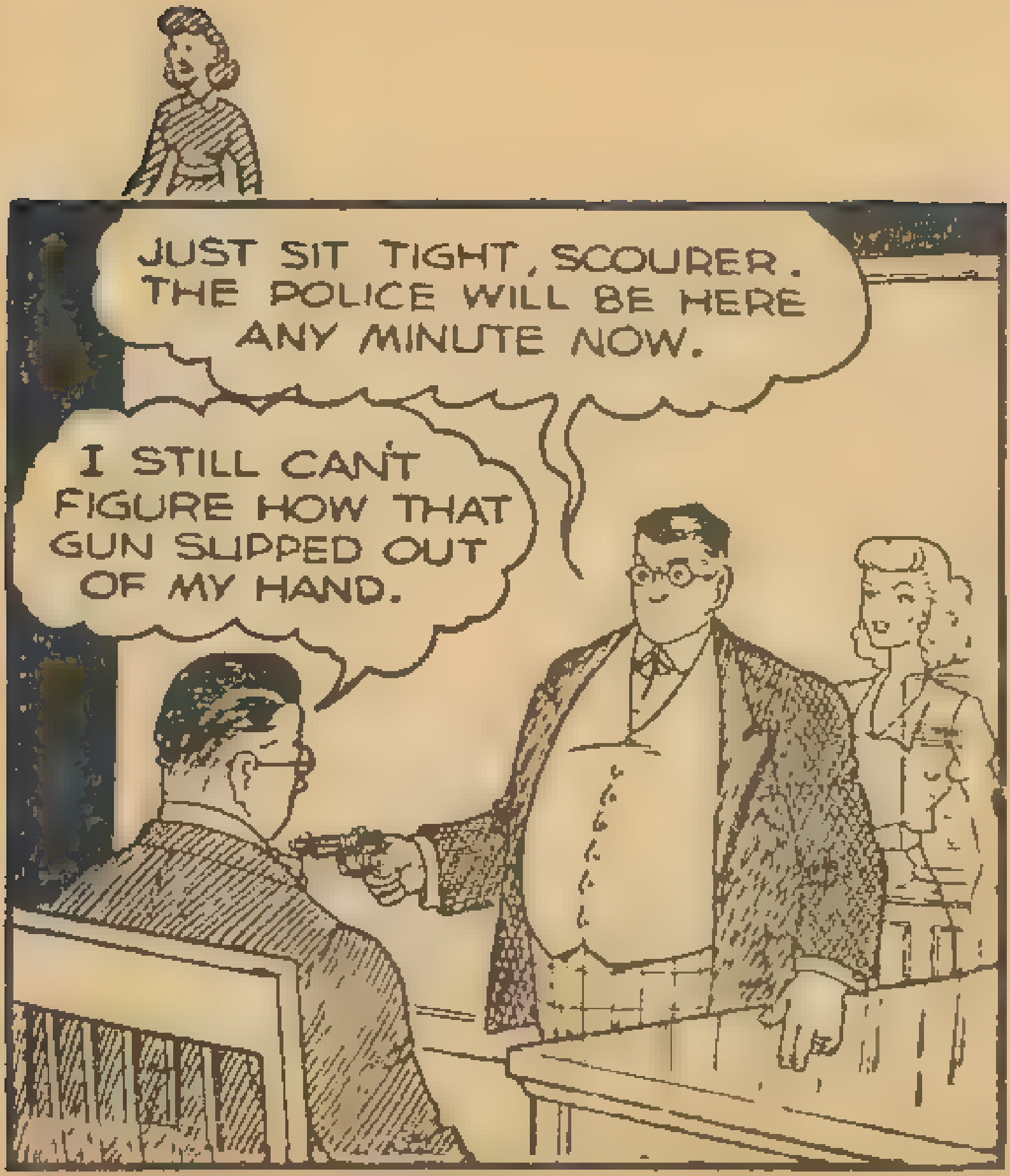



BANG!

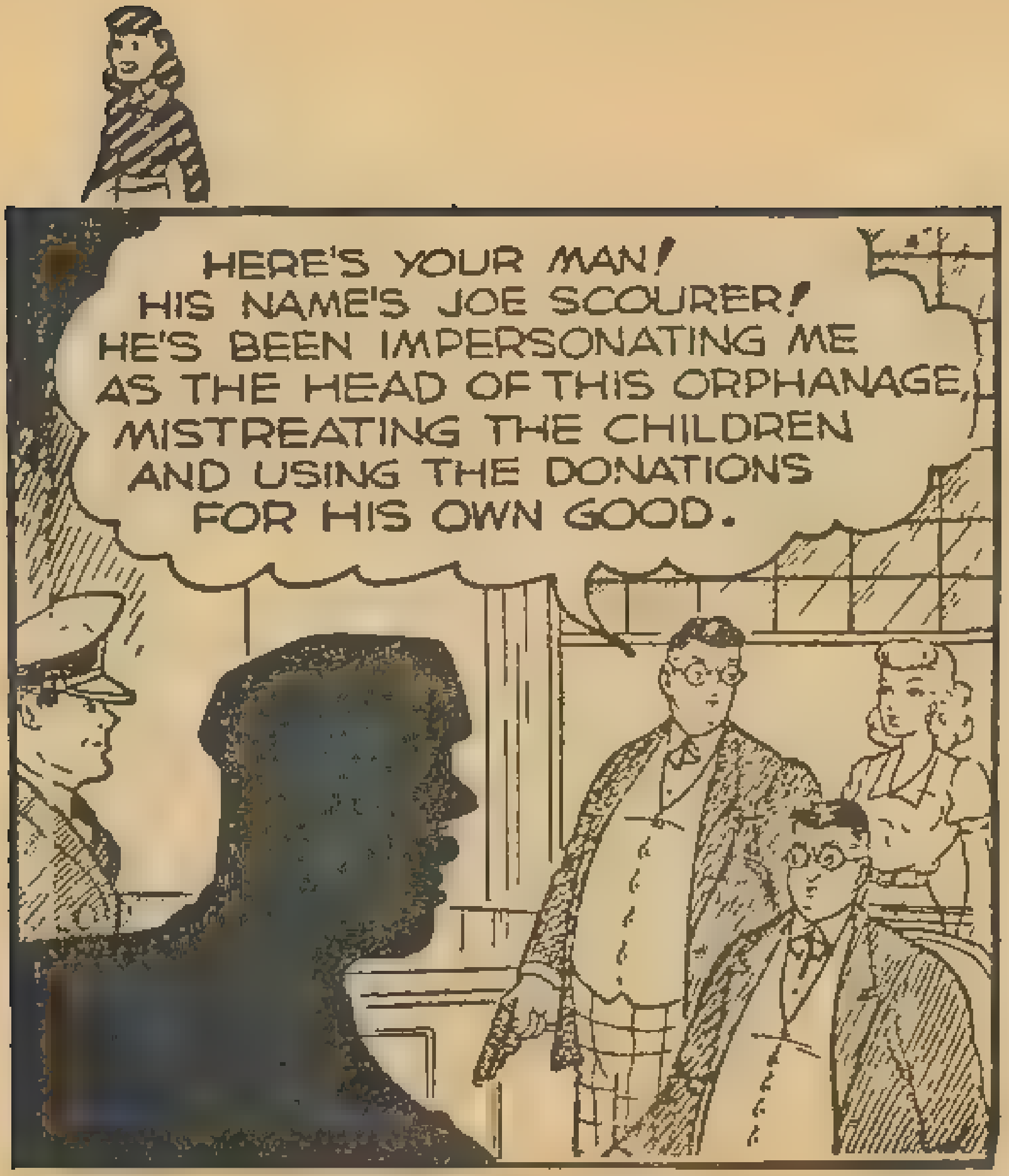


SCARLET TWISTS THE GUN FROM SCOURER'S HAND, AND TO HIS AMAZEMENT, THE AUTOMATIC IS LIGHTLY TOSSED INTO THE HANDS OF THE SURPRIZED BUT PLEASED FLOGGIN.


WELL, THAT'S MIGHTY GENEROUS OF YOU SCOURER.
WHAT IN_?
?


JUST SIT TIGHT, SCOURER. THE POLICE WILL BE HERE ANY MINUTE NOW.
I STILL CAN'T FIGURE HOW THAT GUN SLIPPED OUT OF MY HAND.

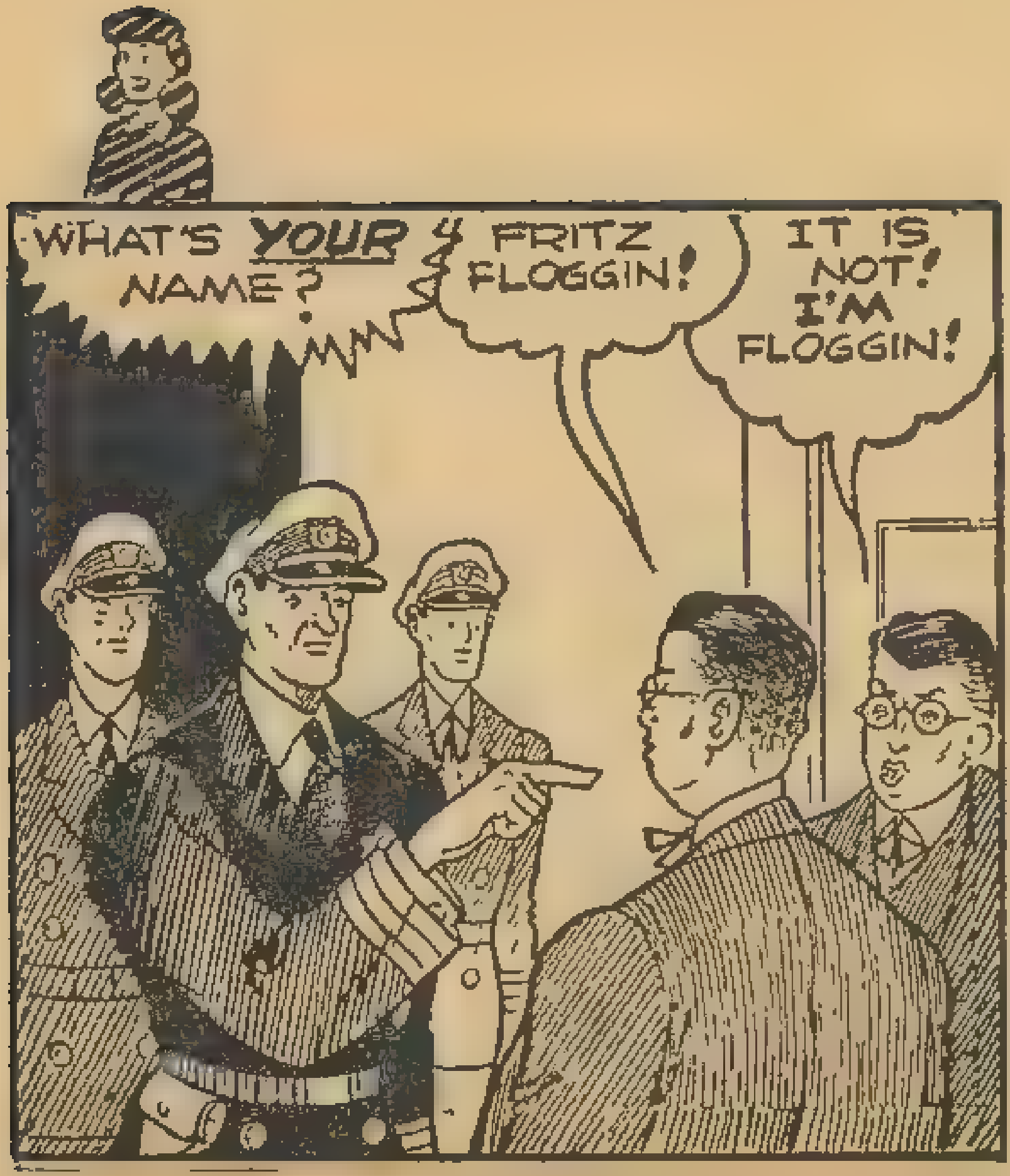



HERE'S YOUR MAN! HIS NAME'S JOE SCOURER! HE'S BEEN IMPERSONATING ME AS THE HEAD OF THIS ORPHANAGE, MISTREATING THE CHILDREN AND USING THE DONATIONS FOR HIS OWN GOOD.


HE'S LYING!
I'M FRITZ FLOGGIN! HE'S JOE SCOURER I TELL YOU. HE'S TRYING TO TRICK YOU.
?


HE'S JOE SCOURER I TELL YOU.
HE'S LYING, OFFICER. I'M FRITZ FLOGGIN, THE HEAD OF THIS ORPHANAGE.


NOW WAIT A MINUTE!
LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT.

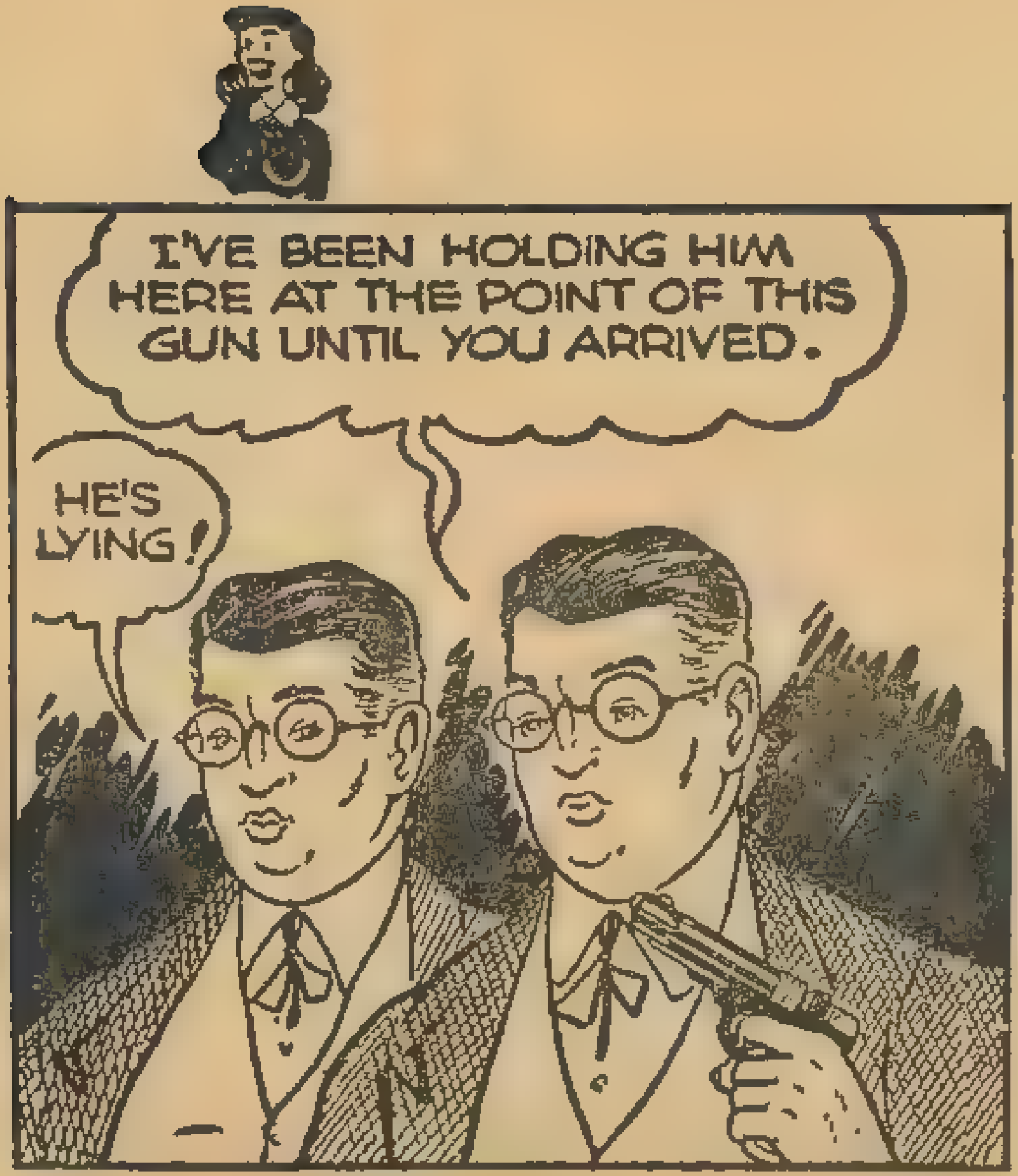

WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
FRITZ FLOGGIN!
IT IS NOT! I'M FLOGGIN!

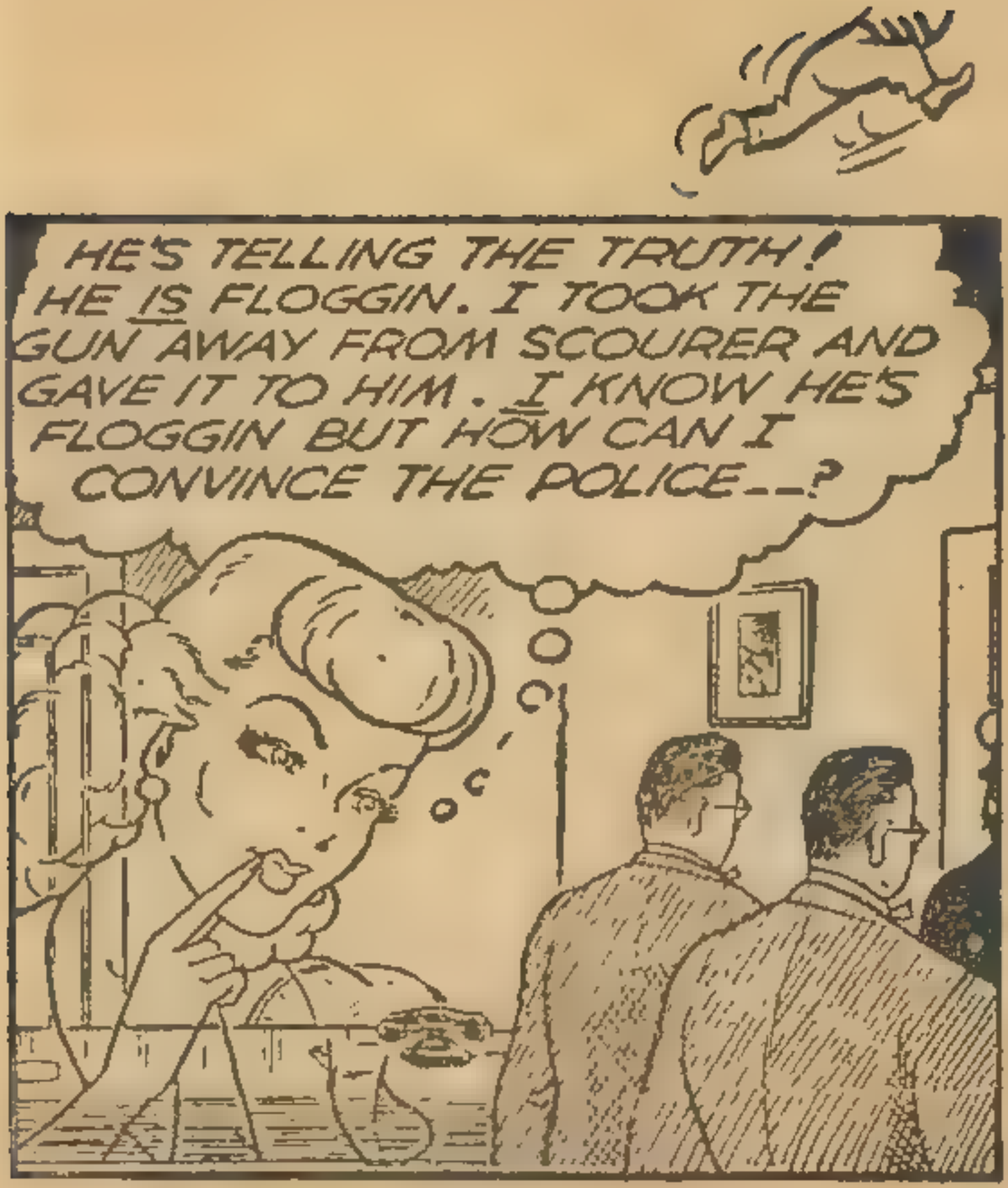

THIS IS DEVELOPING INTO QUITE A PUZZLE. THERE MUST BE SOME WAY TO TELL THEM APART.



CAN INVISIBLE SCARLET SOLVE THIS CONUNDRUM ? IF THE POLICE TAKE THE WRONG MAN, THE ORPHANS WILL CONTINUE TO SUFFER HER NIMBLE BRAIN TRIES TO FIND A SOLUTION TO THE PUZZLE

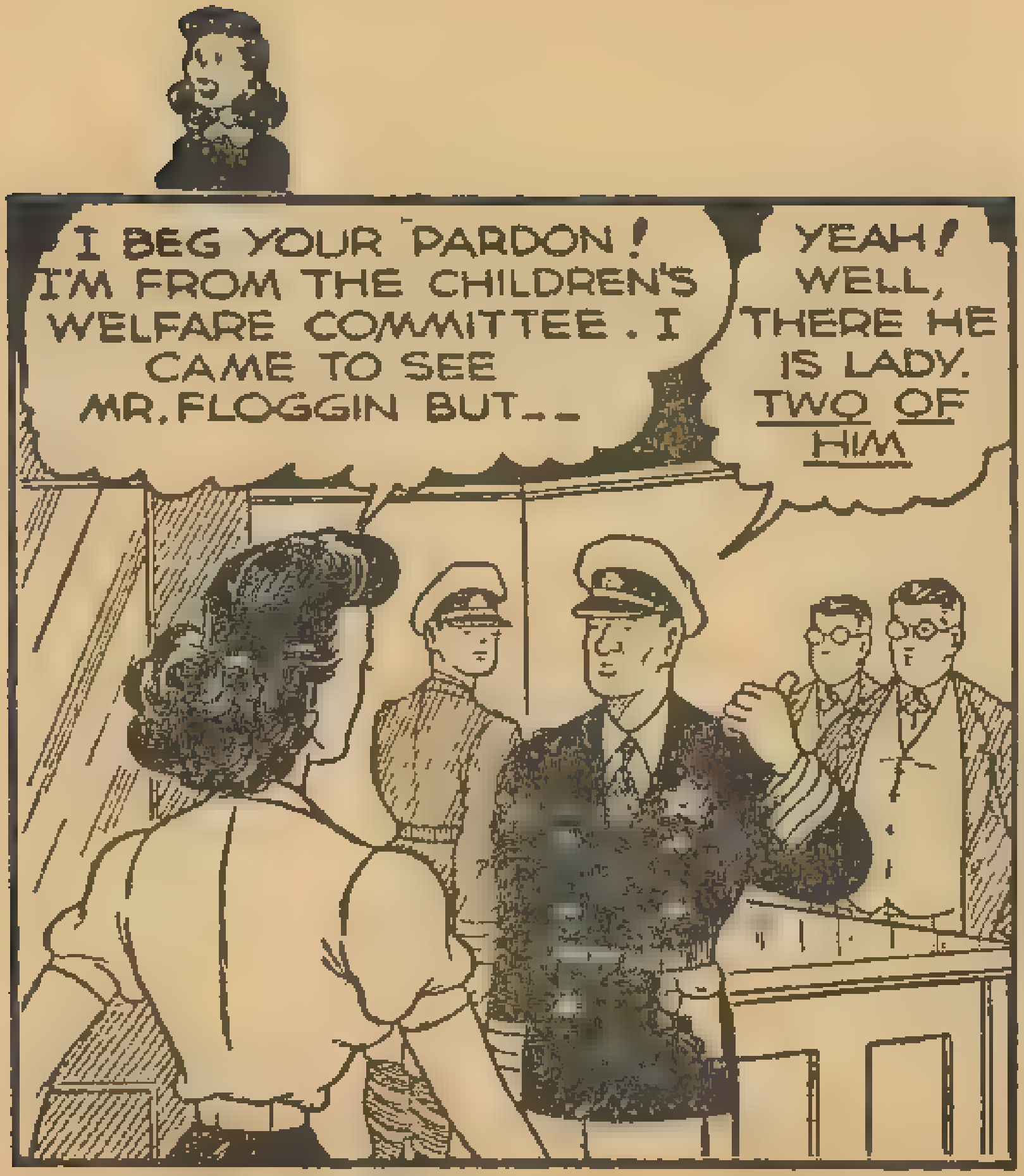

BELIEVE ME, OFFICERS! I'M FRITZ FLOGGIN! THIS MAN IS AN IMPOSTOR.


I'VE BEEN HOLDING HIM HERE AT THE POINT OF THIS GUN UNTIL YOU ARRIVED.
HE'S LYING!


HE'S TELLING THE TRUTH! HE IS FLOGGIN. I TOOK THE GUN AWAY FROM SCOURER AND GAVE IT TO HIM. I KNOW HE'S FLOGGIN BUT HOW CAN I CONVINCE THE POLICE--?

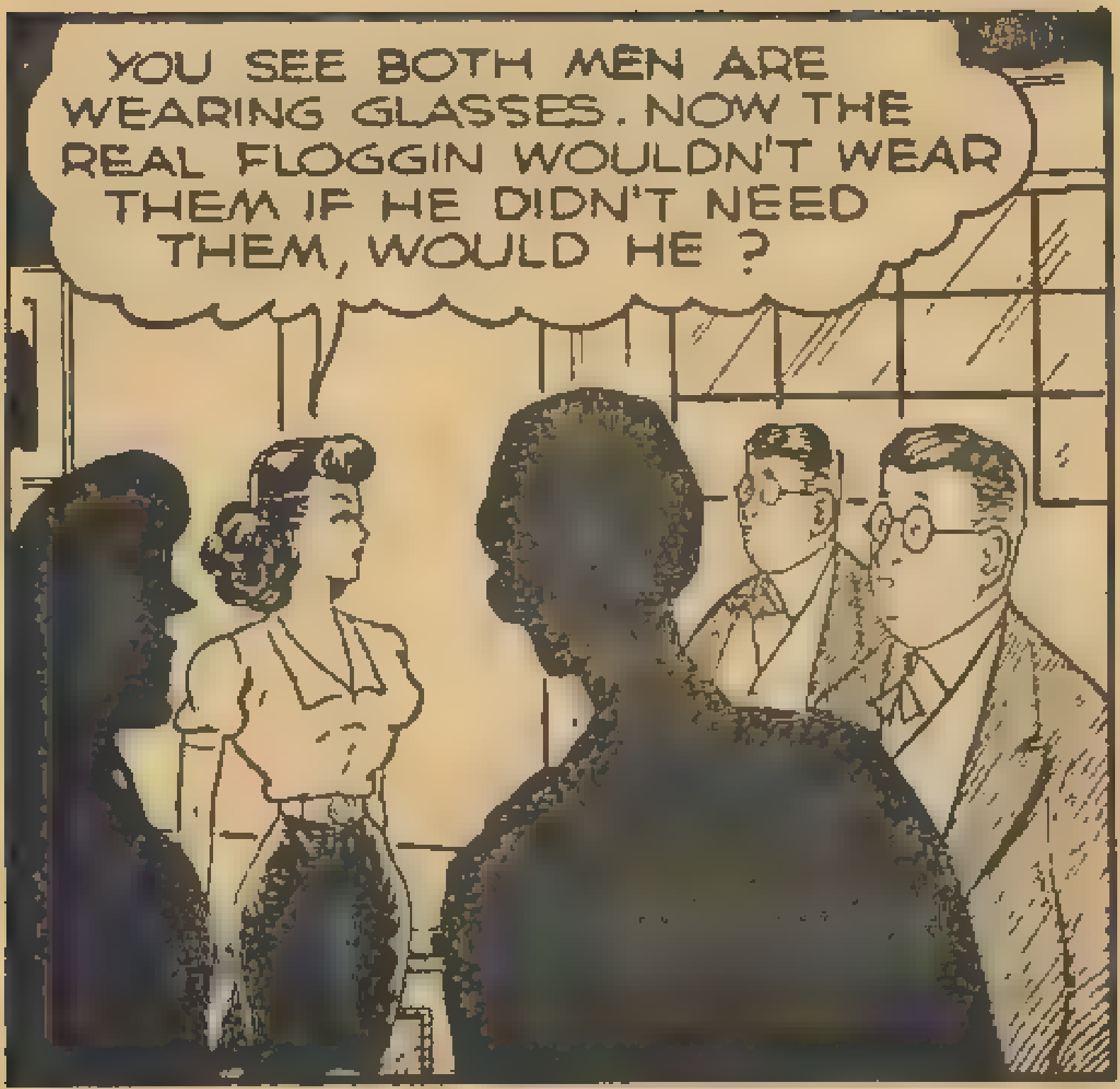

I--I THINK I'VE GOT IT!


I'VE FINALLY FIGURED OUT A WAY TO DISTINGUISH BETWEEN FLOGGIN AND SCOURER I CAME OUT INTO THIS HALLWAY BECAUSE I MUST MAKE MYSELF VISIBLE FIRST.

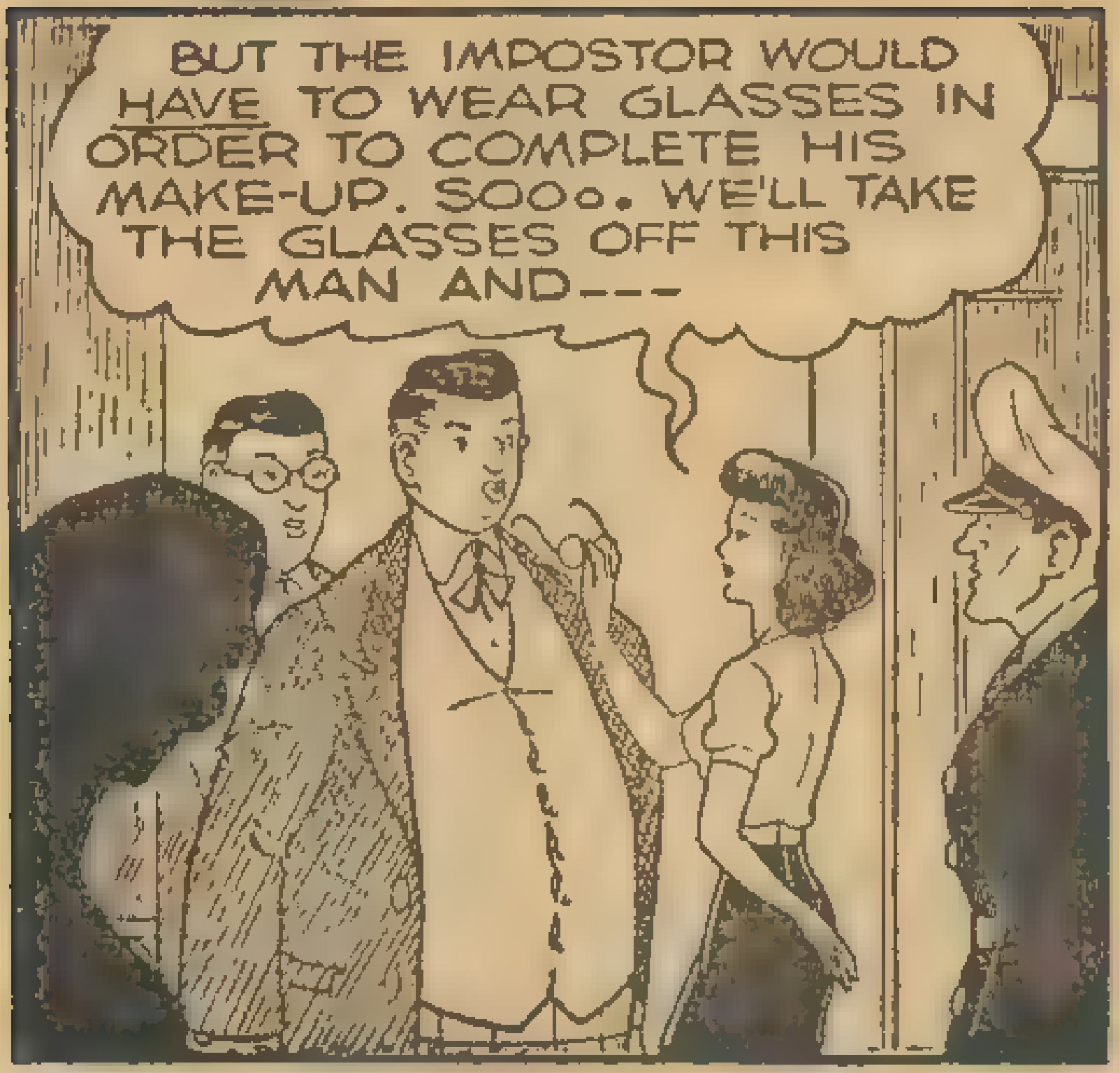

I BEG YOUR PARDON! I'M FROM THE CHILDREN'S WELFARE COMMITTEE. I CAME TO SEE MR. FLOGGIN BUT--
YEAH! WELL, THERE HE IS LADY. TWO OF HIM


THEY BOTH CLAIM THEY'RE FLOGGIN. ONE'S AN IMPOSTOR BUT SO FAR I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO TELL WHICH ONE.
HM! I THINK I CAN DO THAT FOR YOU, OFFICER.


HUH ?
YES, I'M QUITE SURE I CAN! (I HOPE THIS WORKS.)
?


YOU SEE BOTH MEN ARE WEARING GLASSES. NOW THE REAL FLOGGIN WOULDN'T WEAR THEM IF HE DIDN'T NEED THEM, WOULD HE ?




BUT THE IMPOSTOR WOULD HAVE TO WEAR GLASSES IN ORDER TO COMPLETE HIS MAKE-UP. SOOo. WE'LL TAKE THE GLASSES OFF THIS MAN AND---


SURE ENOUGH--
THEY'RE NOTHING BUT
PLAIN GLASS--
THAT'S YOUR MAN, OFFICERS!
WELL, I'LL BE.



AFTER SCARLET PROVES TO THE OFFICERS THAT THE IMPOSTOR SCOURER'S EYEGLASSES ARE NOTHING BUT PLAIN GLASS - HE FURTHER SHOWS HIS GUILT BY TRYING TO MAKE A GETAWAY


YOU'LL NEVER GET ME!

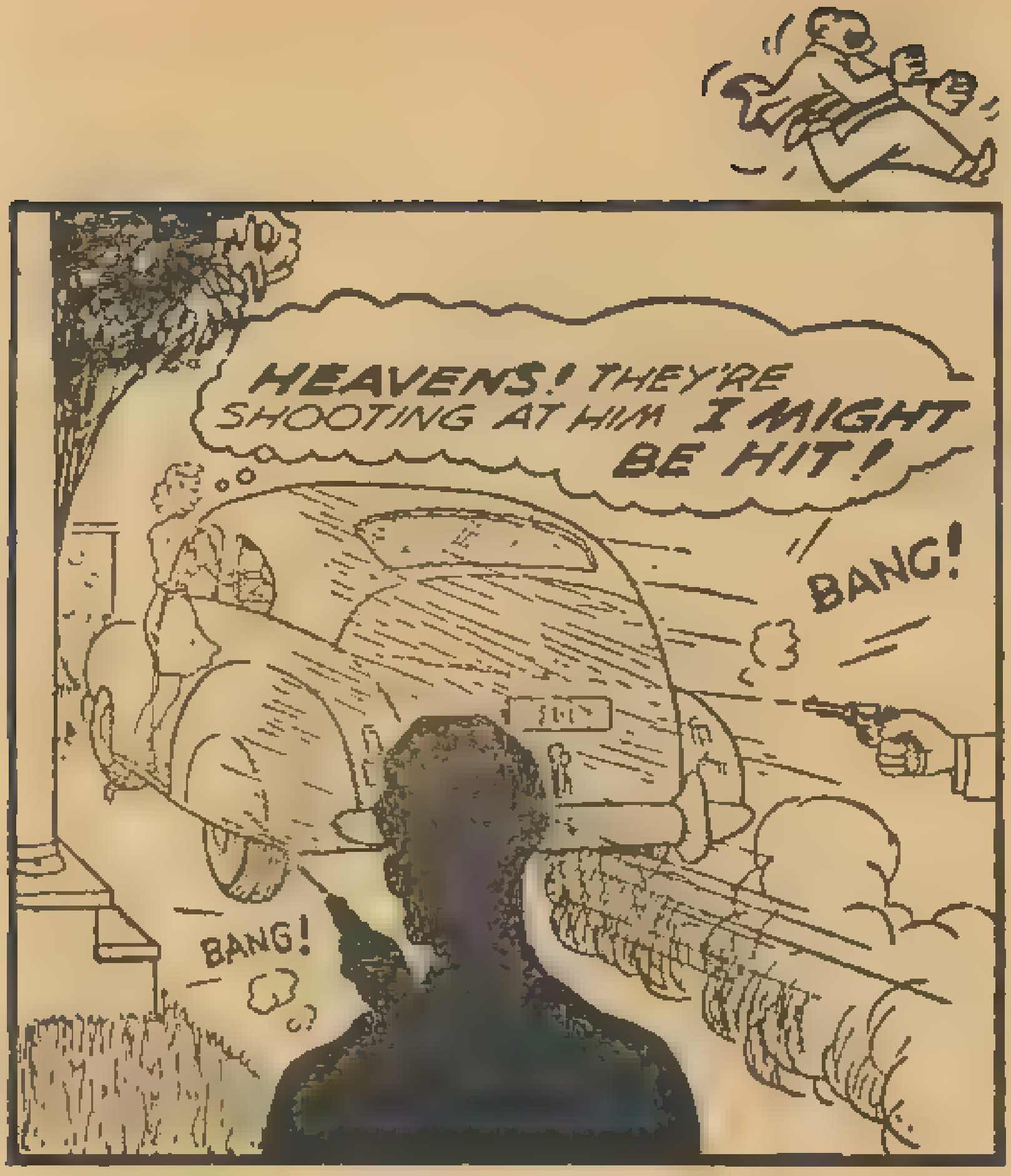

AH! THEIR SQUAD CAR! I CAN GET AWAY IN IT!

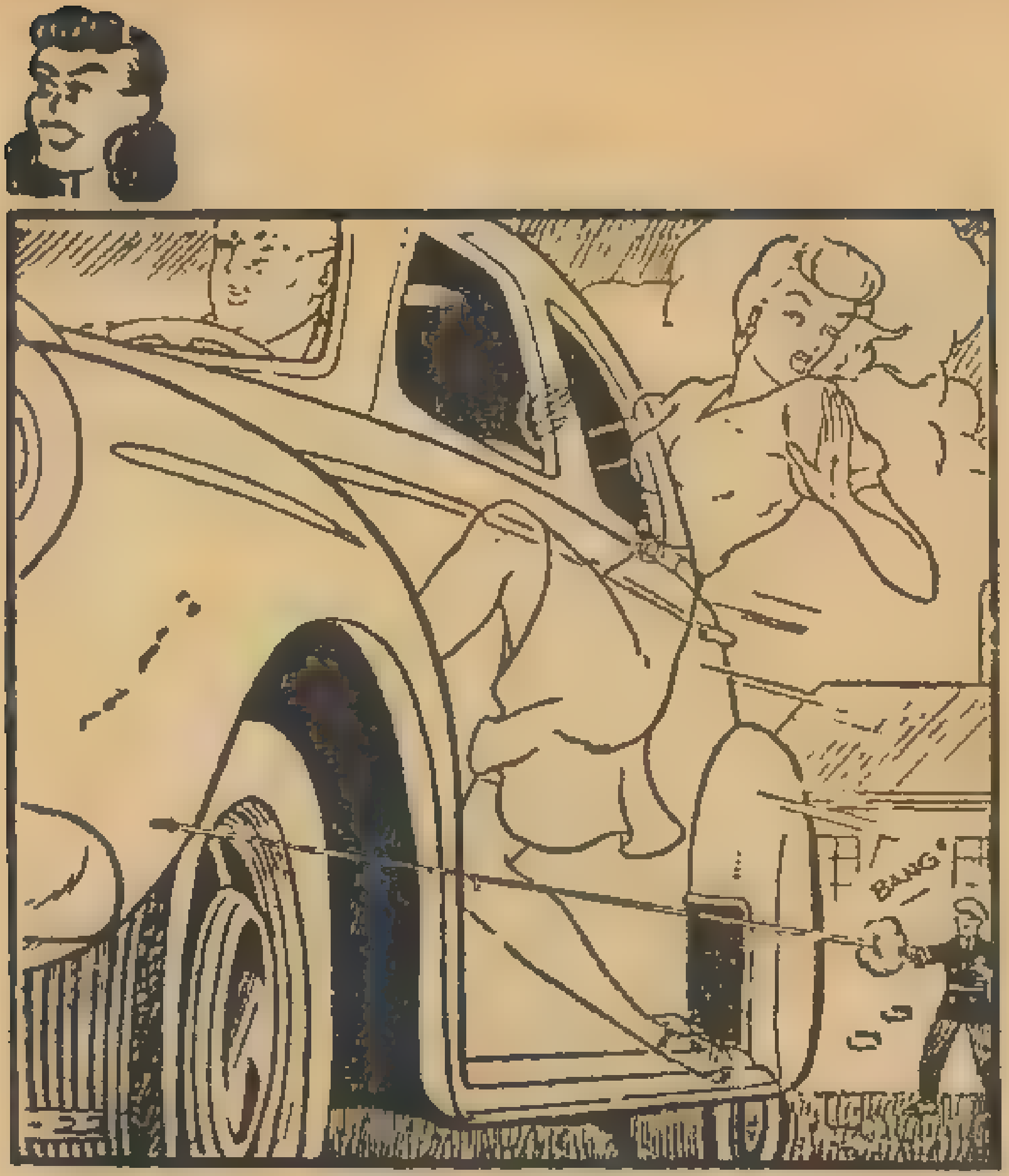


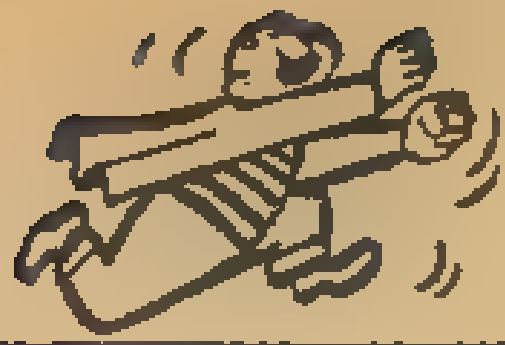

I'VE GOT TO MAKE MYSELF INVISIBLE AGAIN AND STOP HIM.
-RUSSELL



INVISIBLE AGAIN, SCARLET RACES AFTER SCOURER, WHO CLIMBS INTO THE POLICE CAR AND PULLS AWAY JUST AS SCARLET, FORGETTING THAT SHE MIGHT BE ENDANGERING HERSELF, JUMPS ON THE RUNNING BOARD.

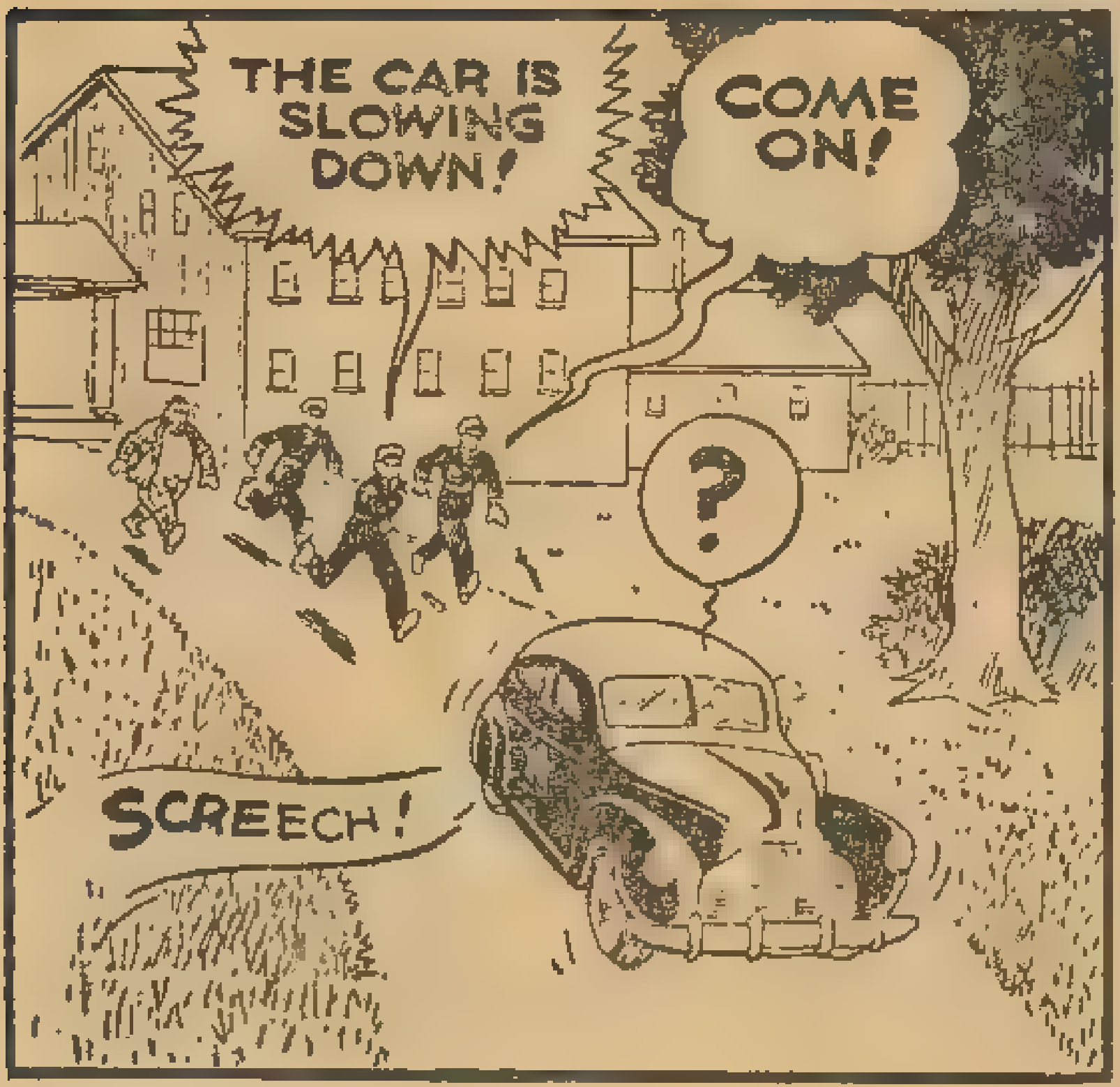

HEAVENS! THEY'RE SHOOTING AT HIM I MIGHT BE HIT!
BANG!
BANG!


BANG

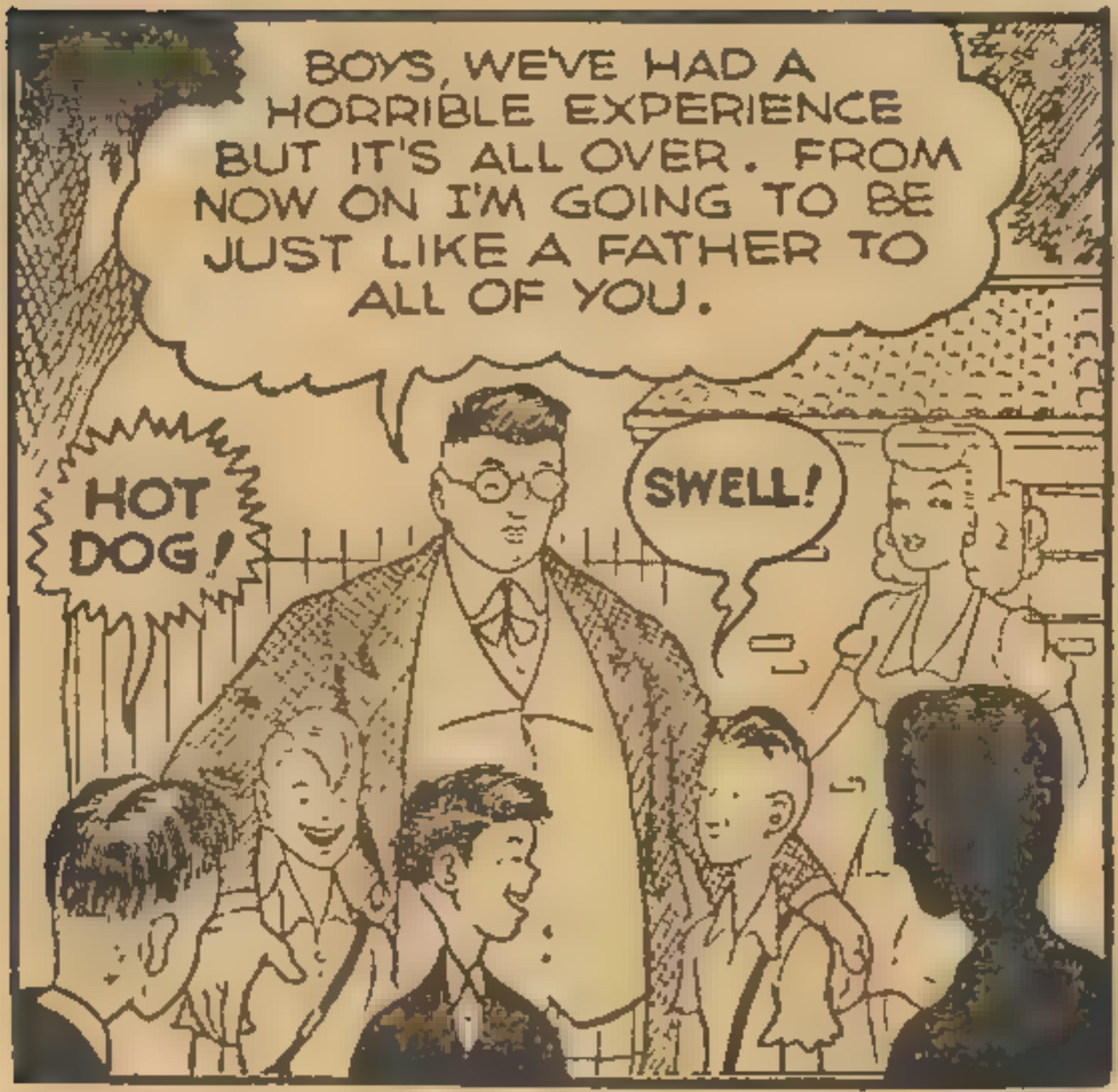


FLATTENING HERSELF AGAINST THE POLICE CAR TO DODGE THE FLYING BULLETS, IN-VISIBLE SARLET REACHES INSIDE OF THE SPEEDING POLICE CAR AND PULLS THE EMERGENCY BRAKE, TUGGING WITH ALL HER MIGHT.



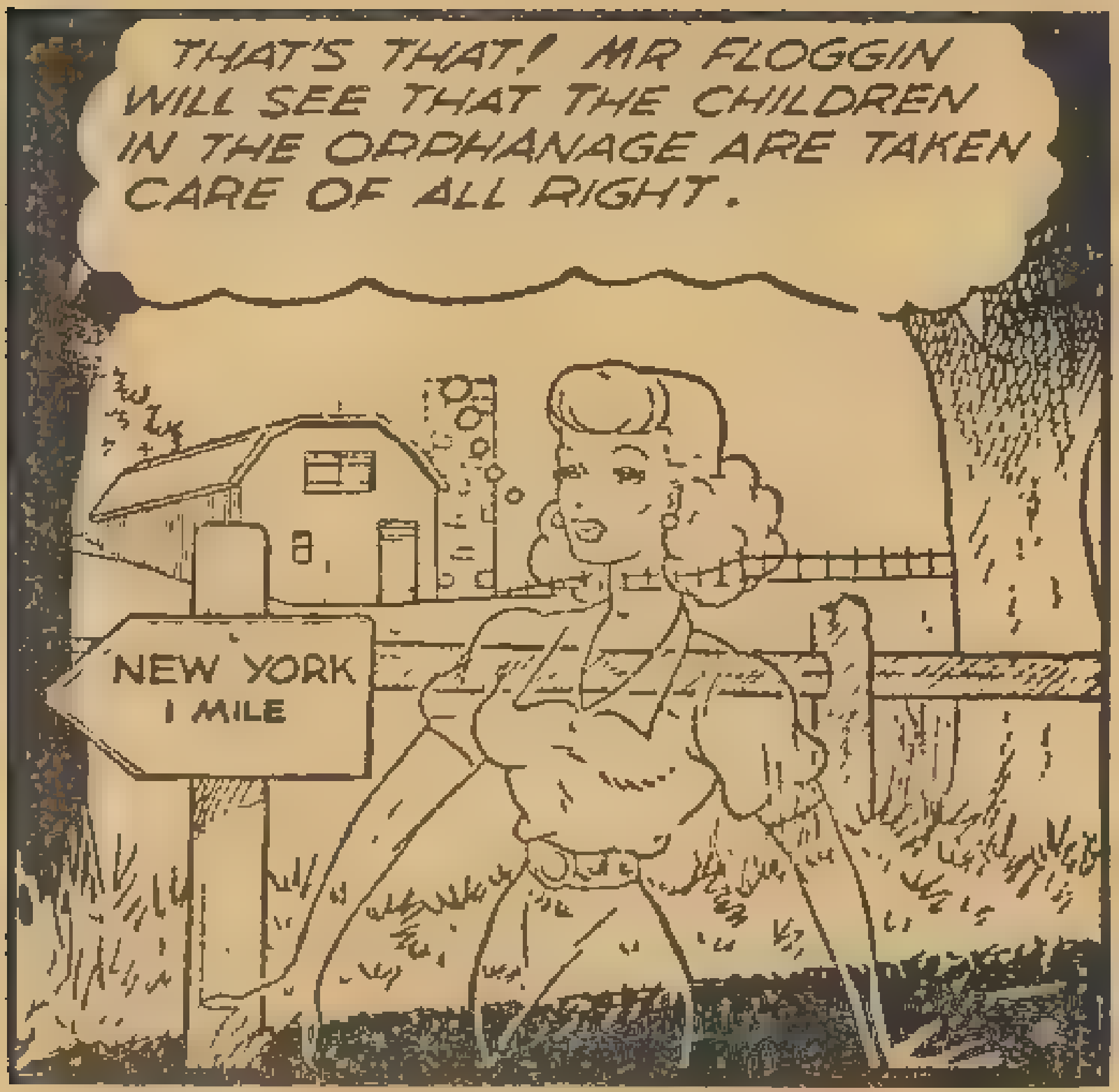

THE CAR IS SLOWING DOWN!
COME ON!
?
SCREECH!


WELL, MR. FLOGGIN, WE GOT HIM AND HIS ACCOMPLICE, MRS. WORT! THEY WON'T BOTHER YOU ANYMORE.
THANK YOU, OFFICERS


BOYS, WE'VE HAD A HORRIBLE EXPERIENCE BUT IT'S ALL OVER. FROM NOW ON I'M GOING TO BE JUST LIKE A FATHER TO ALL OF YOU.
HOT DOG!
SWELL!



THE SMILING FACES OF THE ORPHANS BRING HAPPINESS AND THE SATISFACTION OF A DEED WELL DONE TO INVISIBLE SCARLET, AS SHE LEAVES THEM TO SEEK NEW ADVENTURES.


THAT'S THAT! MR FLOGGIN WILL SEE THAT THE CHILDREN IN THE ORPHANAGE ARE TAKEN CARE OF ALL RIGHT.
NEW YORK
1 MILE

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